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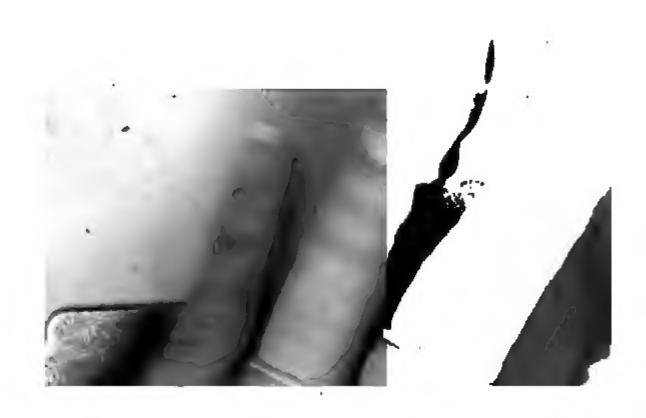
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THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

VOL I.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE:

SECOND SERIES.

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE:

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH."

13

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"I write a careless kind of good-humoured Shandean book which will do your hearts good—and your heads too,—provided you understand it." STERNE.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES' SQUARE:

MDCCCXXXVI.

369.

36. 36g.,



DEDICATION.

TO

CHARLES FREDERICK WILLIAMS, ESQ., K.C.,

MENIOR COMMISSIONER OF HIS MAJESTY'S COURT OF BANKBUPTCY, ETC., ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,

Believe me it is not among the least of the many kindnesses you have shewn me, that you now allow these trifling pages to be graced with your name. In days like the present, when by far the greater portion of the reading public, prefer works of prose fiction, to those of other styles, an author is in some degree forced to strive for the honours of a novelist, whether he wills it or not. Such vol. 1.



THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

VOL. I.

contradictory. In a letter of his own, on which I think reliance may be placed—if on anything, Mr. Montague complacently observes, "I have not disdained the humble professions of labourer and postillion—petit-maitre and abbé—I acted successively all parts—my fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a Queen, and at another in the fob of an Israelite."

Judging from this specimen, the following adventures seem sufficiently correct, and such as may fully warrant my complying with the request of the learned Priors, and so giving them to the world; without making myself responsible for either the principles or the practices of Mr. Montague, many of which I must totally condemn. But of this, as my readers advance, they will be able to decide for themselves. If to be eminently witty in our own person, is to possess the power of appreciating humour in others,—if to enjoy a heart warmed with the best feelings of humanity, is to render its owner alive to the pathos of life,—if to have been a diligent and discerning observer

DEDICATION.

of its eventful scenes, confer the ability to decide on their attempted representation,—there cannot indeed be a better judge of a novel than yourself. But while I know you to be thus able to detect the defects of mine, I confide in that kindness I have so often experienced, to make every allowance for the insufficiency of one, who remains ever,

My dear Sir,
Your's, most truly obliged and attached,
W. Johnson Neale.

26, Pall Mall, May, 1836.



INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

FROM THE

PRIORS OF PRAGUE

TO THE

AUTHOR OF CAVENDISH.

SIR,

Some time has now clapsed since that polished and amusing historian, Edward Lytton Bulwer, gave to the world the Memoirs of Eugene Aram,—a gentleman generally supposed to entertain some little peculiarities of opinion.

Tempted by the success of this esteemed piece of biography, the enclosed manuscript was prepared for press by a learned and sedate society, bearing the style and title of the Priors of Prague. Humbly as we would wish to think of our own labours, we have ventured to bring the above-named performance under your eye, Sir, with this request, that you will be pleased to use your own discretion in publishing the same.

That we have a full authority to act in this matter, a perusal of the papers will disclose; since, in the troubled times of Frederick the Great, our forefathers admitted the subject of these histories, Wortley Montague, to be a lay brother of their esteemed order, and afterwards enjoyed the gift of his reminiscences towards the enriching of our archives.

With a respectful notification that it is open to thee in future to avail thyself to any further extent of these our records, we would crave to remain

Thine to command,

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

BOOK THE FIRST;

WHICH NARRATES WITH CONSIDERABLE ACCURACY, THE EVENTFUL BOYHOOD OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

VOL. I. B



CHAPTER THE FIRST,

Of the First Book, contains a hint at my own character, together with a marvellously dutiful delineation of my mother's, and also of my father's—to say nothing of other matters equally interesting.

It is generally acknowledged that Fate disposes all things. It unfortunately happened that when her ladyship disposed of me, she gave me just that disposition, which by universal assent is said to constitute—a queer fellow:—queer in my tastes, my loves, my hatreds, and my fortunes—queer in my notions—queerer in expressing them—in short, a queer fellow. Many people on these premises have asserted that I am mad.—I say nothing—I should have said a very clever thing, had not Horace thought fit by accident to say it before me.—That Roman is for ever in the way of gentlemen of wit.

It may be imagined from my thus gravely discussing my own character, that I am sitting down to write my Life with the greatest minuteness and accuracy. Let no one be misled;—on the contrary, it is my wish in time to warn such sensible people as may prove their discernment by delighting in the following pages, that they will here find a great deal of fact, and a great deal of fancy, and a great deal of neither the one nor the other.

This irregularity may at first seem strange, but a queer fellow has some privilege; and any gentleman acquainted with the world, must know, how little the eccentricities of a man's conduct, ought to be charged upon himself.—If he has the good fortune to possess a father, and only knows where to find him—that 's the person who should bear one's oddities;—if not, there may be less difficulty in attaching them to one's mother. If the unfortunate be an orphan, then his uncle or his aunt should enjoy the blame—particularly if the latter is a single woman and has no connections, or what is quite as good, but very little money.—Failing these, he must have the magnanimity to

sing them on his nurse or his guardians.—Wanting which, he must claim to be one of the children of the air, "a chartered libertine."—Not that he is to be "kissing all he meets,"—I advise him before he sets out—that course is rather dangerous.

Most men charge their foibles upon their constitution, but unfortunately my physician told me last week, that I had no constitution at all.—Well, one cannot risk one's constitution and enjoy it too! I attended as chief mourner at the burial of mine some years ago. He died of a decline, brought upon him like many of his brethren, by late hours, dicing, and bad company.—It was only a brief time before his demise, he spent two hours in the society of a maiden aunt, armed (good woman) with a smelling bottle and a poodle dog. Poor fellow! I said at the time, he could never recover it!—

No—as I was going to remark, with great candour, I am ready to confess myself not as other men are. But I consider that I have ever been a cruelly used, and persecuted man. No wonder I am queer! My mother was a poetess, and I was brought up by hand!

Now my mother (you of course know my mother) Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—happy woman! I was her only son—she spells her name, Montagu-I was accustomed till her death to spell mine, Mountagu—to shew one must suppose the relationship between us. And here I might be excused from saying anything further respecting that lady; and for fuller particulars refer you to her Life, and also to her Letters; than which, indeed, I can scarcely conceive that any can be better—unless, perhaps, my own. But of this you will be better able to judge hereafter. As I am on the point of mentioning my mother, of course I feel myself bound to praise her; an act of great magnanimity on my part, seeing she cut me off with a guinea. Perhaps you would like to know the reason why, and I should be most happy to inform you, but from all I can learn, that was the very thing she never knew herself. Doubtless she was a good woman! Ι may say, she was a most respectable woman! is true that she was maliciously charged with being a blue-stocking. But what of that? As she was accustomed most learnedly to remark,

there was a great deal—of difference, I presume—between her stocking and her nose; and provided the blueness did not extend to the latter, and that in their calumny, people did not go to extremes, she for her part was content. She had been early taught to consider the freedom of the press, as one of the greatest blessings of men—"ah! and of women too! Why not?" said Lady Mary. I smiled.

But the brightest of luminaries have their specks, and she too had her macula. With regard to her bringing me up by hand—true, it entailed upon me some little ailings, from which I might otherwise have been free, but when we reflect on the great end for which the safer course was abandoned, we cannot imagine that a lady, the rival wit of Mr. Pope and the eminent literati of her day, should have adopted any other plan. How could it have been proper for any poetess, at the same time, to nurse a squalling brat outside her bosom, and a fine sapphic ode within? Or simultaneously to stir up—pap and pentameters?

To what a pretty pass shall we be brought, when ladies can be found to abandon fame and distinction, for the endearments of their husbands and their children! or leave the high attainments of science for the low domestic offices of affection. Such sentiments are only fit for your ordinary class of good people—a caste whom every man of taste and vertu feels it his duty to abhor.

Well, having at length succeeded in rearing her only son by the united aid of lyrics and panada, what must she do but have me inoculated with the small pox. Who but a poetess, I should like to know, would ever have found out such a mode of amusing herself? This experiment was tried at Constantinople, and perpetrated on my defenceless person for the purpose of bringing the practice into fashion in England. It might be all very fine for the nation, but I don't thank her ladyship for first hazarding this rash innovation upon me. For years I never passed the portals of Montagu House without eyeing the frizzled granite pillars, and thanking my stars that my face had been saved from bearing them a close and fatal resemblance.

As for my father, his was a character truly absurd! He could find nothing better to do with his time than improving his mind. He spent the best

part of his days amongst his books, and when I last heard from home, was actually bent on leaving a huge collection of MSS. to the British Museum. As the nation therefore is likely to benefit by his labours, I am well aware that they can have no curiosity to hear any thing further about him; and so, as in duty bound, shall on this head remain silent.

Between them, they contrived, not very long after their marriage, to disagree on every point save one—that they should differ upon all. This they did to admiration; and having chosen to separate without communicating their reason to the world, the latter determined—as in duty bound—to sift the matter to the bottom. One party assigned one motive, and a second insisted on another. At last this important point was settled upon high authority. Some very good people, who wished every one to do as they did, kindly informed mankind, that the Grand Seignor, among other ambassadorial gifts of office, had favoured my father by presenting him with me. A statement—as Lady Mary observed—most perfectly correct—with this amendment, that I happened to be born before my mother ever saw Constantinople.

With regard to the cause of separation, I really think I may say, that the discovery of this matter has been reserved for me. I may be accused of exaggeration, but, on my honour, I do really believe—after a most laborious investigation, that my parents resolved to live apart, because—they could no longer live together.

The foregoing outline, short, though exceedingly perfect as it is, will doubtless have displayed to you the utter unfitness of two such people to undertake the charge of a young gentleman of my parts: I therefore relieved them of the heavy responsibility, but in a manner which was, I must confess, like every thing else, relating to me, rather queer.

I was born in the year 1713, at Warncliffe Lodge, in Yorkshire; and in addition to the surname of my family, was christened after my father, Edward Wortley. Three years after my happy parents were blessed by the birth of such an offspring, my worthy progenitor was appointed Ambassador to the sublime Porte, and taking out, to assist him in his negociations, my mother and myself, it was then and there that I was so atrociously submitted to the inoculating lancet of a native phy-

sician. Had he been a natural instead of a native, I should have been less surprised. Having by some accident recovered from this barbarous operation, my mother had the supreme satisfaction of bringing me safe home, in the year 1718, and, going to reside at Twickenham, her intimacy commenced with Mr. Pope.

Though a very great peet, he was a crabbed little man, and never forgave me for once squirting dirty water into his shoes. For what does a man make a lady's acquaintance—particularly if he is a great person, or a great writer,—if it be not quietly to put up with all the innocent recreations of her charming progeny? Their persons should be our playthings, and their foibles our perquisites, the more marked, the more easily mimicked, and so much the more valuable. Most willingly would I at any time have foregone a sugar plum for a good two-handed pull at the long powdered queue of an old friend of my father.

However, Master Pope severely punished me for my frolic; for out of pure revenge, he advised my mother to permit my father to send his only son to Westminster School. It was in vain that I assured my friends that I disliked school upon

principle. They told me it would improve upon practice, and off I went. Instead of experiencing the truth of this consoling assertion, I soon found I had been much too correctly brought up to forego my notions very readily; and, therefore, in the third week, sent home, to say that I had been perfectly right in my convictions, and that unless my parents recalled me, I should run away.

Finding that to my "principles" I now so rigidly adhered, my relations came and implored me to change them. I told them they must wait till I was a Tory out of place. On this my father gave me a box on the ear, and got into his carriage.

"Don't cry, my dear," said my mother, and she went off to hers. When first I saw them drive away, I had a very good mind to run out and jump up behind; but seeing the men-servants there, with their sticks, I had a much better mind to do nothing of the sort. Putting into my pocket the purse full of money which Lady Mary had with great sagacity bestowed on me at parting, I turned round and walked into the play-ground, venting by the way on Mr. Pope many more kind wishes than ever he bestowed on Martha Blount.

I'm in a very peculiar situation, thought I, as I walked along, crying with all the emphasis of a broken-winded horse. However, I'll stick to my principles. I said I'd run away—and so I will. In my case it will only be doing what is right. I'll go off, and ask how to set about it from Fenwick and Manners—they're the only two boys in the school who have shewn me any thing like kindness—to be sure, one's blind, and the other foolish—so I suppose that's the reason.

I see of what the world is made—good nature in a lad's disposition is ruin for ever; I'll get rid of mine on the first opportunity!

- "Why, Montague," said Fenwick, on seeing me, "my dear Montague, what is the matter?"
 - "Nothing, Fenwick, only I want to run away!"
- "Well, I declare, Montague, if I haven't been thinking of it myself for the last two months! We'll go together, Montague!—but don't you cry;"—and the tears began to trickle over his own cheeks as he spoke the words.

No wonder, thought I, that they call you a fool!—and as soon as I saw that he was beginning to pipe, I left off myself, for I could conceive no

fun in being troubled to cry on my own score, while I had a friend so ready at doing it for me.

"I'm glad, Fenwick, to hear you've been so long thinking of running away," I replied, "for, as you must have a very good plan already hatched, it will save us the time of sitting on one, you know. What is it? I propose that we talk it over at once, and put off the rest of our lamentation till to-morrow. I know, by experience, it will keep very good till then!"

But when a man or a boy either, or still more a woman, has set out upon a good cry, it is not easy to get the fond pursuit relinquished, and as Fenwick didn't set to at it, like me, upon "principle," it was a long time before I could bring him up. He had a touch of nostalgia upon him, and as his thoughts still strayed towards home, a sob every now and then broke from him, like the rumbling of a bucket in a draw-well. Among the most beautiful points in my writing you will find my similes. But the affair grows so serious it really demands of me a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Supplies further particulars of my associates, and narrates our first grand start.

By degrees I succeeded so far in composing the gentle hearted Fenwick, that I obtained from him the digest of his two months' consideration. The whole plan seemed to me of such mature growth, such infinite sagacity, and great observation, that I at once determined to adopt it.

The father of Charles Robert Fenwick was one of that favoured, well-paid race, the country curates. Some kind star had apportioned to him a scolding wife, a large family, a small income, and a mathematical head. Four particular blessings, that inva-

riably lead a man into the most happy state of insignificance. Had he not been so fortunate in the possession of a scolding wife, he might have been happy in his family. Had he possessed no family, he might have missed the scolding of his wife. Had he inherited a larger fortune, there is every chance that he would have turned his attention to something more profitable than mathematics; while on the other hand, had he been only too stupid for mathematics, he would doubtless have stumbled on a more wealthy lot.

But like the Patriarch and his wife, no doubt he considered his a very salt lot; and after bearing up for some time against annual births and diurnal scoldings, he resigned the distinctive habiliment of his sex into the hands of his lady, and gave her up as one, in whom nothing short of a new poor law could ever work an efficient reformation!

This, as she long maintained, was the only proof of his good sense she had ever observed since the day of their marriage. She told him long enough ago "he had nothing whatever to do with the children, except—to provide for them."

Poor man! he meekly bowed his head, and seeing the reasonable nature of her dictum, wrote off the whole state of the case to his eldest brother, concluding his letter with the diffident request that he would be pleased to receive his (the curate's) eldest son, now eleven years of age; and quite fit therefore to be lodged and boarded, clothed, educated, and provided for,—at the expense of his uncle.

The uncle was a rich old fellow, who lived out at Clapham. Being the eldest son, and having therefore received all the wealth of the family, he very naturally and very prudently abstained from spending any of it on his nephews or nieces; but with much praiseworthy philosophy, contented himself with laying out twice the amount of his income in birds, beasts, and reptiles, and very often fishes; which he piously intended, under the name of the Fenwick Museum, to leave by his will to the College of Surgeons. Always except and provided, that his greedy and unjust creditors should not seize it in the mean time, for their sole use and benefit.

Mr. Fenwick, senior, having received the letter of his brother, and seeing that he was in great anguish and distress, made proportionate haste in sending his reply; which he managed to do after the lapse of a month. In this letter, the only point on which the curate was blamed by his kind brother, was, for having asked so little. As for the request, that was for the present granted: because it was the only thing the curate would ever obtain. The lad therefore might come up to town, but was at the same time to be cautioned that the first act of indiscretion would be the instant cause of his being trundled down again.

With regard to the delay, as he was a person of fine gentlemanlike feelings, he said that this had only been caused by a terrible fit of "yawning." His correspondent, knowing his character, thought that this must be the result of a terrible fit of lying instead. But this he kept to himself. Thoughts will approach the truth involuntarily; but it is not at all times proper to express them.

Fenwick's fate was now decided. His father read his uncle's letter, and his mother added to it a fine commentary. "Now Charles, my boy," said she, "you see what sort of a man your uncle is—and you must mind your ps and qs accordingly. I don't expect—although you are going up to Clapham—that you're to become quite an

angel, or that any son of mine is to have no spirit;
—so mind now, if you do get into any scrapes,
don't let them come to your uncle's ears, that's
all!—For if you come back here to bother me and
your poor brothers and sisters, you know what to
expect! Come now! pack your box! you shall
go off early to-morrow morning, and I hope we
sha'n't see you for the next two years—that's a
dear boy!"

Accordingly, the dear boy packed up and was packed off; and however the parting lecture might conduce to his fair prospects, we cannot but confess it admirably calculated to produce that ingenuous candour of disposition, which is the chief charm of youth.

His uncle received him with all the affectionate warmth, that might have been anticipated from his letter, and at the earliest moment sent him off to school—though not before he had contracted a violent passion for natural history and deceit—two admirably blended qualities; the former resulting from admiration of his uncle's museum, the latter from submission to his moroseness.

As Fenwick's disposition was of that blessed species so expressly denominated "sappy," it

will readily be supposed, that among his schoolfellows his life was not exactly what might be
termed perfect happiness. Change suggested
itself to his philosophic mind; he thought of
home—but there unhappily he remembered his
mother! He thought of Clapham—but there
still worse he recalled his uncle. The rest of the
world was to him a terra incognita. Fancy led,
and hope beguiled him—the good-for nothing
jades! And because felicity and birch rods were
imcompatible in his present location, he fondly
imagined that he had only to set out upon his
travels, to find pleasure and delight in every
path.

In this profound conclusion, I could not but encourage still more than I admired him, for there certainly is a depth of reasoning in all juvenile cogitations, astonishingly instructive to the mere common sense worldlings of maturer age.

Where should he go? Several inviting spots presented themselves consecutively to his contemplation, and though all of these held out greater or less allurements, they were most of them more than sufficiently remote, and too difficult of access. The chief thing that ultimately

decided his choice was the splendid plumage of a silver pheasant, in his uncle's collection, and as a nice, near, and convenient place, and one which, as he said, he could reach without the plague of crossing the sea, he finally chose North America, the chief charm of which, he assured me with great glee was the fact of its being an uninhabited island.

On hearing the name of our future home, of course I could not but fully agree in its perfect eligibility; much commending my associate's choice of a clime, with the history, produce, and localities of which we were so perfectly acquainted. I confessed that, for my own part, I had long entertained a secret regard for some part of central Africa; but this I generously waived, when Fenwick informed me, that zoology derived nothing from its wilds, but the tiger—a gentle race of animals, for which he modestly acknowledged, that we were hardly a match.

We determined at once to set off, and began that day to consider what necessaries we should lay in for the journey. Those ultimately chosen, formed the most consistent stock—to wit—a copy of Robinson Crusoe and a Dutch cheese.

When Fenwick and myself were thus amply prepared, we finally determined on strengthening our league by the addition of Manners, whom I have before mentioned. He was a compeer every way fitted for the undertaking—his chief recommendation being that he was so weak we could persuade him, if necessary, that black was white; so small in person that either of us could at any time be amused by thrashing him at pleasure; and so blind, that lead him where we would, he never could distinguish the difference of one place from another.

In order to preserve a perfect friendship between three such allies, it was before starting agreed, that on arriving at our destination, I was to be the monarch of the island, and my confederates the princes—that we were to have for our subjects whatever natives we might be able to catch; that Fenwick, moreover, was to shoot and stuff those birds of gorgeous plume, the sale of which were ultimately to realize a large fortune. Manners, our junior, was to cook and act the oatler, while I, as the head of the party, was exempt from everything but the enjoyment of my state, and left free to ride about at pleasure on

my horse. As it was not quite clear from whence my steed was to come, or whether it was to be a zebra or a unicorn, it was deemed prudent, not to be more specific. The day for our starting came. To our former stock we had added both gold and silver. The amount of the former was half a . guinea — the wreck of what my mother had lately given me; whilst the most valuable article of the latter description was the aforesaid silver pheasant of Mr. Fenwick, senior, which his nephew had taken leave permanently to adopt—the better, as he said, to compare its feathers with those of any birds we might bring down on our way, and thus ascertain when we had arrived in the promised land. To this store of valuables, Manners contributed an old double-flageolet, which, as none of us could play a note on it, was very properly considered a truly valuable acquisition.

Having chosen a holiday for our emancipation jubilee, we managed with infinite address, to escape to the water-side, crossed over to Lambeth, and thence directing our steps towards the classic regions of Blackheath, set off—the better to disguise our fugitive intents—at an easy run of some

seven miles an hour. The only disagreeable part of this pace, was the difficulty of sustaining it; and as we soon began to be what the vulgar people call "blown," the labouring inspirations of our lungs caused many passengers to turn round and look at us, long after we had passed by them.

For my part, the Dutch cheese having been entrusted to my care, I very wisely put it into my hat as a most proper and agreeable mode of conveyance; but finding somehow or other, that it had a tendency to hurt my head, I removed it to a more prominent but less lofty situation, under my arm: taking due care never to let it drop above once in forty yards. Fenwick had got stuffed into his bosom, the silver pheasant, and as the tail and stiffened legs of the bird, kindly worked their way out, they greatly added to his appearance; to say nothing of a certain graceful motion of his arms and legs, from which, like many other people, he seemed actuated by the very laudable ambition of walking on two sides of the road at once.

As for Manners, he at all times went about with a large green shade over his eyes, but now

the purpose of additional sharpness and shadow, he raised his left arm above his fore-head. In his right, he proudly grasped his deable-flageolet, and resolutely exerted all the energies of mind and body, in running against every person of every denomination; including many who were in his way, and still more who were not.

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CHAPTER III.

A chapter well worthy of my readers' cool consideration, as it sets forth my principles on beginning the world; my reasons for deviating from the beaten track; and more than all, a proposition interesting to mankind at large, the truth or futility of which, my future life was to demonstrate.

WITH various fortune, we at length arrived on the summit of Blackheath, at about two hours after noon.

The day was as lovely as it was possible to conceive. A fine strong breeze was blowing from the southward and eastward, and freshened in our faces, after the toilsome, forced march which we had undergone, with all the reviving sweetness that the breath of heaven can bestow.

Proudly we sprang onwards, exulting in our new born freedom, each one of us in his heart imagining himself a hero, alike careless of the future, and ignorant of the dangers that it might disclose. Having speedily gained the middle of the heath, I called a halt, and accordingly we all seated ourselves upon a rising knoll, that commanded the surrounding prospect, when, each of our adventurous band drawing forth his pocket knife, we commenced a united attack upon the cheese; greatly seconded in our laudable labours by a beautiful little spring that babbled at our feet, and a loaf of nice new bread which we had purchased on the road. "Gentlemen," said I, as soon as we were each supplied—"I have called a halt, not for the mere purpose, necessary as it may seem, of eating and drinking, but of declaring to you my views in thus letting ourselves loose upon the world. Most belligerent states before they declare war, are accustomed to publish some manifesto. I prefer to act first, and give my reasons afterwards. It has always been impressed upon me, from the days of my nursery governess to the present time, that the happiness of life must ever be mixed with a much greater proportion of sorrow. Now, my friends, the necessity of this case, I have always most seduously denied. I have always maintained that these 'inevitable sorrows' of life, are owing to the bad

management of individuals—the artificial state of society, and other causes;—that life properly lived, may be a state of unmixed enjoyment; and with this proposition, I have taken the liberty of emancipating that which shall be nameless, from the birches of Westminster school, and now intend to commence life entirely after my own fashion; and as a proof of the correctness of the opinions I have recited, I do assure you, as tipsy aldermen say at lord mayor's dinners, ' the present is the happiest moment of my life." Having expressed these sentiments, though in language more natural to my—then ripe years, I ceased amid the cheers of my associates; and, with hearts full of hope, we finished our repast. After a long colloquy on our future prospects, we arose, and with increased spirits, commenced our journey.

Mighty and many were the jokes with which we seasoned our advance—nor was it till the road began to tire, that our converse could be said to flag. We had proceeded about two miles, when Manners, who could support his fatigue no longer, commenced uttering loud complaints. To this, I replied by expressing my extreme sorrow at his weariness, as well as repugnance towards the duty

it imposed on me, since, unless he took heart to proceed, I should be obliged to take leave to thresh him, according to the most approved custom of fagging and bullying at Westminster school. This produced rebellion, and after another hundred yards, he flung himself down on a bank, and set up his howl, for Heraclitus himself was not a more crying philosopher. Such an inopportune, though favourite amusement, I desired him immediately to relinquish, or if he was determined on having recourse to his pipes, I suggested that now was the proper time for him to learn his first lesson on the flageolet. But when people are at the one antipodes of passion, they cannot bear that you should see-saw on the other, and so little was he pleased with my acting the Democritus, that greatly resenting my words, he drew out his knife, and asked me which I thought would cut the deepest. This was an awkward, and certainly would have proved an irascitable question, but for two reasons—first, that I am one of the best natured creatures in the universe; and second, at this very instant, up came a sort of van, or waggon, on which we read in large letters, " DARTFORD AND ROCHESTER." Starting from his. recumbent position, the jaded explorer ran into the middle of the way, and having succeeded in stopping the vehicle, demanded what was the fare to the next town. He was speedily answered, that he need give himself no concern in obtaining such information, since the van was entirely full, and not a place to be had for love or money. Poor Manners now recommenced his "pillalu," with redoubled furor, and the van having proceeded onward, was just about to renew its original trot, when we heard a harsh but good humoured voice within, exclaiming "Vast heaving! vast heaving, a-head there! I'll see your neck as long as my arm, before I pass by a water-logged craft, without so much as sending a boat aboard to offer her assistance!"

On this, a parley ensued between the driver and the voice of neck-stretching propensities, which ended in a round jolly sailor's phiz being popped out from the inside,—the better to give us an invitation to enter; for that he, the said speaker would "find room to stow us somewhere under hatches; even though he should have to get out and take to the pad himself." The generosity of such an offer, I could not but feel, as well as

accept, and this, as the last of the three who mounted, I attempted to express, but the sailor only replied by a hearty slap, not exactly on the back, and a gruff "Come, bundle in, you young shaver, and bring your bones to an anchor."

As soon as the change of light enabled me to look round, and set down to each person their several dicta, I found the passengers to consist of an attorney, an itinerant preacher, a fine fat old sergeant, and several women, besides the sailor and ourselves. "All right, coachee, make sail." A dead silence having succeeded the bustle of our entrée, I endeavoured to bring on a little conversation with our new and warm-hearted acquaintance, by diffidently enquiring what was the news in the port from which he had come.

To this he veraciously replied, by assuring me that Queen Bess was dead, and her nose was cold. I thanked him for his information, and said, in that case she was luckier than all her neighbours, for some of my acquaintance had scarcely any nose at all; looking at the same moment, with a smile, at his own, a very fair moiety of which had been sliced away; as evident from a gash that extended to either cheek.

"That shot, youngster, was not badly fired," replied Jack, laughing; and as for my nose, I lost the best part of that some time ago, in capturing a French prize, laden with specie; but they're so plaguy long in paying their dues, that I only got the rhino a few days since. Tis n't so pleasant as if it had not happened, that's true enough, although to be sure Johnny Crapeau gave me a good price for it, and for the matter of that, I'd be well content to lose the other half for as much more, but always in a fair stand up fight, d'ye mind me."

"So I suppose, sir," said I.

"Pray, sir," said the attorney, " if it would not be impertinent, what, might I ask was the sum you actually got for half a nose's purchase? for I have several most respectable clients, who are very anxious to raise money upon personal security."

"Got," said Jack very roughly, as he saw that the other was quizzing him, "got twice as much as half to be sure, you lubber, and that's as much again as ever you'll be worth. But whatever I got, I soon managed to walk through it; and if you want any thing from me, my boy, I tell you what you'll get, monkey's allowance—more kicks than coppers. However, as I was saying, youngster," turning to me, "I wanted to see my poor old father and mother here at Greenwich; but having been away better than four year, I found them both dead and buried."

"With their noses cold, I suppose, too?"

"Ay, ay, cold enough, poor creatures! Thof I was mighty glad to find the grass was growing nigh a foot long over them, for I went to see that they were all snug and comfortable before I set too at my own spree; and then the fun began."

"Well, I'm sure, sir, that was very kind of you," again interrupted the lawyer, "but why, may I ask, were you so glad to see the grass had grown high above them?"

"Ugh! ye shark, why, that they might always know which way the wind blew to be sure."

- "Profane wretch!" mumbled the preacher.
- "Ay, truly, sir, I had forgotten that would be of great use to them," said the attorney.

"There you're right, boy, for then d'ye see they might always know what sort of weather their son Bill was making of it at sea. For I must say this, the old folks always had a thought to give to him, how-

ever hard up, as ye may say, they might be themselves."

"Rather hard as you remark, Sir," ejaculated the serjeant, "and this duty being done, you found no difficulty in amusing yourself."

"I should think not, seeing I'd nothing to do but to spend the dirt as fast as I could, and get back again to my ship, at Chatham."

"And how did you manage the matter?" said I.

"Why, I just put a fresh quid in my mouth, and steered straight for the Jolly Sailor to be sure, seeing it was kept by an old chum of mine. The next thing I did was to get aboard a due allowance of grog, order supper, and more grog-ready by two o'clock in the morning,—and then as soon as I had managed to get hold o' some half a dozen sweethearts, just to make a fellow look a little respectable-like, we set off to London in two coaches and four to the theehater. Play overback we came to supper, discharged cargo, and left orders not to roused before five o'clock next morning. Then, on with my toggery, and out I stepped. The first six women-folks I met, I booked them to spend the day with a poor fellow, to make up for the six I'd parted with the night before.

Then, after them, the first twenty hands I come across, I shipped on the same voyage, taking care first to pay each of them their day's wages, so that they shouldn't be losing time as it might be; and that over, d'ye see, I ordered them a couple of glasses of shrub and brandy, just by way of a whet for breakfast; so what with the landlord and his lady, and a rare good fidler, we managed to make two round dozen. Breakfast time come, we set too again, with a flitch of bacon, two or three cold hams, broiled fish, mutton chops, beef steaks, and brandy, with one or two other light little matters, such as hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, tea, coffee, and eggs. That bit of business over, we sided out for a bend, and what with singing, dancing, fiddling, and drinking, we managed to pass away the time pretty comfortably. Then, dinner, you know, I took care should be a regular good English spread, roast and boiled beef and mutton, turkeys, geese, and chicken, and lots of porter and wine, brought up and broached by the dozen, with other little matters again, till we soon got a few good cloths in the wind. Then there was taking to coaching it, and off to the play again. Lor bless your heart, I got

through the matter as easy as possible, and no bad way, boy, either—for ne'er a man or woman of'em but would 'a been glad to have come back again next day."

"And did you not allow them?"

"Allow them! I should think not! Where would 'a been the fun of seeing the same old face two days runuing. No, no; I took care to have a fresh party every day, and a clear score. Why, the whole three hundred lasted just six days, and that's what I call a cheap and comfortable fashion of seeing a little of the world and good society, as ye may call it."

"Say rather a wasteful expenditure of good money, which, with proper care, might have been turned to a useful account," interrupted the Methodist parson from a corner of the van.

"Vast heaving, brother, not so fast either," said Jack, rather indignantly, to the preacher, pricking up his ears at this reflection; "I know how to care for it properly when the time comes, and I'm a little pushed or so: but what a precious fool I'dbe to care for what I don't want."

At this very moment we heard an exclamation of surprise and terror from the driver, and the

van, which was going slowly up Shooter's hill, at once came to a dead halt. In this pleasant pause, we distinctly heard a strange voice, in altercation with our Jehu, who replied to some menacing demand, that he had nothing to bestow, but that if the applicant went behind, and asked the gentlemen inside, he might possibly get the little he desired. This conversation set most of the party a screaming; Manners began his usual howl, and, in another instant, the coarse curtains of our vehicle were roughly pushed aside, and a tall, threatening figure presented itself, with large whiskers and a blackened face. Drawing a horse pistol from his bosom, this intruder thrust the muzzle close to the face of Jack, who was sitting nearest to him, saying, "Come, make haste—you know what I want."

As this, in the calm gloaming of a summer's twilight, was any thing but a pleasant sight, my limbs at once took to a most perplexing shake; but so far from the complaint extending to the honest Tar, he never even unbent his arms from across his breast, but grinning with all the composure in the world, replied, "Know what you

want? how the plague should I know what you want?"

"Your money!"

"My money?" slowly and contemptuously repeated Jack, "you shan't have it!"

"Then I'll blow your brains out," replied the robber.

"Pooh," exclaimed Jack, as cool as ever, with a long note of laughter, then squirting his tobacco juice into the highwayman's face, he added, "blow away, you lubber, and be hanged to you!—I'd as soon be without brains as without money!—Heave a-head there, coachee!"

Crack went the whip—off started the horses, and before the footpad recovered from the surprise of such a reception, we had got considerably the start of him. Turning round on his heel, he jumped behind the hedge from which he had sprung, and there I suppose remained to lie in wait for some softer prey.

The applause bestowed on Jack was now unanimous. The attorney told him, that although he did not know of any act of Parliament which authorized the rewarding of brave sailors, who

squirted their tobacco juice in the faces of base highwaymen, still he certainly thought there ought to be one. The preacher itinerant too made known his intention, of praying for him at the next stage; while the women, one and all, declared him their preserver, at which I thought he seemed infinitely better pleased. Indeed, he testified this, and rewarded them by pulling a bottle of brandy from his pocket, and making every one of them drink a portion—greatly to their dislike—poor souls! If the brandy made them cough at all, he added to it a hearty slap on their backs, assuring them that it was infinitely better for them than their mother's milk, as they'd soon find out—provided they would only drink enough of it. He now told several funny stories and adventures, and within two miles of Dartford, much to our regret, made the driver set him down at the cottage of an old ship-mate, with whom on the ensuing morning he was to go on to Chatham.

"That man," said the preacher, as Jack went out of hearing, "that man is a living instance of how much money a sailor will spend."

"Ay," added the old serjeant, "and of how little he'll fight for."

CHAPTER IV.

Treats of some interruption of my plan of individual liberty and perfect happiness, and also of my successful appeal to the aid of the children of darkness.

WITHOUT almost any further conversation, we soon arrived at the old town of Dartford, celebrated in English history, for having been the spot at which the insurrection of Wat Tyler first took rise, and once also a favourite town with Edward the Third;—this monarch having founded a large nunnery without its walls, by way of offering to the church, and at the same time given a splendid tournament within, to make it even with the Devil. However, the van discharging its contents, we were dropped upon the world at large to make the best of it, and having paid our fare, we held a consult-

ation as to the course to be pursued. Sleeping at the inn we thought would be too dear, and sleeping in the streets too cold. Having by the light of the tap-room window, in vain consulted the pages of that erudite gentleman, Robinson Crusoe, Manners remembered that a bird stuffer, much employed by his uncle, lived in this very town. Thither then we went for a bed, but our intended host being from home, his worthy partner gave us a humble, but a hearty meal. After eating very sufficiently, repletion and satigue so sar overcame me, that I sank beneath the table in a sound sleep. I was soon awakened. Our host having come in, now heard our tale -no light or laughing matter!—and then kindly took us out, and hired one bed room for the three. We needed no pressing to our repose, and having paid the price of our chamber, which was a shilling, were in five minutes fast asleep. It is never a very difficult matter to awake in a strange bed, and on the ensuing morning, I opened my eyes to find Fenwick very busy shaking me by the shoulders, and at the same time in the act of listening to the striking of a clock below. My first impulse was to count the sounds, of which I heard five. The

natural historian, however, told me he had counted three before, which made eight; and in great consternation at this loss of time, up he jumped. Having emptied half the contents of the water jug upon poor Manners, just to remind him of his juniority, we commenced our ablutions, which we duly performed to the tune of his usual pipe, and having lost little time in dressing, we hurried out, to recommence our journey, before the heat of the day should come on. We had not, however, proceeded twenty yards when I heard a cry of surprise from our younger comrade in the rear. Turning round, I beheld him in the gripe of another, who, pulling him up to Fenwick, took the latter into custody Seeing in an instant, that this was a party affair, I started to my heels, but the enemy giving cry, some benighted tailor, returning from a night's debauch, laid hold upon my collar, and in a few minutes we were all securely locked within one of the best rooms of the Red George. Manners was in tears already—the placid Fenwick was disturbed,—and myself in such a rage, that I hardly knew whether to take the poker or the tongs.

What could this portend? All was soon explained. The door opened, and in stalked an in-

dividual in his shirt. It was one of the under ushers; he had been sent in pursuit; had succeeded, though we knew not how, in tracing us to Dartford; and having, as it is technically termed, earthed his prey, set on his beagles to watch their starting from cover. Well assured that we were sleeping in the town, he followed our example, and left our apprehension to his underlings. formed by them of their success, he now came, like a true dog of his breed, to gloat upon our misery. Having boxed each of our ears, to make no distinction, and locked the door again, to make no mistake, he returned to his bed, leaving us to enjoy the pleasures of our situation. Alas! Fate. had conspired against us! Had we got up, as we intended, at six, we might have mingled with the townspeople in the street, and so unknowing our danger, have escaped it. But two clocks striking together, we had arisen at a moment when not a soul was to be seen abroad save ourselves, and behold the result! My companions having sufficiently bewailed their misfortune, fell fast asleep. I went to the window, and finding its height too great to make a leap over pleasant, seated myself to watch the rising of the sun. I felt also that my

anger, and the usher's box on my ear, had made my head very hot; but this was somewhat relieved by a counter irritation and determination to another part, which you may easily imagine I already felt by anticipation. The more I ruminated on future suffering, the more I felt inclined for present escape—but how? Once more I had recourse to the pages of my friend Mr. Crusoe, but the mercy a bit of any thing could I see there to aid me. After the lapse of half an hour the door was again unlocked, by the landlord, who ushered in two chimney-sweeps, and having given them the necessary directions for cleansing the chimney, he retired, turning the key after him.

Still my overtired comrades slept on soundly; undisturbed either by the noise or jokes of these children of Japan. I, on the contrary, looked on and envied them at once their mirth and the freedom that gave rise to it. The tallest sweep, a strong lad of about twenty, remained below, but the younger, who was of my own size, ascended the sooty vent with as little reluctance as though it led to heaven rather than the house top.

I have a natural curiosity for mechanics of all descriptions, and soon getting into conversation

with the disciple of the brush, I found him a sharp good-natured fellow.

Three minutes sufficed to put him in possession of my history, and though his "eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood," did not "drop tears fast as the Arabian trees,"—and so on, still I saw he entered into the frolic of our start in life, as he was pleased to term it, and what's more, pitied our case. I asked him if he would serve a fellow-creature at a pinch. He told me he deserved to be pinched if he would not. Then, added I, let me change clothes with your young sweep, who is up the chimney, and make off with you. He cast an eye towards Fenwick and Manners, and seemed to hesitate.

"If you will, my kind fellow," said I, "you shall have half-a-crown." It was enough. The chimney was soon swept, and the young sweep, who was ready enough for my good suit, stripped himself right willingly. With vast alacrity I donned his sable habiliments and got rid of mine, in which I considered such a sound birching to lie hid; then giving my face a good smear with that new but delightful pinguent, soot, my successor to the claims of Wortley Montague, was

made to lie down in a corner of the room and pretend sound sleep. We now gathered up our tools, swept the results of our labours into the bag, and were just on the point of knocking to be let out, when it occurred to me that in the last convenient receptacle there was room for the little fellow we were about to leave behind. In a few minutes we turned his coat and trousers inside out, popped him in, knocked at the door—and after an unimportant colloquy with the landlord about the chimney, were permitted to depart. My new friends I found were gentlemen-sweeps, at all events. They had two neddies in the court-yard of the inn—on one of these the elder partner mounted with his sack, and giving me the other, you may swear we lost but little time in getting quit of the Red George; as soon as possible we let our "cat out of the bag!" and made the most of our way across the country, by the by-roads; which, in justice to my companions, I must say, seemed perfectly familiar to them.

The young sweep was mounted behind me; as we cantered along I questioned him as to his age, and finding it was only a little above my own, I suggested, as we were likely to be com-

rades for some little time, that it might be proper to stop at the first fair piece of ground, and have a battle; for that thus we might see which was the best man of the two, and so be enabled to live in peace and quiet for the future. The elder sweep greatly admired my proposal, and tried to further it by all the means in his power; but my antagonist said that I was born a gentleman, and that he therefore should always be most happy to give me the pas.

It was a beautiful bright sunny morning, and as we rode away I waved my new and graceful weapon, the brush, in triumph over my head, and rejoiced again and again in the freedom I had recovered, the novelty of my position, and the adventures before me.

By the way, our elder brother of this precious trinity corporation, amused us with his history; whence it appeared pretty clear, that if he was not the biggest knave in the country, it was not by any fault of his. This opinion I did not conceal; and after remarking on the fertility of his genius as displayed in the numerous tricks he had related, I told him, notwithstanding, that I coveted nothing belonging to him except his donkey.

"Come, come, my young jackanapes," said he,

"it's all very fine to hear you talk; but I don't doubt, if the truth was out between us, 'twould be very soon seen that you and I have been guilty of all the crimes in the ten commandments."

"Why! how do you mean?" said I, my virtue suddenly alarmed.

"Why! haven't you just confessed to the breaking of the last, in coveting your neighbour's ass?"

"And what then?" returned I, "is there any other of the nine with the breach of which you can charge me?"

"Oh! as to the rest," replied my honest friend,
"I've been guilty of breaking all them, myself."

"Thou art a bold knave at the least," said I, laughing at his audacity, "and thy candour charms me only less than thy integrity." As I spoke these words, we turned down a little lane and soon entered a farm-yard. Here, while the two myrmidons were tethering their cattle, the senior informed me that this was the house of his father, to whom he was now going to pay a visit, since chance had brought him into the neighbourhood. Some two years since he had run away from the paternal roof, as indeed he had told me; and after again congratulating me on following so good an

example, we walked into the old man's kitchen, where we found the breakfast on the table and the family at prayers. These over, the worthy couple made us heartily welcome.

The father was a rough genuine blunt Englishman, who lived upon his little patrimony, and had a touch of the Presbyterian in him. A tall lanky graceless body was presented as his eldest son, and the acquaintance of the youngest I had already had the honour of making. Of the latter he appeared to take little notice, and even the former he did not seem very highly to esteem. The old fellow was very kind in his way; and finding, as he said, that there was more talk in me than he should have thought from my age, he began a long discussion on his progeny, which he had once hoped to rear as a credit and a comfort to his age,—the eldest, as a clergyman, and the younger to take his estate. From this he passed on to that very narrow theme, the vanity of all human expectations, and ended by saying, "that although Robert had a deal of learning, and even had been usher to a school, still he had no more sense than a blind bat, while Dick, who'd had every opportunity, chose to make himself a chimney-sweep; and though no lad had more nous, still fewer could have less honesty." To this Dick replied by nothing but a laugh, and went on eating his fat bacon; while Robert, with a most native and lachrymose air, began to remonstrate, and meaning nothing less than to be sharp, replied, "Come, father! you shouldn't say so much, even if 'twere only for your own sake; why, here now, you've made the pair of us out no better than a fool and a rogue; and you should remember, that you are nearly allied to both."

After favouring the farmer by devouring a very sufficient quantity of his worldly substance, we all departed for the head-quarters of the master-sweep, which were in one of the most obscure parts of Southwark. Here, having been duly admitted, behold me snatching a brief interval of repose at my first stage on my new road to happiness.

CHAPTER V.

I am tempted by the children of darkness, and fall, becoming metamorphosed into a person of colour, though neither negro, creole, half-caste, nor mulatto.

It will be readily imagined, that in the sombre profession which Fate in her wild freaks had thrust upon me, or I had thrust on Fate, I had no mean opportunity of satisfying my large desires as to the ups and downs of life. As I always had a delicate nose, you may suppose that the soot was peculiarly agreeable; but it was nothing to the aspiring rambles of my vocation, and when first shown the chimney which was to witness my maiden feat, I exclaimed with poor Raleigh, "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." Instead of the courtly answer of Elizabeth, my

elder companion laid hold of a rope's end, and making a fair demonstration of applying it with vigour, I soon found my way to a higher station.

Tis a fine healthy exercise, is chimney sweeping! and particularly adapted to pale nervous young gentlemen, like myself. Scorning to be outdone, in so noble an employment, by such low fellows, I soon became not a little expert. The loftiest or the narrowest were nothing to me, and by way of recompense, I never gained that utmost reach of my ambition—the chimney pot, without indulging in the cast of a few sly pieces of tile or slate on those below—though if there is any thing which I abhor, it is mischief. Such being my elevated pursuits in the morning, the day was generally devoted to scientific recreations, such as sleeping in the sun, playing at marbles, toss-pot, pitch-farthing, and other dignified games equally suited to my birth and educa-In the evening again, full occupation was found for my leisure moments, in courting a peerless damsel who lived over the way at service. She came from the chaste regions of Rotherhithe originally, and there was her "home." She was a tall strapping Dulcinea, with golden locks, and

blue eyes; some few years my senior, an amazon in strength, and a La Maupin in habits.

She had many charms with which to captivate my young imagination, though I well remember, that with a fine sense of decorum, I thought none so delightful and encouraging, as the well known fact, that she was kissed by every fellow in the parish. Of course I had many rivals, nor would I for the world have dispensed with one of them—so highly did I esteem emulation.

The only gentleman, however, who at all shared her true affections with me, was the highly principled Master Richard Giles, my elder brother of the brush. But our princess was a lady of parts, and chose her lovers accordingly. I won her heart, therefore, by a few occasional spoutings from Ovid and Delectus, of which she confessed her unqualified admiration. In much surprise, I asked her if she understood it? "No, no," said the ingenuous nymph, "but all the same for that, women what are courted have a right to the best of every thing!" This and the winning a wager in a race, with her upon my back, completed the conquest. My rival was flaunted, and I elected the happy lord ascendant of her affections—for the

time. Master Dick, you may be sure, did not altogether like this; and one morning, very kindly undertook, as he called it, "To hide me."

Unhappily for him, my lady fair coming by at the time, we both fell upon him with such effect, as proved his share in the business to be less "hide" than "seek." However, my friend determined to be equal with me. You may have guessed he was not over scrupulous as to the means of attaining his end, and will not be surprised consequently to learn the manner in which he effected his object. Having gone with him alone one morning, though somewhat unwillingly, to follow our calling at the house of an old ship-owner, he sent me up the sooty vent, and staid below himself. Scarcely, however, had my toils been ended, and I about to descend, when to my great surprise and discomfort, a puff of smoke from a wood fire came vollying up the narrow tunnel, and almost suffocated me.

Amiable youth! Thinking, I suppose, that the coldness of the morning air might chill my passion for the adorable Nancy Lewis, he had very kindly kindled a small fire in the grate below; for the purpose, I presume, of keeping up the natural

and requisite warmth of heart, which alone could do justice to her merits. He was too kind! only felt alarmed lest his efforts to assist me should hurt himself, and under this apprehension, was descending to his relief in no slight hurry and chagrin, when I found that a few more mouthfuls of such a vapour, would doubtless terminate my love and life together. Thinking a scream might aid me, I drew readily and heartily enough on my resources, but my case was becoming desperate. Down I slid and scrambled as fast as possible, but the tortuous manner in which chimneys are necessarily built, rendered this a comparatively slow operation. I soon felt convinced that I could only hold out a few seconds more, and that long before I got to the bottom to enjoy the pleasure of tumbling into the fire, I should have the satisfactory consolation of being most effectually cured in the smoke. As for my cries!—St. Patrick, help me! The bulls of Bashan might have roared here for an hour, and yet have been hung-beef after all.

In this emergency, I remembered to have seen the opening of a neighbour's chimney into this one, a few feet lower. Scrambling down until I felt my feet alight in the cavity which marked this happy confluence, and almost dead with terror and exhaustion, I got into the new discovered passage, and in its cool fresh air could almost think myself in heaven—though most people, I'll be sworn, would have considered it a very different sort of place; all things you see going by comparison.

Haste! haste! thought I, pressing on my new voyage of adventure, lest any kind cook, scullion, or chamber-maid, should take it into their heads to smoke me once more! Down I went! and even in the midst of all my distress, I could not help chuckling and laughing at what might come next; wondering at the same time in my usual spirit of adventure, where in the name of Fortune I should find myself. I was not a little merry either at thinking how cleverly I had "done" my rival, and anticipated his mortification at beholding me sound and whole once more. better to enjoy this, I proposed going suddenly back into the room, and falling upon him without further delay. But much as I needed haste, I was going a little too fast, as you shall see.

Having proceeded the last stages of my course with caution, and found the mouth of the chimney

unclosed, I halted for an instant, and perching myself on the bars of a vacant fire grate, looked round the chamber into which I had descended, just as some prying jack-daw might have done. "Caw," said I, "'tis a bed-room!" Its tenant had apparently just risen, and the door was open. Seeing no one in the room, I hopped down—but at this unlucky instant, I heard an approaching footstep; "Under the bed with me," said I, making a dive — but nearly cracking my head against a whole pile of trunks and boxes of all descriptions; where should I fly for concealment? —the case was urgent!—not a cupboard at hand! -the footsteps were approaching-and the horrible door stood open so directly in my way, that I must be seen in crossing it — yet there was such a nice large dressing table by the window with a hanging cover.

"Save me!" said I, "what should prevent my getting into the bed?"—it was but a leap!—plump I came down into the centre!—over went the clothes, and there laid I as snugly as possible—my only hope being that the person on whose premises I had intruded had risen for the day;—

of course I was in the wrong—stump, stump, came the great heavy tread of some fat person, seemingly 'twixt sleeping and waking—some female talking to herself in an under-voice, her teeth chattering with the cold all the while.

"Plague take me! what a fool I was to think of concealment at all," thought I, "it would have been twice as well to have faced the matter boldly—but 'tis too late now!"

Bump! came the owner's heavy person on the bed—back went the clothes!—but I was snuggling at the bottom—down came an awful pair of legs with such a blow on my unhappy back as fairly left me breathless!

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" screamed the lady, jumping up with astonishing alacrity, and running out of the room, uttering a tremendous cry of "the devil's in bed!—the devil's in bed!"

"I wish to my heart that he were!" thought I, looking after her; hardly knowing whether to groan for my loss of wind, or crack my sides with laughing at the ridiculous figure which the good woman made—as a great patch of black, showing by most absurd contrast on her white feet and

ciothes, rendered her ludicrously visible, as she waddled along the passage with a noise that might have astonished even Bedlam.

"Unhappy Mr. Wortley!—in danger when most safe!" was my soliloquy as I heard a horrid sound of coming forces.

Starting from my ambush, I betook myself to the fire-place as instinctively as a badger to his hole.

"There he goes!—there he vanishes up the chimney!" shrieked the poor woman behind me.

"Oh the villain! oh the villain!" exclaimed another.

"Stop him! stop him! stop the thief!" cried a third.

"Make haste, Wortley, up for your life!" said I. In vain; a rough, relentless grasp caught me by the ankle, just as I was lifting aloft my last leg, and back I was dragged into the midst of an astonished circle.

"Why, I do declare it is a boy!" cried the poor woman—shrinking back with no slight terror; "ay, and 'tis a chimney-sweep too"—then advancing up to me and shaking her great fist in

my face—"What, ye villain, you wanted to ruin my fair name did ye? Oh ye villain!"

"This is the fellow, Mrs. Roberts, that has stole my plate!" said the man who had pulled me down, addressing the last speaker.

"Ay, that is it; I'll lay my life on it," responded Mrs. Roberts.

"Send for the constable!" bawled a third—
"Ay, and bid him make haste," resumed my detainer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, not exactly knowing whether to laugh or cry; but I was cut short,—and elegantly—" None of your lies, you young rascal! I wo'n't believe a word of them! I've got you at last! I've been looking out for you this long time past." "Yes, yes, that we have!" again vociferated Mrs. Roberts, "it's you who have robbed master of all his plate!—this isn't the first time you've been down here I warrant me; and now, nothing will serve such a young gallows-bird but trying to ruin an honest woman's character!"

"Madam," said I, much touched at her tears, which began to flow—of course, "madam, if I

have ruined your character by happening to black your—"

- "My what, you young rascal?"
- "Your petticoat, madam—I say, if such be the case, I say—though a matter easily effected—I confess I am most sorry for it—though as there are washerwomen in the land——"

"Don't talk to me of washerwomen—you filthy young carrion-crow—here comes the constable, and off you go to gaol."

For once the worthy lady spoke the truth. Mrs. Roberts, as principal witness, was desired to array herself—Mr. Atkins, the name of her master, who's gripe by the ankle I still felt, went off to do the same, accompanied by several and sundry of the domestics; while happy Mr. I—was dragged away to the clink, and there locked-up on a charge of felony. Having been brought before the magistrate and confronted with my accusers—I endeavoured to tell my story; but this the good man, with every possible degree of justice, refused to hear. He said he was not to be blinded at his time of life with a pack of trumpery lies by a sweep. He saw very plainly,—as indeed he said he always did, that I had been

in the habit of coming down that chimney, every morning for the last six weeks, to prey upon the plate chest of the respectable Mr. Atkins—for some time past under the charge of the worthy Mrs. Roberts.

"May I ask your worship," said I, "as you seem to have such a luminous view of the case, to inform us for what reason the worthy lady happened to be out of her room, and where she might happen to be wandering at such an early hour of the morning?—to say nothing of such a walking dress."

Poor Mrs. Roberts took the hue of scarlet.

- "Hold your impertinence," said Mr. Atkins, giving me a box on the ear.
- "Take him away," quoth the magistrate, "I see how it is."
- "Ay, please your worship," said I, "and so do I." But all my perspicacity was little valued. By great good luck the magistrate escaped committing me—on my solicitation—little as he deserved such kindness at my hands—remanding my case for his serious consideration; albeit an operation which it is rather difficult to imagine him performing.

As I was going off to my dungeon, my young heart was delighted by the presence of my adorable Dulcinea, who having heard of my apprehension, had flown with ridiculous fidelity to offer her assistance. Accepting it with joy, I sent her to my father who brought her back with thanks, effected my enlargement, and liberally rewarded her for her trouble, but greatly to her chagrin deprived her of her lover.

The tables were now turned—good Mr. Magisstrate told my father that "he saw at a glance for he was not to be blinded at his time of life" how utterly preposterous, &c., &c., &c. So in faith it ultimately turned out.

Due enquiry respecting the alleged robbery now took place, and some odd circumstances transpiring greatly added to a knowledge of the world's ways on the part of Mr. Atkins—an old rich bachelor and ship-owner. It seems he had long entertained a vast affection for his housekeeper Mrs. Roberts; but unfortunately that lady took a fancy to share it with his footman—nor was this all that they had taken the liberty to share;—to wit the plate chest: of the last in sooth they all seemed in some sort to have been partners in common—as

for instance, Atkins furnished it—John robbed it, and the "honest woman" kept the charge of it. Though I do feel it hard as a true historian to relate such matters of one so careful of "her character."

To return, then—with as little delay as possible my father had me washed, my mother lectured me, and the butler took me back to school. The first creatures I saw were my old friends Manners and Fenwick running about the play-ground without shoes, and a large placard on each of their backs, bearing the word "Fugitor." "Oh, oh!" said I. after the first greetings. "So you've changed your genus have you. Though I confess I see no wings, I perceive you are now of 'those that fly.' You used to be of 'those that creep.' But 'every animal,' as Aristotle says, and so on—I shall soon be one of your class too I suppose." I was rightmy re-delivery to the constituted authorities was speedily completed. I too was made a shoeless flier—lucus a non lucendo, I presume,—and given over to be flogged twice a week until further orders.

CHAPTER VI.

Contains a new mode of crying fish, much recommended to the fraternities of Billingagate and Grosvenor Square; with other matters.

Discouraging as were the circumstances narrated in the last chapter, it was not the paltry deprivation of sandals which could restrain the soul within, though it considerably damped the soles without, or I should rather say below.

The old song says, and truly, "Love will find out the way," and I had not been sent back long, when my still constant and devoted lady, Nancy—whom I cannot now do less than call the peer-less princess of Rotherhithe,—managed to get an interview with me. I was naturally as much delighted to see her, as any captive knight could

be; and after long mutual declarations as to our unceasing fidelity and affection, she declared to me the object for which I had been sought.

First, she was inconsolable for my loss. Secondly, her poor old mother had broke her leg, and required her at home; consequently she had left service. Thirdly, her father's 'prentice boy had just been drowned in the Thames, and as the honoured gentleman wanted a youth of talents to supply the loss, she did me the honour to think it was a fine opportunity for me to fill his place; since to this, she was kind enough to say, I was in every way equal. It was indeed nothing less than crying flounders up and down the streets of Rother-hithe! its charming neighbourhood included.

"Well, my dear," said I, "this is evidently an offer which does not occur every day, I should therefore, of course, think myself highly blameable if I did not accept it." Having kissed her ladyship many times for her obliging proposal, we then set to, and planned the mode of my running away for the second time. This I effected one evening under favour of a London November fog of no slight density.

Having thus managed once more to enter on the

world's wide stage, I prepared to play my part with becoming consistency. On arriving with my fair conductress in the delightful regions of Nancy's paternal abode, she very kindly procured me a lodging for the night, so that in the morning I presented myself before her sire with all the freshness of an entire stranger. During the interview my Dulcinea looked on as coolly as though she had never seen me before. However I had received my cue as to what I should say, and her revered progenitor having demanded whether I had a good voice for fish, I answered in the affirmative, and was engaged accordingly.

For the first fortnight, every thing went on very smoothly, in accordance with an old proverb, too well-known to be repeated. On the fifteenth day, however, for I am very particular in dates, my new lord and master came rather suddenly upon me and the charming Nancy most lovingly entwined. It was a very sufficient crime that he caught me with one arm round her neck; but when in aggravation of my offence he found me sitting on a basket full of soles, his rage knew no bounds. He, poor man, had fondly dreamed that I had at least disposed of two-thirds of them an

hour before; so seizing up a solitary and wretched Congor eel which lay among the other fish, I saw there was little doubt of his kind intention of tickling my ribs and shoulders with the same.

I never having been able to stand this amusement, moved off to a convenient distance, when the old fellow, seizing hold of his daughter, began to chastise her with all the parental affection so wisely recommended in Mr. Solomon's proverbs. Taking a penny-piece in my pocket, and being a most expert marksman, I made free to send it at his head, which I most effectually paid to the full value of the coin. This induced a chase of me, and the escape of my charmer, when I soon left good Mr. Fish-seller far enough behind. This circumstance, simple as it seemed, made a serious breach in our amicable relations for a day or two, but my fishy friend finding me a curious fellow, behaved all the better for the discovery. Our next fall-out was owing to my simplicity, which let out to a rich customer, the questionable fact of the good monger's possessing two prices; and thus I very promptly stopped any further sale of his wares in that quarter. Peace having been once more restored, I nevertheless managed with my

usual felicity, most finally and fairly, to disturb it as follows. Being in a rather more than ordinary merry mood one afternoon, I took it into my head to break the truth of an old saw, and the custom of my new calling, by venturing on a cry which I was quite sure would be novel in the streets of the mighty metropolis.

Well aware as I was that the most melodious song is nothing when unaided by the superior charms of poetry, I began to vend my commodities by means of the following refined and original Pindaric; duly, and though I say it, very sweetly chanted to a most delectable arietta.

THE PISH-BOY'S CRY.

Hark! hark! an honest lad intends,
For custom hence to strive;
By arts and tricks no man defends,
Whose wish it is to thrive.
Yes, hark!—Here's stinking fish, my friends,
I'm selling all alive!—
Stinking fish! Stinking fish!
Better not a king could wish,
Soles, flounders, dabs, I long to sell,
Just send a dish,
You'll like them well,

My stinking fish, all alive oh!

The custom brought round by this chaste and unique model from the antique, was wonderful. My basket was soon half cleared, and would speedily have been emptied, when the poor contemptible owner of these dainties turning round a corner, popped full upon me, uttered a long string of invectives, called me, among many other terms, a young thief, and triumphantly jeered me with not knowing that he was in the next street.

"No, faith! that I did not," replied I, rather nettled, "for I knew well enough before to-day that asses have long ears."

The stinking fish might have stood, but this Midasian allusion to another order of natural history, was beyond all endurance. Accordingly he fell upon me with a degree of furor that would have been very creditable to a mad bull. I, in my turn, threatened him with the visitation of my family, whose name and address in my rage, and almost unknown to myself, I let slip.

The matter passed like all earthly matters will; and in the additional kindness of the dear daughter I made up for the parent's harshness. You may imagine my astonishment, on the ensuing day, at

dinner time, to see a carriage drive up to the door, and in walk Edward Wortley Montagu, senior.

The old gentleman took me by the ear, and bundled me into his carriage, without even allowing me time to make my adieus to the object of my affections. I asked leave to change my dress, as I still had in my possession a better suit, in which I last ran away; not to mention that my present garments in more than one sense savoured strongly of the trade.

However, I was told there was no time. The carriage was just about to drive off, when I called to them to stop, and desired the footman to bring out my old tray on which I used to hawk my master's property.

- "What do you want with that, sir?" angrily demanded my father.
- "Why, please you, sir," I replied, "since you take a fancy to the dress, it's a pity we shouldn't bring away the paraphernalia, you'd then have the costume complete."
- "Drive on, coachman," said my father to his servant, without deigning me another word. On went the old fat rogue of a coachman, seeming,

like a wooden wedge in a falling oak, to rejoice in the division of the tree that nourished it!

But eyes are quicker even than fat coachmen. One glance of bright intelligence passed 'twixt me and my princess, as she stood at the door with the corner of her apron all ready for her eyes, which seemed to say—we shall meet again yet, despite of all the efforts of cruel and heart-dividing fathers.

Parents are highly to be blamed for their conduct to their offspring, particularly when we consider what a dutiful generation the latter compose!

Well, I was no sooner arrived at home, than I was returned to Westminster, with even still greater expedition than on the former occasion. Finding that my friends seemed to take a great delight in sending me back, I, with all my natural goodness of heart, very affectionately determined to give them a fresh occasion for the indulgence of that propensity. With this view, and by aid of my lady Nancy of Rotherhithe, I decamped once more, and, extending our pleasures as experience gave practical wisdom and boldness to our plans,

we now flattered ourselves that we had done the thing effectually in spite of all opposition.

The marked success which attended us in this expedition, I know not whether most to attribute to myself or lady; we must, therefore, be mutually content to share between us any fame that a generous posterity may award. Certainly, I may say this for Lady Nancy, however slight the part she had in planning our new adventures, she went through the execution of them with an energy and determination to be found only in a heart devotedly attached, and inspired with all the heroism and courage which the truest poetry of the passion can diffuse.

The amiable creature having found out a vessel about to sail for a foreign port, we agreed to dress up as two cabin boys, and volunteer together. As we bore every appearance of being stout lusty fellows, we were received as part complement on the very next night after I left Westminster, and on the ensuing morning, our new craft having dropped down the river, we soon began to feel those internal miseries generally attendant on a first sea-voyage. Recovering from these we found

ourselves running free down channel, and bound for Cadiz.

"And a very pleasant port too!" said I to Nancy, recounting as many of its delights as I then knew.

"If that be the case," replied my darling, "as soon as we get there we'd better run away again, for this sort of sea-life is very different from what I expected, and I don't think it'll altogether agree with me."

"Very possibly not, my dear," said I, "but the fact is, from every thing I can see, it does appear to me, that running away from a school is one thing, and running away from a ship is another; and, skilled as I now am in these matters, we may find the task somewhat more hard than we anticipate—but all in good time—we shall see." And, accordingly, we did see, for the day after these sage remarks, some funny circumstances divulged the sex of my companion, to the wonder and astonishment of the enlightened crew.

Not a few were the jokes and jeers I had to endure, nor were these all, I soon felt the effects of the discovery in more ways than one. Every soul on board seemed determined to enter the lists against me; the master of the vessel at the head of my opponents. But, unluckily for them, they were not very deeply versed in the windings of a woman's heart, and went the wrong way to work; every man of them starting on the supposed notion, that the way to win her soul was to kick my body. As, however, I came of quite a wrong stock to take this quietly, I seized every opportunity of returning the compliment, and soon got licked into a very respectable degree of hardiness; for there is this advantage in being maltreated when a boy, you get a very proper notion of how to deal with a bully, when a man; and every youth will occasionally meet with dishonourable wretches of this stamp. By those who have a thorough knowledge of their history they are found alike abject and infamous in private life, as they are insolent and overbearing in public, and only to be brought to sense and shame by the last and worst of arguments — personal violence. The more unkindly that my lady Nancy beheld her adorer treated by those who were actuated by that meanest of motives—envy,—the more determinately she rejected all their advances, and remained constant.

Nay, more than this, becoming speedily inured to exertions by the fatigues she underwent, for she would perform all her duties,—she soon made no scruple of coming to my aid, when attacked by superior force, and a very pretty fight she could make of it long before we reached the Spanish port, while aloft there was scarcely a more expert climber in the ship.

This produced an infinite number of jokes from the sailors, while the captain, who was an Irishman, declared if he only knew where to find a few more women like her, he'd rejoice to man the old craft wi' none other. In fact, by the time we had reached Cadiz, they had all taken such a prodigious liking to my princess, that I found it would be doubly difficult for her to get off, though I could easily conceive their being exceedingly ready to part with myself. I determined, therefore, to make the attempt on the very first night that we should be in communication with the shore, when, in all probability, the sailors would be tipsy. My calculations were verified, and the

Lady Nancy concurring in the propriety of the step, we took leave to borrow one of the ship's boats, which we rowed to land, then leaving it, to shift for itself, took at once to our heels, made quietly through the town, purchased some provisions, and set off on the road to Seville.

CHAPTER VII.

Introduces a man of conscience and scruples, from the scrupulous north, though found in the latitudes of the south, and holding a somewhat novel view of faiths in general.

This direction we now took at the especial request of my fair companion, who kindly informed me that she had long heard the *civil* oranges were the finest in the world—though to be sure she never knew from whence they came until I told her the other day. "And why," said she, "are they called the civil oranges?"

"Oh, my dear," replied I, "because they are so plentiful, that unless you are most civil in your behaviour, the people pelt you with them as you walk along the streets!"

"Indeed!" said she, and perceiving that this

was given as a reason, she thought, like many other learned people, that she must accept it as such, and on we went.

As it was a beautiful moonlight night, and we were in high spirits at our escapade, we trudged along at no mean pace; careless of all the perils that might be supposed to surround two such adventurers, in a strange land, without money, or even the common tongue of the country in which we were.

But what would have disheartened others gave us fresh courage; and having nothing to lose, we had long since resolved to have nothing to fear.

Walking on until we became exceedingly tired, we sat down on a rough sort of sailor's great coat which Nancy had kindly accepted from one of her late shipmates—the more kindly indeed, as he had never offered it to her—and then pulling out our supper, we fell to very heartily, and were surprised by sleep in the midst of what I thought a very entertaining tête-à-tête, although the result might not appear to warrant that description.

Day had scarcely begun to dawn, when I was aroused by Nancy, who recalled my attention to affairs of this world, by pointing out an advancing

cavalcade of what proved to be water-carriers, proceeding towards the good town of Cadiz with sundry butts of the limpid element, mounted on a rude car and drawn by mules. Having duly stared at our strange costume, they passed on.

The sun rose splendidly on our right hand, displaying to our enchanted view a country, which I had then never seen equalled. While my lady and her adorer were sitting wrapt in all that ecstasy which beautiful scenery never fails to inspire in highly cultivated minds, our attention was attracted by the gingling of bells, and looking in the direction in which the last set of passengers had disappeared, we now perceived advancing towards us, a muleteer with several of his animals loaded, others not. As they passed by, the Spaniard, who was a young, and though a vulgar, still a good looking fellow, suddenly halted with a view of admiring the long straying flaxen locks of my blue-eyed charmer.

Having given her the salutation of the day, she in return gave a hitch to her inexpressibles in the true Tar style, and vaulting on one of the vacant beasts, seemed to consider her seat as a permanent and settled matter. He, for his part, looked grave for an instant, and then seeming instinctively to perceive how the matter truly stood, a smile stole over his stolid countenance, as he turned towards me.

know nor care; it might have been money, but of this commodity having none to give, it naturally followed that I could give him none.—Pretending to think, therefore, that he asked my permission to allow him the favour of her company, I honoured him with two slow nods of the head, as much as to say, permission granted; and following Nancy's mule, we moved onwards once more, the muleteer riding on one side of her ladyship and I walking on the other.

As we went along, I naturally inculcated upon my fair friend, the absolute necessity that existed of our speedily obtaining the accomplishment of the Spanish language, advising her at once to proceed in taking her first lesson. By way of setting her a good example, I went on by signs to inquire from the muleteer the names of the various things I should be likely to want for breakfast; having previously obtained such few instructions

as were necessary to trying my hand in the beggar line: for I thought there was every chance of its coming to that soon—and one like's to be prepared for these little changes.

Amusing ourselves in this manner by the way, we at length entered the town of Xerez de la Frontera, which, as every one knows, or ought to know, is built by the little river Guadalette. Here I was not sorry to learn we were to breakfast—or not, just as we pleased, it seems—a very awkward addition, since the muleteer was for the present going no further.

Now it so happened, that I did please it extremely, for I never felt more ravenous, but how the affair was to be managed, I could not for the life of me wholly understand. But I always flattered myself that where I failed, Nancy would help me—and when she failed—why then I knew I must help her.

In this, I conceive, lies all the beauty and the harmony of Mr. Plato's system, though fifty hundred commentators would have puzzled over it long enough ere they had drawn from it so useful a design.—For adding sublimity to an

author's conceptions—give me a commentator: mystery and obscurity have ever been true sources of the sublime.

Having walked into the little posada, at which our friend put up his beasts, I soon beheld the operation of feasting going on in all quarters.— Ah me, how exquisite was the odour of the chocolate; how savoury appeared the omelettes; with what a smack were the olla podrida devoured; even a gaspacho seemed a delicacy, and coarse bread and garlic not to be despised. Much, indeed, did I long for a draught of that generous wine, which I perceived tickling the palates of most present, myself excepted, more especially as I remembered that this was a town celebrated for that vintage, the products of which we are fondly supposed to drink under the name of sherry.—In this dilemma I asked my Lady Nancy what we should do for breakfast_

- "Go without," said she rather gruff, very philosophically.
- "Yes, yes," replied I, "that's all very fine; but indeed you can't tell how exceedingly I shall feel such a piece of resignation"—laying my hand at the same time over a most sensitive region.

"But at any rate let us leave this place, for I think the fire only burns the more by thinking on the frosty Caucasus. We must beg a meal somewhere, and so let us just choose whether it shall be simple or compound—whether by singing a ballad we should make any return to the charitable, or whether we should demand their alms for the satisfaction of beholding us, since there can be no doubt that we are two very pretty young people."

"As to singing," replied her ladyship, "hang me if I can sing on an empty stomach, that's plain!"

"Well then, my dear, I see no chance of your singing on a full one, which is worse than plain, inasmuch as it's downright ugly.—But here comes the muleteer from putting up his beasts, what does this fellow want?"—I' faith, it was that which very few mortals care to desire—nothing less than the company of two moneyless people to share his meal.

"Come," said I, as we sat down to table with him, "it's worth while, I perceive, to have a companion with a full bust, flaxen locks and blue eyes," and without more ado, I fell-to like a

young wolf upon the basin-full of chocolate that was put before us—though as yet, by the by, this ferine class have not shown any violent predilection for chocolate as a necessary article of consumption.

"This is very fine porridge," said my Nanoy, using a word she had heard from some of her Scotch shipmates, and scarcely knowing what to make of chocolate, in which her spoon could almost stand upright.

- "Parritch," echoed a voice infinitely to my surprise, and close at hand; "was it parritch or bergoo ye mentioned, lassie?" demanded a huge tall figure, advancing towards us from the opposite corner of the room, in the awe inspiring dress of a soldier of the Holy Brotherhood—speaking, if my ear did not deceive me, in the Scottish accent, but bearing externally every mark of a true Spaniard; if we except a pair of high cheeks, that told more of the Macs than the Dons.
- "Conscience!" said he, advancing up to Nancy, and then taking a step backwards after a close scrutiny.
- "Is it a laddie or a lassie that ye are?—Tell me, mon!"

"Oh! why, ahem! my younger brother," said I, stammering out something as I saw my companion's colour rise.

"Whew! a brother, mon, is it?" said our new acquaintance, drawling out his words in a most suspicious manner.

"And how came ye here, and what are ye?"
It was now my turn to be confused.

"Why, please you, sir, I'll tell you the whole truth of the matter," said Nancy, quickly recover, ing that aptness for veracity which so distinctly belongs to her dear sex.

"We are young sailors, sir, as you may see, and came from England to Cadiz, in a trader, some little time since, but the captain was a very bad man, and happening to get a little too merry a night or two ago, he sailed away without a word of warning, and left me and my brother behind."

As she concluded this doleful tale, she proceeded of course to call the tears into her eyes, and then with infinite address wiped them away. Such judicious conduct could not fail of due effect. The soldier of the Holy Brotherhood softened wonderfully towards her, and seating himself at hand, at once tendered his services as interpreter, and

offered to be as useful to us in any other mode as circumstances would permit.

In return for our candid communications, we learnt that he was a native of Aberbrothock; had served some time as a mercenary in the Low Countries, and ultimately wandered into Spain, where coming across an old brother soldier, who was an Irish Roman Catholic, in the service of the Inquisition, the latter had offered him a similar berth at the petty cost of becoming a convert to the reigning faith. Here, as honest Donald informed us, he had " had mair scruples than he altogether admired, but becoming at last convinced that religion was given to us for some mair useful purpose than that of standing in our light, he had, after mature consideration, become" as he termed it, " a convict to the Romans." "Ye'll no' be mentioning this if ye should be in the North sune, and hear my name by any chance," prudently added Donald, because, as he said, " Most of his kin in that country had never enjoyed the benefit of travel, they might perhaps entertain preceese and prejudicial notions on auld points of doctrine; and mair than this ye see, it hath always been my pious intention to take up wi' the kirk ance mair, should Providence ever bring me back to the auld country." Begging him not to be disturbed, I said I had no intention of migrating again for some little time, and even then, would maintain as profound a silence as the most preceese doctrinaire could require. With this, he was satisfied; and asking if he could be of any service, I told him that we both wanted a livelihood—but nothing more.

Here the mule driver, who, by means of interpretation, had been enjoying a share of our conversation, informed us that a good woman, the keeper of another posada, who lived only a few streets off, was in want of the services of two such lads as myself and brother, to help in the domestic offices of her house. That we had only to present ourselves, and be content to work for our keep, to insure the place. I will shew you the house forthwith, added the open-hearted young Spaniard, "and indeed would speak to her in your behalf, but I cannot do that with effect, we are always on such bad terms; for you must know we are cousins."

"Ah!" said the man of scruples, "I understand, but if you will show us the house, I

doubt not but a gentleman of my character will have weight enough with the honest woman to effect the rest."

Accordingly off we trudged, but scarcely had proceeded a dozen yards, when our progress was arrested by a group of boys and other idlers surrounding a man somewhat curiously employed. "See ye now to that; there's a funny gaberlunzie," said the holy Brother, stopping and pointing him out.

The object of our attention had seized a dog, and holding the body down with his hand and knee, had inserted a hollow cane into the struggling animal's mouth. After puffing and blowing through this, for some time, with great exertion, the fellow suddenly withdrew it, and starting to his feet before the dog could bite, made a profound bow to the crowd. Waving his cane with much dignity, he exclaimed "Gentlemen, it is not so easy to blow up a dog!"—He then made another profound bow and departed. The crowd having enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of one who seemed no way disconcerted at it, they followed him on his way, and we once more pursued ours, the muleteer bidding us adieu as soon as we came

within sight of his cousin's house,—since, as he said, relations always agreed best at a respectful distance.

Signor Donald now proved himself as good as his word, and by means of the influence which his dreaded dress ever inspires in this bigoted country, he did our business most effectually. This settled, he withdrew to attend to that of any body else, not happening, unfortunately, to have any of his own; for every one knows that it is solely for such legitimate purposes, that gentlemen of his office are employed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Treats of my election into a musical society, the members of which are vastly skilled in playing on the stiletto, the pick-lock, and other curious instruments.

As prudent Donald had forborne—doubtless for some very good purpose of his own—to hint to our new mistress any suspicions as to the sex of my fair brother, I took the earliest opportunity of advising her to be more cautious. I said also that if she could somewhat stint that universal benevolence towards all mankind, which made her show so much of her golden ringlets, it might not prove worse for her in the end.

Oddly enough she followed my advice, and as her portion of occupations, did not bring her often under the eye of her mistress, affairs went on very quietly for some little time. Among many others who used our house of entertainment, was an itinerant band of musicians. They were accustomed to season their cups with sundry narratives of such adventures as happened to them while roving from town to town. As these were generally very funny, and often very agreeable, they soon fired the fancies of Nancy and myself. Our present abode had long since grown very irksome; the landlady was extremely mean and parsimonious, almost denying us a sufficiency of food, and we determined to quit on the first opportunity.

This was soon obtained; Nancy, with her usual facility for making acquaintances, was pretty well known to most of the "vagrant train," indeed a little more than I altogether admired—and they soon agreed to receive us into their numbers. In another week they were to start themselves for the city of Seville, and promised to halt for a night at a given spot upon the road, a few miles out of Xerez, that we might join them. In the mean while we were to save up what money we could, to bring into the general fund.

This plan was adopted to avoid any awkward suspicions falling on so respectable a body.

Accordingly, late one night, after the family

had retired to rest, we set out upon ramble the second; our new associates having proceeded in the forenoon of the same day. We had not advanced very far, when we met a scout placed to intercept us on the road, and serve as a guide to the main body of the party, who were enjoying themselves in a sylvan retreat hard by.

The remains of a plentiful supper were strewed around our future companions, as we entered among them, and the leathern bottle was circulating very freely. We received a hearty welcome, were made to sit down within the rude sort of hut, or rather tent, which they had erected, for the spot was an old and favourite haunt, and then as the hearts of our elders expanded, there crept forth a few choice histories, which would not have so exactly suited the auditory of our late posada.

I speedily found myself among as honourable a set of knights of the posts as I could desire; or to speak plain English, as vile a set of rogues as could well be imagined. One had escaped from the galleys, and another had recently been liberated from prison, a third had commenced his honest fortunes in the world by the robbery of his parents, a fourth was travelling to banish the remembrances of too free an amusement with the stiletto,

and so on. The women were very little better—some somewhat worse, if it were possible; and, in short, I found myself at once elected into a republic, so happily equal, that no man could reproach another.

Having naturally been blessed with tastes as fine as their principles, they made music their ostensible calling, and pilfering their real object. Like my honest friend Donald, I still retained some silly scruples about me, and at once expressed to Nancy, my fears as to the ultimate issue of our fate under such peculiar guidance. But the good soul bid me be comforted, since by advice of the leader of our band, and the better to secure our felicity, she had obliged her late mistress by borrowing the contents of a little moneybox—the hiding-place of which she had discovered some time since, and only deferred the forcing of its lock until a few minutes before our departure.

This intended piece of consolation, I must say, fell far short of its aim. Already I beheld the officers of justice in close pursuit, and all the horrors of a gaol, and the ignominy of such suspicions as could not fail to attach to me, despite of any asseverations I might make. As I had the advantage of being able to speak in a language unknown to

the rest of the party, I remonstrated with her in an under voice, but severely. I upbraided her too with inconstancy, as a plain proof of which I mentioned the fact of her taking advice from a low fellow, a stranger, and concealing its tendency from the gentleman with whom she first set out upon her travels. She recriminated, we had a very respectable squabble, I got exceedingly tipsy, and fell fast asleep.

Noon had nearly passed before I awoke on the following day. The sun was shining warmly down upon me, but a dull, heavy ache was upon my heart. Jumping up, I looked around for our late comrades. The tent was struck, the brands of last night's fire were smouldering upon the ground, and round it were strewed the fragments of provender on which we supped, but not another vestige of them was to be seen, if I except, by the by, an old guitar, and a suit of sufficiently ragged clothes, which seemed expressly laid out at my head.

At first, I discredited the conviction that came upon me, but, having called on Lady Nancy, by name, several times, and received no reply, beyond the murmuring of a little brook, that was close at

hand, I was compelled, however unwillingly, to believe myself deserted. I need not have been in much doubt, however, for the scene around me told the tale well enough. She had evidently become alarmed at those compunctious visitings, for which she on the preceding night called me a "milksop," and having communicated her fears to the others, they had determined on leaving me to shift for myself.

With regard to her leaving me, I was not much surprised; nay, on the whole, rather thankful that she had not left me with a stiletto hole in my doublet. I had before suspected some parts of her conduct, and now found myself right. Companionship always flings a charm round those it links together, and having shed a proper quantity of tears to the memory of our past love, I thought myself, on the whole, well quit of the melodiously inclined society. Thanking her, in my own mind, for the kind feeling that had saved me from ill-treatment, as well as the interference, which had doubtless left behind for my use the old guitar, and mendicant suit, I took up the one, slipped on the other, and made off for a better cover. Imagining it not very improbable that some good alguazil

might otherwise be coming to compliment me on the fresh change in my prospects.

The world was once more before me, and once more I proceeded to make the most of it. Stealing forth as evening began to fall, I took to the high road in a very fine state of fasting, and in about two hours arrived at a little village. As music in Spain is the recreation of every one, I had by this time learnt to play a very decent accompaniment on the national instrument, and my voice having been very finely cultivated at Rotherhithe, I found no obstacle to my success in the minstrel line, except that native bashfulness, which has always oppressed me—more or less. hunger, however, soon enabled me to swallow this, together with a supper which a good Samaritan bestowed upon me, in consideration of my singing a song, which nobody could understand; in which predicament I may fairly say the singer himself was included. Having thus procured a shelter for the night, I rose with the sun, and recommenced my journey, always having before my eyes the over-politeness of alguazils, and their anxiety for one whom the law would be so delighted to entertain.

In this way I progressed by slow stages towards Seville, which town, mindful of the proverb, I was determined at all hazards to behold.—Sometimes I was relieved at a peasant's humble hearth, sometimes feasted in the hall or kitchen of a peer.

—Sometimes I indulged a convent with an opportunity of exercising its charity, and sometimes I ventured on the frugal fare of a roadside recluse. Many opportunities of getting into "something permanent" presented themselves, but I could not believe my precious self secure, until I once more found myself mixed up with the crowded mass of a large city, and in four days from my desertion by the lady Nancy, I drew nigh to the place of my self-elected destination.

CHAPTER IX.

Which contains the tragical results of vanity and passion: and by which, when you read it, you are advised to profit.

THE night was rapidly falling, as I entered the renowned city of Seville. Fatigued with my long walk, and not over elated at finding myself in such a living desert, without friends or very little money to procure their semblance, I paced slowly onward in a deep reverie; now looking around on the spectacle that presented itself to my eye, and now considering the line of my future operations.

"It is not so easy to blow up a dog!" thought I—"though to be sure!"—recalling an old Spanish proverb—"there are more ways of drawing a cat out of a well than by the bucket!" But courage,

good heart! thou hast not hitherto failed me, and for the present, I will just take a stare at this old city while the light remains.—Then for a humble supper and trust to my guitar for a bed.

As I finished my soliloquy I turned down the corner of a street, behind two men, who from their mien and dress, I conceived to be a nobleman and his servant. The latter hastening ahead of his master, directed his steps towards the entrance of a large and heavy-looking mansion, as if for the purpose of getting the door opened. Having cast a hasty look at the exterior of the house, I was about to pass on, when my curiosity was attracted by a figure wrapped in a cloak, and leaning in the shadow of the projecting windows.

At this instant the gentleman crossed over, and though hardly conscious why, I followed him. Scarcely had he arrived abreast of the stranger in the cloak, when the folds of this garment, falling from the person it concealed, I beheld a preparatory movement of the hand, with the fatal purport of which, I was but too well acquainted.

To utter a loud cry, spring forward, and strike the end of my walking-stick in the face of the intending assassin, was but the work of an instant. In another, I heard the sound of some steel instrument ring on the ground, and was myself laid senseless by a heavy blow. Coming round in the course of a few minutes, great was my surprize, at finding myself lying on a rich brocaded bed surrounded by a bevy of attendants, and the gentleman whose life I conceived I had saved.

"Are you much hurt, my good lad?" said he, with an air of concern.

"No indeed, not greatly," said I, seating myself upright in a manner sufficiently brisk for a
wounded man, "but in truth," casting my eyes
on some fragments beside my bed, "though I am
not hurt, I perceive that my poor Nancy is,"
pointing to the broken guitar, "and I am sorry
for it.—'Twas an instrument of no bad tone; and
what is a balladmonger without his instrument!"

At this the signor smiled, and saying, "that he was greatly my debtor," gave orders to his domestics as he left the room, that I should have all I required.

"Then first he must have the pleasure of losing a little blood," said a grave personage, drawing out the necessary implements.

"Wait till he asks it, good Mr. Doctor!" I replied, springing over the other side of the bed, with vast alacrity.

"How then, child!"—returned the Medico,

do you not know that I am his lordship's own
body surgeon?"

"Then by the same sign, Signor," said I, "you are not mine. At present, look you, I have no more blood in my body than I want for my heart, seeing I have fasted since this morning; and the only medicine I will consent to take at your hands, is a good supper."

The surgeon being kind enough at this juncture, to furnish me with a look of profound contempt, those good natured fellows the servants, who never treat a man of science disrespectfully in the houses of the rich, at once declared me of the right mode of thinking, and led me forth for a hearty commendation to Master Philip, of the buttery.

Soon contriving to gain this delightful retreat and leave the doctor behind, I found myself amid the best of every thing, and fell-to accordingly.

"Poor boy!" said the steward, as he witnessed

the devastation I committed on the pasty and the bottle. "He lays to as though he eat for to-day and to-morrow both!"

"Hold, my worthy friend," replied I, "it is necessary that I should first eat for to-day and yesterday!"

"Thou art a merry-hearted chicken, at the least of it!" said one of two of the menials, who were sauntering around; "and who or what art thou? and how camest thou so hungry in our good city?—for thy tongue bespeaks another birthplace than that of Spain!"

On this I sounded a parley of mutual information, requiring first to know where I was, and who I had served, and then giving them, like an Irish witness, as much of my own history as I thought proper,—for there is no virtue more charming to mankind at large than candour—when the truth is in their favour.

But let that pass.—I now learnt that I had been so fortunate as to aid a Spanish grandee of some rank and more money. The former gratified himself and the latter his dependants. It seemed that he was possessed of many blessings, of which he was not duly sensible, and among the rest, a wife

and daughter. As for his names and titles, I found it would take me at least a week to learn them with any decency, so for the present I contented myself with digesting only two of them—Julio De Romarina. Scarcely had I finished my own little narration in return for the butler's, when Madame Antonia, the family duenna, sent one of her women with a message from Don Julio's wife—Donna Lorenza—desiring my presence as soon as I had refreshed myself.

Hastening to compose my dress, I was presented to her ladyship, who received me very kindly, though naturally, by her mien, a woman of the pride of Lucifer. She certainly, too, had something of this honest gentleman's beauty, and was, I must say, a most majestic-looking virago.

The history of my adventures being again gone through, with such little additions and suppressions as my genius suggested or my necessities required, she thanked me for the service I had rendered to the family as heartily as if she really meant it; and further, to prevent any suspicions of her sincerity, she offered me an appointment in her household—a sort of misbegotten office between a page and a secretary—a sort of shoe-tier in particular, or doublet-smooth-

er in general. "Madame," said I, bowing to the ground, "I am but a lad of poor spirit, and the appointment suits me exactly." The name of secretary sounding not a little romantic and entertaining to my ears;—at any rate, "here's something fresh," and provided it be amusing, a fico for your dignity. In short, I at once agreed to enter on my novel capacity.

I was now presented to one on whom I had from time to time been gazing with no slight admiration—the only child of my new mistress—Donna Lucia.

This lady, who had been sitting in the room when I first entered, was about six-and-twenty, and certainly the most thrilling beauty—but there are too many sorrowful and humiliating thoughts connected with her history to permit my attempting a description of her person. She had all the fire and dignity of her mother, together with the vivacity of her own youth, and a something about the eye which I dare not characterise.

Throughout the interview she remained perfectly at her ease, and though I felt flattered by the repetition of her gaze, its coolness somewhat disconcerted me. These preliminaries over, the

steward received orders to send for a mercer, to whom my mistresses—for I soon found I had two—gave directions for a handsome fit-out in my behalf.

Well, said I, as I went to bed, every man sees changes in this world, and Wortley Montague bids fair to know a few in time. It will indeed be hard if in all of these I am equally frustrated in my novel proposition of happiness; surely every thing promises fairly now; an easy berth and a handsome mistress. Yesterday I was a minstrel—I can't say much for my felicity in that line—the day before a muleteer—no, nor in that—now I am a servant. But, come, let me have good hopes. If fate is prosperous, and I only take kindly to the arts of tergiversation and pilfering, there seems little fear of my acquitting myself with all due credit.

But far more funny things were in store for me than I expected, as you shall hear. Out of regard to my birth, I was appointed to be found at the table of the Duenna. Discovering at once the strong influence, and the weak side of this good lady, who squinted not a little, and drank a great deal, I took the earliest opportunity of telling

her in a delicate manner, that her good looks were of no ordinary cast, and that nothing improved the complexion so much as brandy. To my surprise she did not receive this as any great piece of news, though she told me I was a good child for saying so; but in return she forthwith commended me to her mistresses, as a lad of great discretion, and they, on the strength of her recommendation, acted accordingly.

Scarcely had I, with no slight pride and pleasure, finished the arraying of myself in my new finery, when I was informed that Donna Lorenza required me to accompany her to mass, and carry the missal. While in the very act of stepping forth on this praiseworthy occasion, a message was brought to the devout lady, from her daughter, who, being, as she said, too ill to go to church herself, entreated that I might be left at home to play her a few English airs.

For my part, I must say, I thought she had quite enough airs of her own; more especially, when I found the fair Lucia's indisposition of no more dangerous cast than those commonly known as the teazey-wheezeys—a name given in contradistinction to the pepsilels. The one importing that

a lady would be much worse if she were not much better; and the other, that she would be much better if she were not much worse. Having heard with kind approbation the slight stock which I possessed, she desired once more to hear all my little oddities in the way of adventure, taking an especial care to search most minutely into those which related to my lady Nancy of Rotherhithe; that fair but false companion of my perils.

This conduct rather surprised so innocent and ingenuous a youth as myself; and whatever feelings they engendered, they certainly were not those of dislike to the lovely, but somewhat imperious enquirer—who, by way of distinction, I shall in future term my young mistress; reserving the more generic title for her parent. Having stood considerably in the way of my edification in the morning, Donna Lucia very kindly made amends, by taking me with her to vespers, at which she insisted on my kneeling beside her; infinitely more to the delight of my vanity than my knees, which had not then been much accustomed to such a Popish ceremonial.

Thus things went on; sometimes one lady patronized me, sometimes the other. In particular, I

observed, that they were both very fond of taking me to mass; and both in turn made an offer of attempting my conversion. Of course I embraced with avidity the proposals of the pair; internally at the same time resolving to be brought to the faith of I observed moreover in my attendance on these ladies, that both of them seemed strangely anxious to keep from each other, the interest they mutually took in my welfare; so that although both were marvellously kind to me when apart, I no sooner happened to be in the double presence of mother and daughter, than they seemed agreed to put on their coldest looks, and combine to sink me from the proselyte to the page. Of my two mistresses, I must say the mother took the greatest pains with my progress, and the daughter the greatest pleasure. The former would insist on my repeating creeds and aves without number; made me read with her the lives of the saints, and not a few of the martyrs; corrected the errors of my pronunciation; attempted once or twice to make me confess, and desired my acceptance of the symbol of their faith, carved in solid silver, and richly set with gems.

Donna Lucia on the other hand was contented

with a gentle pressure of the hand as if by accident when holding the book at mass—making me accompany her sometimes in the vesper service; and finally, presenting me with a braid of her hair to suspend the present of her mother; for this, I very stupidly revealed one day to her sight, though I took great care to preserve the silence of the grave between the one and the other.

One thing I could not help remarking, which was, that both ladies seemed to lay great stress on my birth as a gentleman, and the facts of my being a foreigner and a heretic, as palliating excuses to themselves for the little freedoms to which they admitted one in such a dependent station. fact of my having saved Don Julio De Romarina's life, they never once dreamed of mentioning. Still there was a mystery about the family, which I could not solve. There were more points than one, on which scandal thought fit to have its run; the servants also were not slow to talk; though of this favour, I must say, they are generally very liberal. You may be sure, however, that I was not particularly anxious to pick a hole in the doublet of one whose house afforded me every luxury I could desire.

Still I could not shut my eyes either to the dispositions or practices of my two mistresses, and indeed in very little time it would have been much the same if I had. This, however, I did still more carefully than ever—I shut my mouth, which I doubt not they infinitely preferred. My quiet was, however, soon interrupted.

While I viewed Donna Lucia as one, from temporary position, my superior, I cared not what she did. When, however, that distinction had been levelled by herself, far different emotions sprung up within my bosom; and a burning jealousy was the result. Though so much older than myself, I found too late that she had completely possessed herself of my affections, while she appeared only to have half surrendered her own.

she mingled in my dreams—she became a part of my existence. I now perceived with a feeling of rage and fury, that there were hours in the day and evening, when no account could be given of her, by any one in the household. The generality of our people believed her at mass, or in her own rooms. To the latter, I had free access; and I

soon found that her time was not devoted either to the former.

Still I carefully concealed the burning thoughts to which these circumstances gave rise; suspicions the more confirmed by all that had passed between us. If any one was in this secret it was the duenna; but from her nothing could be drawn, and I hardly dared to approach the subject but in the most guarded way; fearful lest it should bring down a long impending ruin on my own head.

Thus affairs went on for some time, until at length I was so stung by what was passing in my own mind, that flinging aside all ceremony, I taxed Lucia to the face with the misconduct of which I thought her to be guilty. Instead of flying out into the overwhelming rage which I expected, she coolly replied to me with kindness and denials which I no longer esteemed or believed.

From that day I had not a doubt upon my mind—the torture which I underwent may be readily imagined, and I may truly say, that I had my share of the deep punishment which all of us were doomed so shortly and so fearfully to undergo.

In the conduct of both the mother and daughter, there was one marked failing, which in ordinary mortals passes for a mere foible. Here, however, it was the source of every evil passion, and the cause of one of the deepest and most humiliating domestic tragedies I ever knew. As it may warn some who stand upon a similar and seemingly secure precipice, I shall mention it.—That failing was vanity! Donna Lucia and her mother were two of the vainest women it is possible to conceive. For the gratification of this despicable weakness, I found there was no point to which they would not descend, no crime of which they would not be guilty. At the very moment of time to which I now refer, Donna Lucia had, to my certain knowledge, no less than four proposals of marriage, any one of which she might have accepted at will, having been left—an unusual thing in Spain—the uncontrolled heiress to a large fortune.

But she infinitely preferred a train of suitors, graced with four handsome cavaliers, as her slaves, to electing any one of them as her master. But her choice was a wanton dereliction from principle, and proved as fatal as it deserved to be.

Of Don Julio, I have said nothing. He was an indolent man, of mixed propensities, but wholly devoted, like too many of his station, to the mere pleasures of existence. Generally speaking, I saw very little of him, and his bearing towards me, was always marked with the suavity of a Spaniard, and the kindness of a man who considered himself greatly my debtor.

Although he never read, he possessed a very fine library, to which he permitted my free access.

One afternoon towards the hour of dinner, I was disturbed in the perusal of some book of knight errantry, by his suddenly passing through the room, to his own private chamber, which adjoined.

His looks were horrible, and like those of a man, to whose eyes, the other world had suddenly and supernaturally revealed some awful scene of terror. Slamming the doors behind him, I heard him lock himself up from all access, and commence pacing up and down with the quick stride of passion or despair. Suddenly he would pause—a low murmur—a sob, would be heard,—then a stride—a halt—a string of smothered curses and imprecations—and then the stride renewed.

Thinking that he had sustained some more than ordinary loss at play, I put up my book, and hurried towards the door. On my way, however, I could not help hearing one word pronounced, and repeated with dreadful emphasis, which gave me a true idea of his present cause of anguish, though it could not reveal it.

"At any rate," thought I, "there is a lady in the case, and considering that the man is in a scrape, it would be very odd if there were not."

Seeing, however, that I was only a page, I wished him well out of it; and by way of aiding my wishes, went up to my room and took a nap—for I had dined, though my lord had not.

A tap at my door awakened me—I had slept some hours—Don Julio himself stood before me, pale—deadly pale—but such a look of fury in his eye as almost threw me off my guard.

"Deliver that in person with all speed—and knock at my room-door with the answer," said he, putting a note into my hands.

Without another word he left me—thankful as Priam for the body of his son. I looked at the superscription; it was for a noted cavalier on terms of the greatest intimacy with the familywith whom, indeed, he had been supping only the night before.

Hastening off to his apartments, I was admitted on my urgent request to his presence. He was sitting before his glass, en déshabille; one leg carelessly thrown over the other, looking at himself in the glass, while his valet dressed his hair.

Don Julio's note only seemed to contain three lines. These he read with just the slightest perceptible elevation of his eyebrows. "Oh, very well, child," said he, "I had hoped 'twas another amusement—but, with all my heart—Ambrose, you hurt my head. But stay! now I think of it, my little man, tell your master I must be rather earlier than the hour he names, for I have to go to the masque to-night at twelve; but I will be out from the play soon after eleven, if that will suit him equally well."

Saying which, he crumpled up the billêt, threw it from him, and turned to the study of his own image as before.

Entering Don Julio's closet, I found him reading, and delivered my message.

"That will do," he replied, without looking up.

"I have been deceived; there is less mischief brewing than I imagined," thought I, about to retire with my suspicions perfectly allayed. In the very act of closing the door, my eye glanced upon two rapiers, which had evidently been taken from their usual place of repose, and laid on a chair.

"Those were not for show," was my soliloquy; and determined to be better informed, I watched the hour of Don Julio's going out, and followed him.

CHAPTER X.

Which shows that in Spain there are more ways than one of trussing a game cock.

It was a night such as I have often seen in Spain—even a remembrance of which I cannot recall without emotion. The lovely moon seemed to shed down all the light of day without its glare.

With what feelings did I steal through that superb city, all seemingly so dead and breathless! save when I occasionally stumbled on a few gay revellers, or when the passing breeze, sweet with blossom of the orange, bore on its wings the distant tinkle of the love-inspiring serenade.

The city clocks tolled out the hour as we past the suburbs, and soon turning to the left on a small inclosure, Don Julio paused beneath the shadow of an old cork tree—I measuring my length on the ground, behind the remains of a stone wall.

We had not long to wait. A solitary figure, in a cloak, appearing from towards the town, Don Julio advanced from his retreat, and the two cavaliers met in the centre of the ground, without a word. Having approached so near that they could recognize each other's faces, each drew back a step, and in the next instant their unsheathed rapiers were gleaming in the moonlight.

I confess it was a horrible sensation, that of witnessing this silent and mysterious meeting between two men, who, when I had last seen them together but a few hours since, were engaged in all the sacred offices of hospitality, now they stood before me actuated by a mutual and most deadly sentiment of destruction—and wherefore?

To both belonged the character of being expert in all the usages of the sword. For some moments the contest continued without a sound or any seeming advantage on either side, although I imagined I could perceive the passage of one or two telling thrusts.

Suddenly, Don Julio gave a lunge—his adversary's sword became locked in the parry—his heel slipped—and down he fell, the foot of Romarina was planted on his breast.

"My life is at your mercy!" said the prostrate cavalier, uttering the first word.

Don Julio replied not, but I observed his sword trembling as he gazed down upon his enemy, then slowly, and with terrible emphasis, he said, "Speak but those words again!"

- "Romarina, I repeat, my life is at your mercy!

 —I am aware of your victory. It is beneath my honour to disown it."
- "Ha! ha!" shrieked, rather than laughed, Don Julio, slowly bringing down the point of his sword, until it touched the breast of his opponent, just above the heart.
- "You will not murder me?" said the prostrate man, in a touching accent, "what have I ever done to you?"
 - "What?" demanded Romarina, "is there

nothing?—Nothing under the sacred shelter of friendship and hospitality, with which you can charge yourself?"

Another pause ensued, and then I saw the elbow of Romarina move, as he urged his sword forward with a deliberate thrust—through and through his antagonist.

A stifled groan came borne to my ear on the night breeze, and spoke of the finale of this bloody scene. The blow was twice repeated. The survivor stooped, and wiped his gory weapon in the cloak of his late enemy. He then returned it to its sheath, gazed for an instant on the dead man's face, uttered an expression of contempt as he kicked the carcass, and folding his mantle round his bosom, strode back towards the city.

Between wonder and horror I was petrified. Stealing from my concealment as soon as I dared, I approached the unhappy cavalier, to see if any succour could avail him. However, he was flooded in a puddle of his own blood, without a spark of life remaining.

And is this all, thought I, of that fine fellow I have seen so caressed by the beauties of Seville—of him who expected but a few minutes hence to

be figuring in the gaieties of a masque?—little did

I guess the tale that lurked behind!

Finding I could be of no use, and fearful of getting stained by his blood, I flew, rather than walked, and scarcely knew where I was, till I found myself once more in my own room. I had often heard of Spanish duels, but I knew not what to make of this. The mystery that attended it seemed beyond any unravelling of mine.

The next morning the whole city was ringing with the murder of the cavalier. Several were accused, but suspicion soon rested on the right party. That party, however, being one of the most influential men in the place, and the slaughtered man being only a Portuguese nobleman, of no very great family or fortune, suspicion, with her usual prudence, thought it wise, if not to hold her tongue, at least to change her note.

She now said, that little was known of the Portuguese beyond the fact that yesterday he was a handsome man, and to-day he was a dead one—a material point,—that he was only noted as a gay fellow, fond of cards and pleasure, and that consequently he was an adventurer, and therefore must have been in the wrong.

To prove the closeness of which reasoning she said, it was only necessary for her to add, that he possessed no partisans. There she was in the right. Don Julio retired to a country seat, as it was said, a little indisposed.

In two days the hubbub subsided, and the fame of the deceased noble grew as cold as his body. In this conjuncture, his valet undertook the duty of pilfering, and his creditors had the satisfaction of burying him; and that was all the worthy public cared to know about the matter. A few there were who inquired as to the cause of quarrel,—some said cards—some said the sex,—for the deceased was noted as a man of bonnes fortunes. I was the wisest; I said nothing.

Four days after the duel, my mistress received an order to hasten to her lord, who was very unwell at his country-seat, some few miles from Seville, and to bring with her Donna Lucia. I was included in the retinue; and at nightfall we arrived at a beautiful villa, or, I should rather say, castle, for such it once had been.

Since the late unhappy affair a general gloom had hung over the whole house. My mistress, though not usually given to weeping, now lamented the event with unceasing tears and groans; she shut herself up, and would see no one—not even me. Such was the worthy woman's deep devotion to her husband—for which I had never given her proper credit until now.

Donna Lucia too, secluded herself, and thought on the matter with a gravity—I might almost say a remorse, that reflected the highest credit on her filial affections. Touched with such a charming discharge of her duties, my jealousies insensibly evaporated, and my love returned.

But with the other virtues which she seemed thus suddenly to have adopted, there was one also of prudence, which I cannot say was so much to my liking. This for some days seemed to dictate her conduct towards me.

On the third day, however, after our arrival, Don Julio, whose uneasiness of mind appeared to grow rather worse than better, either discovered or pretended to discover, that his wife was very ill. To ensure his being right in his opinion, he sent for a surgeon, and had her bled to fainting; thus—and very properly—placing the matter beyond all doubt.

A bed was now made up for Donna Lucia in

her mother's chamber, that she might be ready to assist her parent at a moment's notice; for since the night precedent to the duel, Don Julio had, both here and at Seville, confined himself entirely to his own suite of rooms.

I know not why, yet, with all her anxiety to discharge her duty, the kind Lucia seemed much overwhelmed at this determination. Her dejection was not only unusual, but excessive, and I no sooner saw the tear upon her cheek than I felt it on my own. All our fondness returned; the warmer for its interruption.

She asked me to assist her in the task of watching, and I agreed to comply with the request. One o'clock had just sounded; the household were at rest; every thing was still. Quietly entering the sick chamber by a private communication, I looked around. The night-lamp had been ill supplied, and its dying light just enabled me to see that Donna Lucia had retired to rest as well as her mother. Both were breathing with a long but heavy respiration.

Don Julio had been complaining of rheumatism, and had procured every crevice admitting air to be closed up,—the doors to be listed, and the windows to be fastened. The room felt hot and oppressive

—my heart seemed sinking to the bottom of my bosom—something appeared to clog its labouring pulse.

Suddenly I heard a sound;—could it have been a footstep?—if so, it was evidently one unwilling to be heard. Another,—they approached. Gliding noiselessly up to Donna Lucia's couch, I concealed myself behind the folds of its drapery. The door opposite opened—a dull glow of light was seen, and the figure of a man stooping to the ground.

Slowly and with care, the intruder lifted a large brazier of glowing charcoal, which he seemed with difficulty to carry into the middle of the room. This done, he raised his person, as if to recover from the effects of the exertion,—passed his hand across his brow, and bent his head gradually down upon his breast—evidently heaving with the convulsion of some strong struggle of the passions.

Suddenly lifting himself into an attitude of determination, and waving his hand behind him, as if to put down some phantom of the mind, the glowing light distinctly fell upon his features. Distorted as they were by fury and remorse, I knew them at a glance. Judge of my horror and

dismay when I saw it was Don Julio. So violently did my knees tremble, that I thought I should have fallen.

Listening with outstretched form for a few seconds, as if to hear the breathing of his wife,—he advanced a step towards her side—then seemed involuntarily to start back with all the loathing and horror one would exhibit at an asp. He then turned towards his daughter;—but the pause seemed longer, and the hate less determined.

Clasping his hands upon his face, and bending the latter down once more, and rocking his body to and fro, an irrepressible sob of agony broke from him as he made towards the door. As he put out his arm to open this, he turned behind and cast a look at his child's bed,—some relenting angel seemed to guide his steps, and he advanced a pace.

My heart stood still—every thing grew indistinct before me. In another instant he had faced about; I could just perceive him once more wave his hand behind him as his person vanished. The door closed; the springing of a lock was heard, and he had gone for ever!

Once more I felt that I might breathe. What had I seen? Did I believe it? What was I to

infer? My first impression was a doubt of the sanity of Romarina. For what purpose was this dumb show enacted? Why on such an errand should he thus come into the apartment of his wife and daughter. Too quickly the truth seemed to flash upon me. Going back to the door by which I had entered, I found it fastened from without!

"Every thing is discovered!" said I internally.

"It is thus then, and by the cruel pangs of suffocation, that Don Julio dooms us to perish!"

My last hope was in the determination of Donna Lucia;—after the specimen I had seen of Romarina's unrelenting hate, I could no longer hope by myself to frustrate his design of vengeance. Going up to the daughter's pillow, I attempted to awake her.

Whatever were my feelings before, they were nothing to those which overcame me on finding that I was already too late. The poor girl was in a perfect state of insensibility; her pulse was dull and laboured, and every attempt at rousing her proved vain.

I was not then sufficiently acquainted with medicine to come to any decided opinion; but I felt convinced that she was poisoned! The discovery made me frantic, I flew to the side of Donna Lorenza;—but there life was even at a lower ebb. . .

With the deadly power of charcoal I was well acquainted, but there had been no time for it to produce such effects; these must have been anticipated by some drug.

What should I do? Sense seemed almost to desert me. In vain I tried to exert my reasoning faculties, and returning to poor Lucia, I sank down beside her in despair.

Could my presence in the chamber have been known to Don Julio? If so, why should such a man scruple to use the poniard?—For what could the charcoal have been introduced—either for my destruction or as a cloak to the murders which had evidently been committed.—And should I remain and resign myself to so horrible an end.

Despair restored the energy it had at first beat down. Finding that my young mistress was gone beyond recall, I determined to strive for life at least. Having opened the windows with much difficulty, I tore some of the linen into strips and knotting it with haste, adopted the only chance left to me.

What would I not have given to have rescued at least one of the victims of this sad and dark revenge! But it was impossible.—If I alarmed the household—the first to enter would be Romarina, and I was too well acquainted with the discipline of his family, to dream that one of them would dare to lift a finger in defence of his relatives, if he willed that they should perish.

The struggle of parting thus with Lucia, was terrible: much as I had to resent at her hands. All her good qualities, and they were many, now came thronging back to my remembrance with a suffocating emotion. Again and again I threw myself upon her almost lifeless person, and bedewed those lovely lineaments with my tears. But Death's embrace had rendered her insensible to the caress of one who would willingly have given his life to preserve her's.

Tearing myself away with a heart fit to break, I committed myself to my linen rope, and having gained the ground, took to my faltering feet, wild with grief, apprehension, and remorse.

CHAPTER XI.

Shows the propriety of escaping from a good thing as well as seeking it.

In the first hurry of my flight, I began to direct my steps back towards Seville, but soon thinking that inevitable destruction must await me there, I turned about and made at once as near as I could guess for Cadiz, betwixt which and Seville was situated the castle of Romarina. Now bewailing my evil destiny—now solely blaming, and with justice, the unbridled violence of my own passions—and now lamenting with the most intense anguish, the untimely murder of so lovely and so accomplished a woman.

Overcome at length with the bitterness of my

feelings, I flung myself down on a bank, almost indifferent as to what became of me. After the relief of a fit of tears, the past and the future presented themselves, and I began to consider what I should do.

Had I followed the inclinations of my heart, I should have lingered in the neighbourhood of the castle, until I could learn something as to the fate of its late inhabitants.

But I reflected that if I were right in my conjectures, any attempt at flight would be in vain; and, indeed, from the character of Romarina, there was very little chance of my feeling myself safe any where in Spain; whereas if I went on to Cadiz, and prepared to embark, it was but to desist from my intention on learning the injustice of my suspicions.

As to returning to the household of Don Julio, let things go how they might, that I abandoned for ever. With regard to funds, I had come away but poorly provided with money, it is true, but I had valuables to a large extent about me. Donna Lucia was generosity itself, and she had heaped upon me presents of very great amount.

These were chiefly gems and trinkets, and with

a feeling peculiar to the love of boyhood, I had carefully stored them in a little purse of her presenting, and worn it round my neck.

The next cause of alarm was the gaudy nature of my dress. This I determined to change at daylight with the first peasant boy I could meet; and putting my resolves into execution, I had in a few days the melancholy satisfaction of arriving at Cadiz without any interruption worth mentioning.

I now lost not an hour in finding my way to the English consulate; and presenting myself to our resident under my own name, desired he would assist me in getting back to England.

At first my identity was doubted; this being believed, the consulvery kindly welcomed me to his house, and the better to refit my wardrobe advanced me some money—for the presents of Donna Lucia had now become sacred in my eyes, to say nothing of the suspicions that might have been excited had I offered any of them for sale.

As I did not consider myself exactly in a court of justice, I did not scruple to observe a few mental reservations in the account I delivered of my wanderings—more especially suppressing all mention of Seville. I could not see, however, that

any reason existed for concealing my anxiety to get away, and was delighted that a vessel bound for England was to depart within three days. In this bottom was now to be embarked that precious freight, Master Wortley Montague.

Knowing that if any thing was to be learnt in Cadiz respecting Romarina, that the consul would be the likeliest source of information, I asked casually as to the truth of some reports which I heard respecting an asserted murder. The consul, as I expected, had heard some exaggerated statements, but was quite unable to unravel the mystery of Romarina's motives—though, with the rest of the world, he imputed them to some accidental family disclosures.

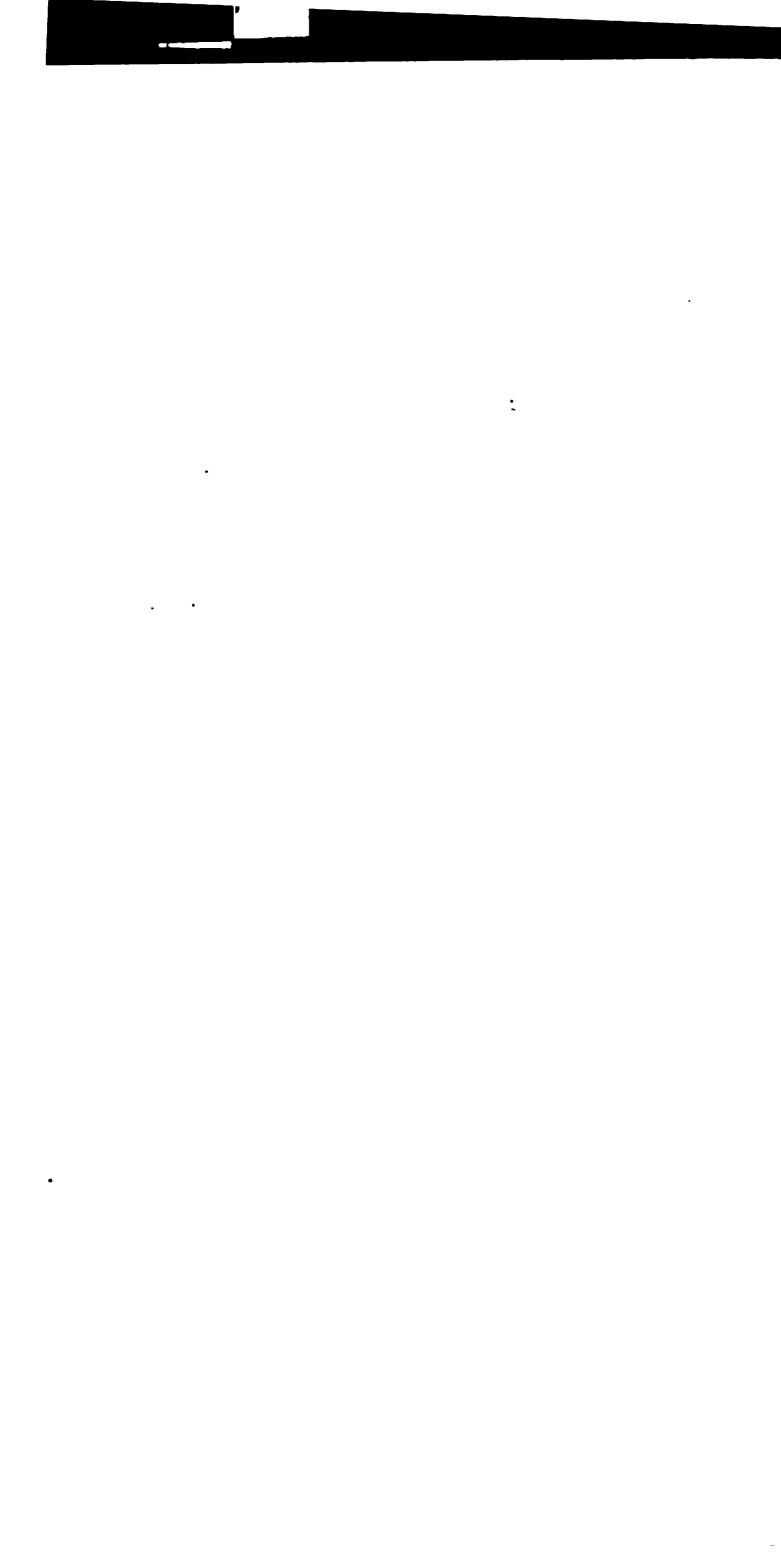
I know not whether I am an exception on this point to the generality of mankind, but the shade in which these scenes were obscured made them doubly frightful, and it was not until some days after I had embarked, and was fairly crossing the bay of Biscay, that I could believe myself safe.

A tedious passage somewhat delayed our arrival in England, and touching at Falmouth, I disembarked, and proceeded direct to town. I did not fail to congratulate myself on once more

arriving under the protection of our happy laws, but my joys were all dashed with the bitterness of my remembrances.

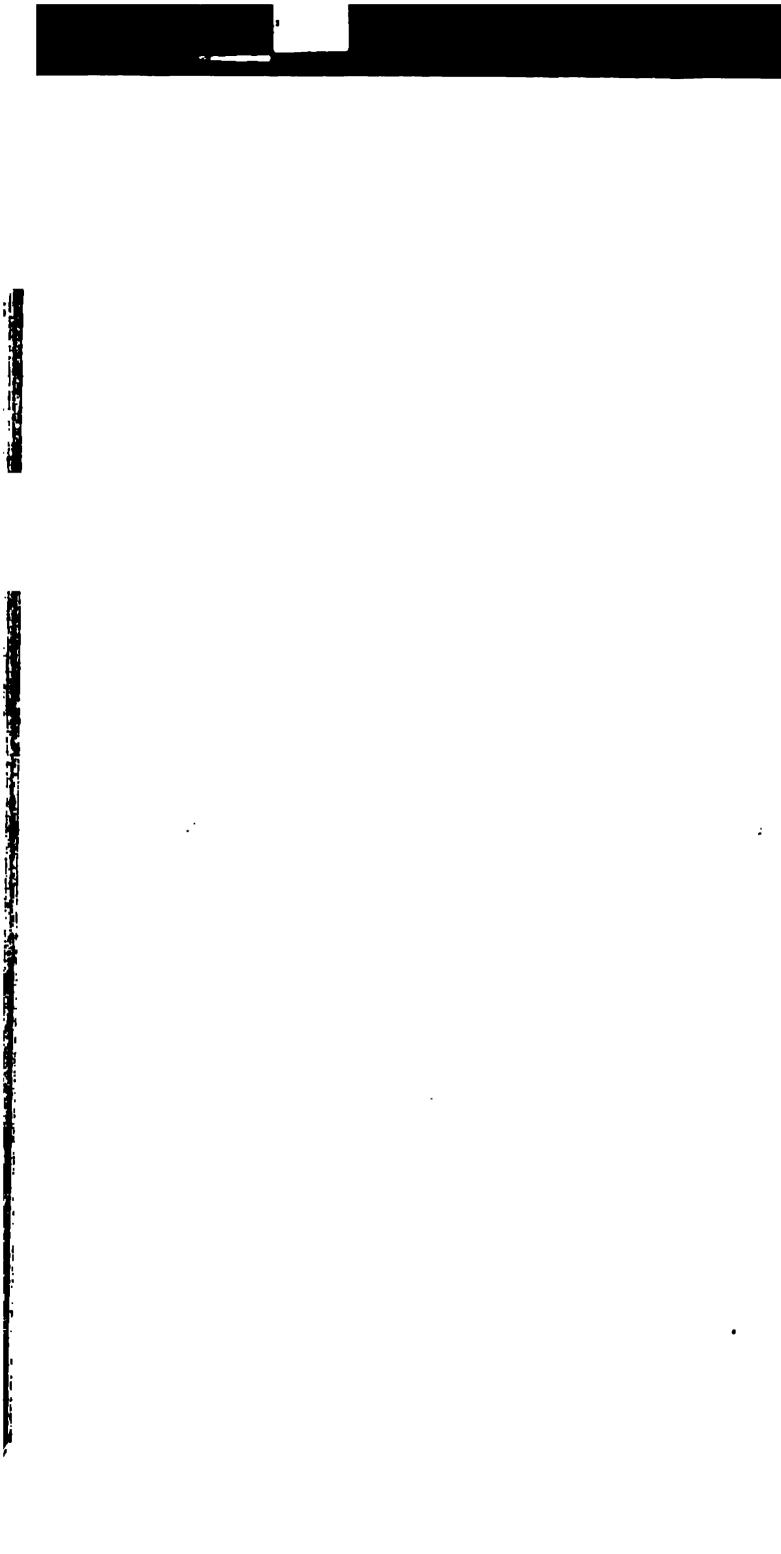
Well, thought I, as we approached London, I have not quite realized the views with which I set out from Westminster; — but all in good time!

Alas! what different creatures does not experience leave us! I was then too young to read aright the lessons I had already received. But so it is. The young fly heedlessly at the gratification of the affections; but it seems to be an immutable law of nature, that the paths of such enjoyments shall be beset with thorns, which, though they fail to lacerate at the moment, still leave a sting behind them, under which we often writhe for years.



BOOK THE SECOAD;

CONTAINS THE IMPORTANT EPOCH OF MY HOBBADEHOYISM.



CHAPTER XII.

Treats of my return home, together with my father, mother, and fat butler.

AFTER so long an absence of such a son, my modesty bids me leave the style of my reception to the imagination of the reader.

The morning after my arrival, my father's unwieldy old butler, had the impudence to compare me to the prodigal son, adding, that joy for my return had like almost to have killed him.

"I wish to St. Chrysostom it had, master Thomas," was my reply, "for I see no reason why the fatted calf should not be slain for me as well as my original."

However, as joys are of infinitely shorter duration than evils, the ecstasies so natural in gaining such a treasure were quickly over, and my father as usual began to amuse himself and plague me, by insisting on the necessity of a private tutor to recover what I had lost. In vain I begged him not to be distressed—in vain I assured him I had lost nothing. "Consider, my dear sir," said I, "how could it be so—I had nothing to lose."

But I soon discovered that if I lost nothing else, I lost my labour. A tutor was found, and I consigned to his care. I piously made up my mind under these circumstances to learn nothing, and at the end of some time, was considerably mortified to find that I had insensibly imbibed much more of the vim doctrinam than I had ever intended.

I really know not how it happened; I am sure I took the greatest of pains to fortify my mind against the approaches of the enemy, by entering most readily into every species of genteel dissipation which the British metropolis affords; but I suppose these proved too few to counteract the inherent propensities of my nature.

My native bashfulness was soon therefore distressed by perceiving that I was held to have made good progress in "my studies." To add to my annoyance, even my very father considered me a youth of parts, and therefore quite his own child of course.

Seeing under these circumstances that my education was likely to prove a ruinous affair, I resolved once more to renew my original intentions in commencing life, and for this purpose formed a grand and, vanity apart, I may say, a very superior project of my own. This I communicated to Lady Mary, one morning, at her breakfast table, when we were sitting téte-à-téte. I am not usually in the habit of committing such an extravagance as to ask my mother's advice, but pursued this course at present, simply, with the benevolent design of relieving her ladyship from a terrible "fit of yawning" that had seized upon her.

As I very wisely prefaced my proposal with an assertion of its excellence, she, of course, expressed the greatest curiosity to hear it. The first sentence was only half out of my mouth, however, before she rose, and running to a side table, began to write, as if she had only waited till her attention was demanded by me, in order to employ it wholly on herself. Had she risen with a fit of the cacoëthes instead of the vapours, she could not have been more eager.

By St. Paul, thought I, how I do detest your literary people; their proceedings are so outré—they never can go on like ordinary mortals. To a plain, common sense, every-day-going gentleman, like myself, it is perfectly disgusting.

- "Well, my lady," said I, going on with my proposal, "I think—so and so, and so and so."
 - "Yes, Edward," replied she.
 - "Well, and then I propose to do this."
 - "Exactly."
 - "And then I intend to avoid that."
 - "Ay, and very proper."
- "And what's more, you see, this is this, and nothing else."
 - "Well, so I have always thought, Edward."
- "Well, then, the results being such and such, you perceive that I am right."
 - " Precisely so."
 - "Then, what do you think of it, my lady?"

No reply;—scribble—scribble. The deuce take it, thought I—but I will not lose my temper—No, no—and seizing the poker, I thrust it so violently into the fire as to make a burning coal fly out.

The perfume of that may do your ladyship good,

thought I, though it does not improve the carpet, and so I let it burn a hole fairly through the web.

"Bless me, what a smell," said she without looking up—" Edward, were you telling me any thing just now?"

"Nothing, except that the moon is made of green cheese, and"—poking the fire most violently, —"I only wish with all my soul you were there to enjoy it,"—a pause.

Rising at length—" Why, Edward, what non-sense were you saying? See—I have been trying an English version of that Spanish ballad you sang to me yesterday—what say you to it? That Spanish word in the last line—is the accent rightly put on?"

"Put on, madam," replied I, and without looking at her verses; "had you told your servant this morning to put you on a clean frill about your neck, it would have been vastly more to your credit."

This by the way came with infinite grace from a gentleman of my circumspection; but Lady Mary was not of my opinion. I saw at a glance she was going to "reply severely." "Mr. Montague," began her ladyship, "I forgive your impertinent rudeness when I reflect on the loose habits of your late companions, but"—

"Habits, madam," cutting her short, "I beg no abuse of my garments, they are the best that my tailor can afford me; and talking of habits, permit me to say, that no man's habits can be so loose as the women's."

She knew not whether to frown or laugh; but it was a kind heart with all its vagaries.

"Edward," patting my cheek, "thou art an oddity."

"Surely, my dear mother, you must mistake," I replied, kissing her forehead, " or at any rate, you should have thought of the great probability of that, when you were to be married."

Having read her verses, and found them pretty tolerably incomprehensible, I said, of course, that they were vastly fine; and to make up for my "impertinence," assured her it was no wonder the wicked little wasp of Twickenham was jealous, for I had never seen any thing of his to compare with them; and for the matter of that never was truer word spoken.

"Edward," said Lady Mary, in the evening,

"here is a cheque for fifty guineas, your tutor says you're making great progress." Unluckily for her ladyship my tutor had been out of town for a week; but then, in his absence, thought I, I have learnt the art of criticism.

Now, said I, as I came out of the banker's the following morning, I am just worth a hundred and twenty guineas, and not above three times that amount in debt. This for Wortley Montague is pretty fair. So it seems, I have gone on lately with astonishing propriety. There cannot be a doubt that I am entitled to a little innocent recreation; but my education, said I, is that which concerns me. It certainly would be desirable that I should be, as elderly ladies say, "a superior young man." And the present system is so horrible—full of faults.

It would be a great boon to society to shew them what an education ought to be. Fathers are not the people—no, no—they don't understand it. Neither is London the place—by no means. Well, as my money's in my pocket, why should I not start at once?—Where?—No matter where!

But my letters and papers lying about unlocked.

They can only be read, and divulging a man's vol. 1.

nothing is more difficult than to keep them. Then for clothes—a minor consideration while such obliging gentlemen reside in Monmouth-street—good. But I must write a letter to my dear father? Without a doubt! If there is a pest to society, it is an undutiful child. Going into a coffee-house, I called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the letter which will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Displays some new qualifications for a servant, and how Jeremy, surnamed "the honest", is enlisted into my service.

London.

MY DEAR FATHER,

HAVING little wit, and less money, I am going to study the sciences. When the first is replenished and the second exhausted, you shall have a fine account of the third.

As I leave town a little in debt, I should wish, if possible, to relieve your expenses.

Perhaps, therefore, you will allow me, Sir, to suggest the dismissal of my tutor, and the addition of his salary to the amount of my allowance.

Will you present my very dutiful love to my

mother, and believe me ever your most obedient and affectionate son,

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

"And a very dutiful, obedient, and respectful letter," said I, as a special messenger took it off for delivery.

Taking up a paper to see what vessels were advertised to sail for foreign parts, I put it in my pocket, paid for the use of the coffee-house, and walked out to consider where I should go next.

Wander where I may, thought I, the first thing required by a gentleman of my extended property, is a servant. What a paragon will I not choose! No ordinary rules shall be servilely followed for the guidance of my choice.

- "Honoured Sir!" said a beggar at this instant,

 "if your worship would discharge your duty towards God and man, you would relieve an unhappy gentleman whom heaven has been pleased
 to afflict with a large wife and seven small children."
- "My good fellow, I like your voice," replied I, quickly turning round.
 - "Well, thank you, Sir, for saying so," returned

- he, "for it's 'vox et præterea nihil' with me, I can assure your worship!"
 - "Why, how is this, Sir—a scholar, and in such a plight?"
 - "No less, your worship; but I'm like yourself,
 I've been in better and in worse before now."
 - "Very likely; but pray, my friend, what are you?"
 - "That's a hard question! but 'tis no sort of use to deceive you—to speak plain truth then, Sir, I'm a rogue."
 - "Why, faith, but thou't inclined to wag it with me!"
 - "Not I, your worship, but my tongue is."
 - "But what is it you want?"
 - " Every thing, Sir—and a happy fellow I am."
 - " How so?"
 - "Why, your worship sees I never can want more."
 - "True enough! and for what may you be fitted, pray?"
 - "Any thing, Sir; and 'tis that has been the ruin of me."
 - "Explain yourself."
 - "Clearly enough, respected Sir, 'tis a universal

aptitude of genius has made me 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.'"

- "Well, well, if that's the case, you may be likely to suit some little views of mine."
 - "The less they are the better, Sir."
- "Ay, ay! well then, my good fellow, I'm in want of a servant!"
- "Ay, truly, Sir!—if it had been a master, you could have been much more easily accommodated."
- "So I suppose! But, hark'ye, I want an ugly, ill-favoured, worse-looking rascal. Just answer satisfactorily one or two questions, and you'll suit me to a nicety; for if I may judge by your countenance—"
- "Excuse me, Sir, for interrupting you, but perhaps your worship will allow me to observe, that really for a modest man to hear his own praise—"
- "Ay, ay, I understand—well, then, to the point; answer me these questions properly and we're agreed. First, Can you lie upon an occasion? Next, Can you steal at all times? Third, Can you be honest upon an emergency? Fourth, Can you make yourself generally useful?"
- "Ahem!" said my new friend, with a smile of singular meaning—" To a man of doubtful prin-

ciples these little inquiries of yours, Sir, might prove embarrassing. But to be candid with you, Sir, as to lying, 'tis an accomplishment I've practised all my life, and I hardly know—though I speak this with extreme diffidence—whether I could be beaten at it, even by yourself. With respect to thisving, though I say, that shouldn't say it, I may almost boast the same. I firmly believe you'll scarcely find a better hand in all England. Then again, Sir, to prove that I can be honest upon an occasion, allow me to return you this silver spuff-box, which I begrowed from your pocket, a few minutes since, as well for a pinch, as for a general warranty that your acquaintance would not be without some benefit to me. While, for being generally useful-"

"Hold, my good friend, so dexterous a gentleman can scarcely fail to be that!" said I, interrupting him, and receiving back my property.

"I see we understand each other, and consider we are master and man henceforward. For board and clothing, I undertake to see to your comforts; and, with regard to wages, suppose, to keep our intellects from fading, I allow you just as much as you can steel from me every week."

- "With all my heart, your worship; no man who's industrious can ever come to want."
- "Very likely; but remember, you shall promise me three things, on the honour of a thief:—You shall never play the rogue, except with my permission; you shall always give me a week's notice before you run away from me; and render every month a due account of all you have purloined."
- "On the honour of a thief, Sir, I promise it you; and now, if your worship's bound for the world's end, I'm your humble follower."
- "Very good!—Pray, my friend, how may you be called—what's your name?"
- "Jeremy, surnamed The Honest, may it please you, Sir."
- "Well, then, honest Mr. Jeremy, you seem to have forgotten your large wife and small family. Pray how did you get them?"
- "On purpose for your worship, and since we have agreed, permit me to say, I've disposed of them as I obtained them—that is, for the occasion."
- "And a very prudent husband, Mr. Jeremy; but suppose, as your dress is none of the brightest,

that we step into the first tavern, and send for one of those walking warehouses, the Jews."

"My thanks to you, Sir; a few doors further on we have the sign of the Pipe and Punch Bowl, where, as I know the liquor to be good, I shall be most happy to drink a long life to your worship, and a short fit to your humble servant."

CHAPTER XIV.

Contains part of the life and adventures of Jeremy, surnamed "the Honest".

A REQUEST so modest as that concluding the last chapter, I could not find it in my heart to refuse. Stepping into the tavern recommended, I called for a bottle of wine, and sent off the porter to the neighbouring and fashionable depôt of genteel wardrobes—Monmouth street,—desiring Jeremy to entertain me with his history while we waited for the Israelite.

"Sir," said my new servant, "I do not know that I have much to lay before you, but if I am not amusing I shall at least be obedient. May I ask if there's any county in particular in which your worship would like me to be born."

- "Yes, sirrah, the true one. This is an emergency."
- "Ah then, Sir, I understand I'm to be honest. Since that's the case, I must inform you that I first saw the light in hilly Devonshire, noted, as your worship knows, for having produced many other illustrious characters,...my father was a respectable follower of a much-abused calling: in good phrase, a pursuer of the black art; in other words, a travelling tinker."
 - "Or, I suppose, in plain English, a most determined thief."
 - "Of course, your wership; that, like the Latin noun in established cases, was a thing to be understood. My mother was a lady of classical descent, who wandering with other younger branches of her house, from their principality on the Nile, seared me, her only son, among the fleshpots of Egypt."
 - "Wait, Mr. Jeremy; suppose now you translate your oriental figures, for the accommodation of a less learned listener."
 - "Certainly, honoured Sir, it is but a false pride that cannot occasionally lower itself to any capacity. I only mean, Sir, that I am the son of a

gipsy, brought up to the duties of a scullion, and "----

- " The inheritance of the gallows, I presume."
- "Hold, your worship, or shall I think you born as the executor to that trust, and Jupiter forbid that I should ever shew any greediness for such a pendant bounty; I was, as I have said, brought up a scullion, and for many years of my child-hood, a large three legged iron pot was my charge, and the wilds of Dartmoor my play-ground. I trust I need not add, Sir, I never lost an opportunity of straying on the one and neglecting the other, until having given my worthy parents burnt soup once too often, they treated me so harshly that I set off without their leave to cultivate at large the world's acquaintance.
- "My first introduction was into the pocket of an elderly gentleman, near the town of Dartmouth. This procured me a fine leathern pocket-book, five guineas, a large quantity of household bills, all duly paid, a very fine recipe for making caudle, and a few letters.
- "Not being then able to read, and always having a great deal of charity in my disposition, I contented myself with the money, and left the rest of

my booty on the field of battle. Thinking I had got hold of a fortune never to be exhausted, I would not trust myself to change any of my money at the town near to which I had so fairly come by it, but at once pushed on for Exeter.

- "On the next day I was overtaken by a poor Scotch pedlar, who having picked up the shell without the oyster, and being a more literate body than myself, gave me the table of contents. To my no small amusement, he also informed me of the existence of a memorandum to this effect—'I, James Elton, being advised that I may some day suddenly drop down dead of apoplexy, have provided five guineas, in the left pocket of this pouch, that any charitable person, to whom this book comes under such disastrous circumstances, may therewith see me decently interred.'
- "' And will you not return the poor man his property, Mr. Macnaghten?' said I.
- "'Na, na, man,' replied the pedlar, 'as the money's clean gane, it's as weel to suppose the respectit gentleman is dead and buried—God assoilzie him. To be sure the bills duly paid and receipted 'll no be worth much I'm thinking—though the caudle will doubtless be very fine for

the gude wife at hame. As for the epistles of the said deceased Mr. Elton, I hold them to contain a power o' grace and learning.'

"Wishing him much joy of his bargain, I pushed on, Sir, and said nothing. Having arrived at Exeter, I hung out at the Merry Fiddler, on Forestreet Hill, soon got acquainted with a merry set of blades, and while my money lasted, led as happy a life as any honest gentleman need.

"Happening, however, one Sunday evening, to be rowing on the river Exe, with some mercers' apprentices, who were taking leave to speculate with their masters' money, our boat upset, off a pretty sort of drying green, called the Bunney, and in about five minutes as many young linendrapers went to reinforce the counters of the shades below.

"Not being sufficiently handsome, as your worship perceives, for the water nymphs to take a liking to me, I was dragged ashore, more dead than alive, at the feet of the reverend Mr. Singsong, a worthy canon of the cathedral, then and there walking with his wife and family.

"When the portly ecclesiastic first beheld me, be doubted whether it was to the land or water that such an amphibious animal might properly belong. So far indeed had these charitable doubts worked upon his humane feelings, that he besitated whether I should be thrown back into the latter, or left to lie on the former.

"But his wife very kindly asserting that I was one of those wicked, good for nothing boys, who, being on the high road to perdition, afforded admirable cases of reclamation to good Samaritans, the softer rhetoric of my lady prevailed.

"'John,' said the dignitary, turning to his fat footman, 'see to where they take the creature, and here is sixpence. Let him want for nothing.'

"However, honoured Sir, not to fatigue you with the many minor charities of my new and munificent protector, I was taken to a neighbouring public house, where, being seized with a fever, the curate of the parish, who supported five children on sixty pounds a year, removed me to his own home, and had me carefully tended until my convalescence.

"Being no longer able to retain me, the dean's wife, who heard that I was well and able to work, and therefore remembered that I was fit to be refermed, sent a servant, to engage me as factboy

and knife-cleaner; for even such humble offices in the family of a cathedral dean, form a sufficient purification for such sinners as myself.

"Off I went—I loved the dean's good living—his servants loved my wit,—such humble sort, as it may be, your worship. I soon found out the character of my master.

"The morning after my admission into the family, I was waiting behind my lady reverence's chair, to hand her the silver tea kettle, as occasion demanded—just as breakfast was finished, and I was thinking what a fine thing it would be, if I could only put the kettle in my pocket, and walk off with it—the boiling water excepted, honoured Sir,—just then, I say, his reverence, who had been bloating over butter, honey, eggs, ham, beef, and jelly, for the last hour, broke forth with——

"'Hark, my dear, at this most atrocious case of parochial cruelty. What is it?—let me see. Oh, here!—I have it,' reading from the news, 'Two poor old people, both near seventy or upwards, starved to death, by the brutal insensibility of the overseers.

"'Pon my soul, madam!' as his reverence finished reading the horrid story, and sucked down

his last egg, ''pon my soul, 't is enough to make the very tears start into one's eyes. Jeremiah, take away the tea things.'

- "'Mr. Stoneland, Sir,' said the butler, announcing one of his reverence's private tenants.
- "'Ah, Mr. Stoneland! and pray, Sir, what's the best news with you, Mr. Stoneland?'
- "'Nothing very bright, Mr. Dean, unless it is the new poor's-rate, just clapped on upon us—a shilling in the pound.'
- "'New parish-rate, again!' quoth the dean, 'curse those poor! they'll be the ruin of the land.'
- "Good old gentleman! he had a most harmonious twang, and a very favourite text. It was the good Samaritan.
- "I've never slept so soundly, may it please your worship, since I lost the benefit of 'sitting under him,' as they of the heterodoxy phrase it; the pews of the cathedral seemed built, honoured Sir, for the sermons of the dean."
- "Ay, Jeremy, doubtless, and the sermons in turn constructed for the pews,—and query, my honest friend, which were the most rambling?"
 - "Lor' bless your worship! there never was a

question on that head. However, Sir, my revered master being the possessor of three livings, which, with sundry other preferments, had been forced upon his modesty, he was, you see, obliged to employ a steward. This latter gentleman happening to be persecuted with the same ascetic dislike to ease and good living as his reverence, undertook to instruct me in what he termed the three grand rules of R,—reading, riting, and rithmetic; as he said, out of love for my advancement,—as I guessed, out of affection for his indolence.

"Having always had an innate taste for polished manners and society, I soon proved an apt scholar; and after thus faithfully serving the family for some time, it suddenly struck me that it became my turn to serve myself. I did this the more willingly because I felt myself animated by the warmest sense of gratitude, and thinking the proofs of my proficiency the greatest delight I could afford my instructor, I set to work with a great deal of industry, falsified a few of the minor accounts, and, since my pockets would not admit the silver kettle, walked off one afternoon with fifty pounds instead.

"Some untoward accident discovered to the steward my efforts to please him, on the very eve of their success; whereas your worship sees I had intended my departure, like many other well-intended gratifications, to have come upon him as a nice little surprise.

"The surprise, however, came upon myself, which, you perceive, was so far awkward, that I not only lost the dean's place, but his money, —which was much worse, as I must confess I had taken a very sincere liking to it.

"Yes, truly, I had proceeded no farther than the little village of Alphington, some three miles off, when I was overtaken and brought back. Fortunately I was rather too deep in the secrets of the family to be prosecuted, so giving me half-a-crown and my old clothes, they turned me adrift; rightly concluding, that a lad of my adroitness could scarcely fail, at the worst, to come by something."

[&]quot;Even if it was to be a halter, Mr. Jeremy."

[&]quot;Thank your worship; after such a kind idea you scarcely could do less than fit it for me. However, Sir, though somewhat disheartened, I

was not cast down. I had some thoughts of applying to the worthy curate who had cared for me in my illness; but knowing him to be an honest man in reality, I did not conceive I was at liberty to prey on any but my own species, for after all, your worship, cynical as one may feel towards society in general, still, a good man struggling with advertisements, as a blundering friend of mine would say, is a sight worthy of the gods.

"As for the fat dean, had I fleeced fifty of them, so much the better. To make matters infinitely worse, your worship, there was a poor, sweet, pretty cherub of a girl in his reverence's nursery, not above eighteen, who helped to look after the children, and whom I had had the misery of ruining. Our secret was discovered soon after I decamped, and she lost her place as well as myself. Her parents also refused to have anything to say to her, and she was thrown upon the world without another stay on earth beside myself.

"To shut the door of mercy on the wretch surprised by guilt, is to give a pressed recruit to infamy, when repentance might otherwise have gained a volunteer. My heart aches still, Sir, when I think this was the case with poor Emma, and I may add, with sorrow, 'twas my case too.

"If I ever could have turned to honesty, it would have been for her sake. I made the effort and with sincerity, but it was in vain,—my disgrace was too well known. I sought for confidence, and was repulsed with scorn and distrust; in pride and rage I took once more to light-fingered ways and light-fingered companions, but not till I knew to my cost, that he who neglects to earn an honest character when within his reach, is only as much worse than the ignorant blockhead who destroys a bank-note because he cannot read it, as the villain is worse than the fool.

"As for Emma, Sir, I was madly fond of her, and so at first was she of me. I let her want for nothing I could procure her; and risks and dangers, and tricks beyond number I put in practice to get whatever money we wanted.

"Had there been any means of our gaining an honest livelihood, I would have married her with all my heart, and been delighted to do so; but that, under our circumstances, would have been madness. I was very happy, and yet very

wretched; if your worship can make that out. Our acquaintance had not commenced in a manner to warrant such an expectation; but I never felt so much remorse in all my days as while I knew her,—nor ever said a prayer in my life till the day she was about to be confined!

"I felt the worth of virtue, though I dared not hope to own it; and yet, Sir, I had never dreamt of such a thing before; but God, in mercy, has given us the affections of the heart, to murse up to maturity, those infant virtues, which otherwise would be born but to die within us.

"I might yet have been something good, but heaven revealed to me those perceptions of good, only more bitterly to punish the evil I had committed. The influence of corrupt society will insensibly make a victim even of one most formed to abhor it. I could not prevent some of my companions from coming occasionally about me, and as Emma grew better, she felt her loneliness more irksome. Her child had lived but a few hours. She was a soft, sanguine, kind-hearted creature, and beautiful;—but, however, it is idle to recall her image. Every one around her was worse than herself; she could not raise them to her thoughts,

and so she soon fell down to theirs. Being pretty, they naturally tampered with her; and, fond of admiration, she was found a fitted prey.

"I saw what was going to happen, and strove hard to prevent it. The step she had already taken was bad, but it might have been repaired. The next led to irretrievable infamy. I attempted to reason with her, and we had a severe quarrel. I went out in the morning, leaving her at home, and when I returned in the evening she had run off with the veriest smooth-tongued, hard-hearted, selfish scamp I ever knew.

"I had not the consolation to think that she had got even a clever rogue to care for her; no, nor worse, even a sincere one: I saw at a glance she would soon be among the vilest of the vile. I spent that night in weeping; now in rage; now softened to despair. I did not attempt to seek her; the wish alone to leave me, had polluted her for ever in my eyes, and the last, lingering regard for rectitude fled from me with the being within whose warm caress it had first germinated."

Jeremy's voice quavered for an instant,—a single drop surprised his eye, and coursed slowly

down his cheek. He did not notice it, however, but, emptying his glass, proceeded:—

"The morning, Sir, found me resolved in my purpose, I arose and communicated it to another, a counterpart of myself: we determined to put it into execution forthwith. The assizes were then holding on the castle-hill;—the trial of a gentleman for the murder of his uncle came on in a few hours.

"The case excited great interest in the county, and the usual attendance to hear the causes was doubled. We had often been in the habit, on similar occasions, of holding gentlemen's horses for them, while they went in and saw what was going on; and we accordingly repaired to the spot.

"Having waited till we got hold of two very fine animals, we quietly walked them down through the busy crowd into the town, and using the narrow lanes, and leaving the city by the parish of St. Sidwells, took to the country as fast as we could go; determined, for the future, to try our fortunes as knights of the most honourable order of the road.

"It is thus, respected Sir, that gentlemen of our

noble profession are promoted. First, a pocket may be picked, and then a lock. Petty larceny paves the way to felony, and deeds of high emprise succeed; until, step by step, we gain that exalted station in the eyes of mankind, where a piece of hemp is bestowed as the cordon of our order, and a woollen cap becomes the crown of our deserts."

As honest Mr. Jeremy said this, he gave an emphatic chuck with his thumb under his left ear; then turning round without the alteration of a muscle, — "Mr. Landlord, another bottle of your best."

CHAPTER XV.

Which continues, with great edification, the history of Jeremy, surnamed "the honest".

"Well, your worship," continued Mr. Jeremy,
"I was now what vulgar people call a highwayman. In better terms, I had abjured the base
and heartless compact of society, and had gone
back to the freer institutions of our forefathers,
when every man took what he wanted, and gave
judgment in equity without the aid of a Lord
Chancellor.

"As I considered the wilds and forest of Dartmoor in some degree my own inheritance, we at once made for its fastnesses; here, having looked out a very snug cave as our retreat, we improved it to the best of our abilities by such humble arts as we possessed, and seeing we were monarchs of a wide if not a fair domain, we made war upon the world in due form.

- "It is unknown, Sir, the good we did."
- "Most true, my honest Jeremy."
- "You may smile, your worship, 'tis a fact. Travellers were our peculiar care; the rich of all professions we relieved, and Mercury bear witness how we fed and clothed the poor, the hungry, and the wretched; for, in truth, Sir, I and my companion were all of these by turns.

"We did not, however, confine ourselves to our own immediate neighbourhood. Whenever we happened to light upon a richer prey than ordinary, my brother knight and self set out to take a little pleasure in the adjoining counties; on these occasions we dressed up as master and man, taking it by turns to act the last, who was always armed to the teeth, to guard against robbers; a set of people whom we made it a point to mention in no slight terms of fear and disparagement, whenever an opportunity offered.

" Often did we hear our exploits repeated, and

embellished with numerous exaggerations, and onthe last of these our sallies, as we were returning to our beat after having exhausted our cash, we were overtaken late one afternoon on Salisbury Plain by two good people in the same relations, that is, a gentleman and his servant.

"We made room for them to pass by, but slackening their pace to ours, the former gently edged himself into my conversation, for I was then the lord. Being in course of our discussions, very properly impressed with a most perfect idea of our respectability, he was a little more communicative than he might otherwise have been. By this means we learnt that he was pushing on to reach his home that night, and was somewhat nervous as to crossing a district so noted as a resort of highwaymen as that in which he then was.

"For this reason he greatly congratulated himself on having joined cavalcade with a person of my condition, your worship, and one who seemed no less determined than formed to make resistance to any attack of those unhallowed wretches—'who,' said I, pointing to the extent of country

around us, and the setting sun—'not only endanger property, but pollute some of Nature's fairest scenes.'

"A suitable reply having been made to this, I waited till we had got into a proper spot, and then pretending that I heard a whistle, drew forth a pistol, clapped it to his breast, and telling him I was sure there were thieves in his neighbourhood, begged him to deliver up his property into my safer keeping.

"He was a gentleman, well advanced in years, and from his apprehensions I was pretty well convinced that he would prove no mean booty—my man, John, was not behind his master,—we had our friends stripped to the skin; obtaining as the results of the process—a gold watch, worth nearly eighty guineas, and a very pretty suit of diamonds, which he had purchased, I suppose, in London, and which I afterwards learnt he was carrying home to a newly wedded wife.—For your married men, Sir, are always for committing some extravagance.

"Having thus eased these confiding people, we did them the further favour of starting their horses

across the plain, and leaving them tied hand and foot some little distance from the road. Quickly taking to our steeds, we turned away as if towards Salisbury, but thinking it as prudent to avoid that city, we cut across for Hampshire, and made for the metropolis.

"A soaring ambition had long tempted us to come out upon this wider stage, for we modestly, though rightly imagined, that our sphere had hitherto been too petty for our abilities. Not that we intended, your worship, to exercise our calling on the Londoners, at least till our money was gone, or some very safe and tempting opportunity should come across us.

"Our first object was to dispose of our diamonds, for which purpose I took care to make myself duly acquainted with their value and mode of sale, then stripping them of their settings, for the sake of security, sold them as a gentleman who had recently arrived from Turkey, and there purchased the gems at Constantinople, for a sister now dead.

"Disposing of them in three lots, to different merchants, we realized two hundred and seventy guineas for the stones, and commenced gentlemen about town; giving ourselves out as young men recently come into great property in Cornwall.

"As pleasure was our object, I need not remark that we met with various fortune. Several matrimonial engagements were proffered to me, also, but I had not yet forgotten the gentle Emma's treatment of her adorer, and longed, moreover, to see a little more of the world before I chained myself down.

"Among others of my suitors, was a good woman who called herself a lady of quality. Her chief charms consisted of a never failing rouge pot, a jointure of three hundred a year, and the prettiest knack of cheating at cards, your worship, that I think I ever saw.

"My lady, having rather a pressing necessity for some responsible person, she made her overtures to me: in order to get decently out of this dilemma, I assured her that I would be candid with her—I should have been delighted with the opportunity, but for the unhappy fact that I was already wired—a foolish youthful alliance below my own rank, said I, into which my ignorance of the world had betrayed me, of which I had become

much ashamed; and, therefore, allowed the sharer of it a separate maintenance in Devon—a mere hundred and fifty a year, that she might not disgrace me. It was unfortunate, and I was aware how much I deserved commiseration for all I had lost in her ladyship.

"'So then,' said she, in a musing and despondent manner, 'you have already got a spouse?'

"'Yes, indeed, my lady, I have,' replied I, and a very disagreeable one.' 'Oh, never mind that,' said she, brightening up.—'To tell you the truth, I have two myself—but they've both gone off to different parts of the world, so that there is little fear we shall ever be troubled by them.'

""Very likely not, madam,' I returned, scarcely able to keep my gravity, 'but my spouse is of no such sort as yours seem to have been.—She would not only find us out, but infallibly expose us; on the whole, therefore, I dare not testify my affection in the way your ladyship proposes, although I can with pleasure introduce to your ladyship a very worthy friend, of whose fortune and estate I have the most intimate knowledge.'

"The lady of quality bit at the bait, and in three days I had the happiness of seeing them mu-

tually give and take respectability by the proposed alliance. I had owed a debt to the bridegroom, and was now well satisfied that I very effectually paid both him and his bride in full.

"This desirable event had not taken place long, and the happy couple were still upon their honeymoon tour, when my stay in the beau monde was suddenly and somewhat curiously terminated. Among other little amusements, I had, as is the wont with gentlemen of fashion, taken very affectionately to gambling.

"At first I had a long run of extreme good luck, which I may honestly say I never lost any opportunity of furthering by such little manipulations as could be decently practised.

"On this revenue, for some time, affairs went smoothly, very smoothly; but high-tide having past, there came slack water, and then the ebb—one night driven to desperation by a severe loss, I so far forgot myself as to draw forth my gold watch, of Salisbury plain acquisition, and laying it down, staked it at a redeeming price of fifty guineas.

"Other tables were in the room, and many strangers, whom it had never occurred to me to scrutinize. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when a hand was suddenly darted down upon my time-piece, and I, on looking up, discovered in the intruder my old fellow-traveller.

"I confess that for a moment I lost my usual coolness, and hardly knew what I said or did, or looked.

"He furiously proclaimed the robbery, I as furiously denied it. As we were in a private house, though in one to which various company were admitted without much scrutiny, our mutual host saw the necessity of preserving the reputation of any of his guests from such a charge, and therefore warmly espoused my side—representing that the watch might have passed through many hands since his losing it.

"The old fellow now swore to my features, and, luckily for me, to the features of some man behind me, as having been my servant. This gentleman was a stranger to me, and my host proved his presence in town at the very time of the robbery.

"The discredit thus flung on the whole story, was the only thing which saved my being given in charge to a constable. As it was, the old fel-

low stuck soundly to his text. A duel was patched up upon the spot, and I went home to prepare for being called up early on the ensuing morning by my host in the character of my second.

"Taking pity on him, however, honoured Sir, for all the trouble I was giving, I packed up the very few valuables I had, and leaving my supenumerary clothes to answer any awkward questions my landlady might have to put to them about her bill, I got my horse out of the stable two hours before the appointed fight, and rode slowly on towards Hounslow.

"Here I knew the haunts of a few adventurous young spirits of the road, and droll enough to relate, I was stopped on the way by a pair of handy gentlemen to whom, on looking at them a little, I held out—not my pistol, but my hand.

"After a hearty laugh, at such a professional rencontre with my acquaintance, I turned my back for the present on high life, and took to high living. I know not, however, whether it was my good fortune which had deserted me, or whether only my good sense, for I observe in the world that many clever people very often make use of that term when they should express themselves

by this. Certainly with me it was either the one or the other, or perhaps both.

"A few days after my joining my new associates, we got intelligence of a very heavy sum of bullion coming down by coach to some country banker, and determined on the hazardous attempt to intercept and capture it. The attack we made most gallantly, but were beaten off—while a large slug from the blunderbuss of the guard passing through my hat, glanced over my head, and I fell senseless in the very act of seizing the horses, preparatory to cutting the traces. At this instant I am told, Mr. Coachman applying the whip most vigorously, both vehicle and horses passed over the body of your humble servant. While I, coming to myself shortly after, had the satisfaction of finding my body bruised from top to toe, and my right leg broken in two places, though fortunately the bone did not come through in either.

"My comrades being thickes, and consequently de facto et de jure outcasts from all the honourable usages of society, did not leave me on the road, to be apprehended by Death or Mr. Justice, whichever might happen to come by first; on the contrary, tenderly bearing me across the

heath, together with another of our party, who had got a slug in his body, we were taken to the hut of the poor fellow's mother. There a pretty scene awaited us."

CHAPTER XVI.

Continues the history of Jeremy the Honest, and gives one instance of the many examples, of fortitude under calamity where none are looking on either to applaud or to assist.

"THE old woman under whose care we were now placed," continued Jeremy, "was afflicted with a disease in her limbs which hindered her from being any thing but a burden to herself.

"She had known better days, honoured Sir, and the remembrance of past comforts only served to embitter present misery. How she had come down in the world I never heard. It might have been a touching story—for, poor old lady, 'twas by her tears alone she told the tale."

Jeremy paused an instant, then looking up once more, went on, "A breaking heart, your worship knows, is but a poor concealer of its sufferings, however it may hide its sorrows. The old woman had but one hope on earth—that was her son.

"She had brought him up, she used to say, in that old sheelding on the common, and while her strength remained, had got her living by washing for her neighbours, and the few stray alms she might obtain. She had then got him out to service, and he being a good lad, had shared his wages with her.

"But the rich little know the responsibilities that surround them, or how soon a heedless act may lead to the ruin of a fellow-creature. If it were not so, Sir, they would not think themselves possessors of their wealth, but merely God's good stewards of it.

"The lad's master was a warm-hearted man as ever breathed; but he never chose to put the least control upon his passion. Being accustomed in his rages to kick and cuff whoever came in his way, he tried this on with young Harry Finchley; but the lad never having been brought up properly by a town education, you see Sir, instead of contenting himself with a little daily pilfering, as any proper notioned London footman would have

done, behaved like a regular downright John Bull—in other words, your worship, he knocked his master down.

"This act at once drove him on the world—he could get no character; his mother was dependent on him, and he could not see her starve. First, he turned poacher; then, taking the next steps in his degree, as bad led on to worse, he joined the polished set in which we met.

"A fine handsome noble-hearted lad he was—
—though what I should have called a little soft,
your worship would have termed a little sentimental—I've met with some of them too in my
day."

"And have, perhaps, a touch of it yourself, honest Jeremy?"

"Lord deliver your worship; I am a man, Sir, of the world, and would as soon therefore you should accuse me of sincerity. What have I done, your worship, that you should blast my character? But let that stand—when Harry found himself wounded, and heard there was a debate as to what they should do with us, he desired, though he could hardly speak from loss of blood, that we might be taken to the old woman's—for,

said he, the game's all over, and as she must know it sooner or later, I'd like to see the poor old girl once more.

"Twas a bad business!—they took us there as carefully as they could, and well I remember the shriek she gave when she saw her boy bedabbled over with his own blood, pale as death, and scarcely able to say one word to her—she seemed struck down at once.

"Our comrades gave her what money they had, and were obliged to make off, leaving us to be 'tended by the old woman and a little girl. Till this very hour the mother knew no more of the life her son was following than she knew of you, Sir. He had led her to think that the money that he brought her was honestly gained; and when the truth came out, you may imagine what followed. To make matters worse, we did not dare send for a surgeon, though I wanted him to do so—but, poor fellow! he said, that for him it was useless, and it could only lead to my discovery;—I tried to send for one without his knowledge, but he found me out.

"The next day, feeling himself growing worse, a strange desire came over him respecting his

off; he now made the fellow a coffin, directed him as to: should be made, got him to which he paid, and then he hours afterwards he grew delimother's arms next morning.

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"Poor old creature! she head afterwards. The carp down in his coffin, and put hi the earth, just outside his while I, with time and pati healed; but owing to the we grew crooked, as your worship than the other, which has gillimp to this day.

"All the money given us by of the poor lad being exhau her time and cry the other. Under these circumstances, your worship, my lameness disqualified me for returning to my old trade, of which, in truth to say, I had somewhat taken a surfeit; and so being no longer able to be highwayman, I determined, for the present, to turn schoolmaster.

"In accordance with this resolution, I set up in my new calling in a pretty village not far distant—Mortlake—once famous for having had a tapestry manufactory, but ever after destined to be celebrated by the labours of that painstaking and fundamental instructing pedagogue, Jeremiah Wagstaff, otherwise surnamed—as I have before informed your worship—Jeremy the Honest.

"I have no doubt your worship will think me a very considerable fool for burdening myself with the support of poor Dame Finchley, when I might just have shaken my feathers and hopped off, leaving her to shift for herself. But somehow I could not let her perish, even though I had again become a member of good society.

"I may be blamed, 'tis true; but believe me for once, your worship, where our actions can gain for us the praise of our own hearts, we can afford

to hear in silence and serenity the censures of others."

"I see, honest Jeremy, you have not been a schoolmaster for nothing?"

"No, your worship, nor for long neither; yet still permit me to say, I was most wretchedly paid. Do what you will, your worship, but never turn schoolmaster—unless, indeed, you wish for an employment that will at once reveal to you the greatest height of labour and the lowest depth of ingratitude.

"Whether I most instructed myself or scholars, I have not yet decided, Sir; but finding that if I long continued the trade, I should have the planta genista sprouting out from the palms of my hands—for, in truth, the birch—or rather broom, for that was the plant gathered from the common—was never out of them,—I was not sorry when the emergencies of the state, and the patriotism of my neighbours, conduced to raise that trusty band of redoubted warriors, the Mortlake Volunteers;—an English specimen of troops, who received, from their valorous language and ferocious appearance, the very honourable epithet of 'The Ter-

worship; for seeing that our ranks contained all the lame, impotent, and diseased of the village, I would have defied any nation in Europe, ay, or the world to boot, to have beheld us without dread of an infection.

"The toga now gave way to arms, and I became a warrior in the uniform of this redoubted corps—if, indeed, that dress might be called a uniform, when no two were alike. However, being the best talker and writer among them, I was a distinguished officer, and it was no uncommon thing to hear some of my disorderlies exclaiming, 'I say, you Mr. Jeremy, when 'll you have done with your drill?' 'Drat your blood, Mr. Jeremy, will you let us go, I say—confound the bones and soul of ye, I say, I've got a tich of the gout—I'll fall down—I will, that I will—I won't stand it any longer, by Jove-curse you, Mr. Jeremy, if you keep us under arms any longer I'll raise your rent,' and so on, Sir. But troops were scarce, and an advantageous offer having come for such of us as chose to volunteer for the West Indies, I longed to see a little of the world and have a change of life, and so, Mrs. Finchley being dead, and buried by the parish, I enrolled myself as one to go, and received an ensigncy in the —th foot;—a regiment, to be sure, not exactly of the most distinguished name, but one doubtless very honourable since I belonged to it.

"As a dabbler in the poets, your honour doubtless knows the charms of home. Even Ovid pined in Scythia as his thoughts strayed towards Rome; nor could Dante, of a later date, acknowledge any comforts when in exile.

"Even so, Sir, did Jeremy the Honest feel the cockles of his heart expand—excuse so unclassical a phrase, your worship—when the orders of his government bade him once more inhale his native air amid old hilly Devon, preparatory to embarking at the port of Plymouth.

"Having narrowly escaped missing my passage, while dutifully employed in squandering the money that was advanced to me to meet my expenses, I arrived on board the ship appointed to receive me. She happened to be under way, and I without a penny in my purse, or a change to my back.

"Such an uproarious crew of young fellows as I met, too! Deliver me, Sir—the wildest monkeys

in Barbary were tame compared to them. They would have me for a butt, whether I liked it or not.

"First I took it in fun, then in earnest; but it was all the same, every trick under the sun they played me, and one beside. They drove me pretty well distracted; not to say drunk, your worship, for that they made me every night; till at last, in one of these pretty bacchanalian fits, they tied me down to the table, and tattooed 'Death or Glory' on my forehead.

"Save your worship, 'twas one of the most cruel things they could have done to a gentleman of my persuasions, for go where I would thenceforward, any man might clap his finger on me." As honest. Jeremy said this, he removed the fragment of hat which he had hitherto worn, and there in bold, blue, staring letters, were nothing less than the words he had mentioned.

As I looked at him at this moment, I could not forbear bursting out laughing at so ridiculous a figure. Fancy a gentleman of Mr. Jeremy's cut and honesty, whose nose having received a motion to go to the right, had by the strength of pure affection stirred up a rebellion between the eyes;

one of which had followed the nose's example, while the other had discountenanced it.

He was a fellow, too, of no bad height or make, if I except the lameness of his leg; but as for his face, never did I see one of such expression! No, nor one of so many; it was ever varying, and spoke each character its owner could by any possibility assume, except ill-nature. The eyes were of so mild a hue, such a constant, but subdued smile played round his white and snowy teeth, that it was impossible to believe him ill tempered.

"And so, Jeremy, they thought you born for Death or Glory?"

"Bad luck attend them, I got that name for ever afterwards, but I did not bear it long, for by the time I got to Cork, my gentlemen had made me so sick of soldiering, that I even made use of such means of repairing my misfortunes as Nature had afforded me: to wit, my legs. Breaking my leave at an opportune moment, I walked off one fine morning, and left my shipmates to make Barbadoes without me.

"Having a natural liking to a metropolis, I soon transported myself to Dublin, where, nothing loath to improve my stock of knowledge, I found there

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was only one point in which I found the Irish superior to myself,—that of the art of begging, honoured Sir; and this I had the satisfaction of learning to perfection.

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CHAPTER XVII.

EXHIBITS

"A hermit hoar in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray."

"Coming over to England in due course of time," continued the honest Jeremy, "with some fresh acquaintance, we met, though I don't rightly know how, with an accident in the shape of a burglary, which we chanced to commit with very indifferent success on the road. This, Sir, rendered it convenient for us to retire into close quarters, and working my way towards London by degrees, I happened to stop one day at the gate of a curious gentleman, who has a place in Surrey.

"The fact was, Sir, that finding the gate open, I just looked in, to see if no little thing about the

grounds might be in want of my attentions, but happening, instead, to run against the proprietor, he had the impertinence to ask what brought me there.

- "I saw at a look that he was a trifle out of the common. So, mustering up a little confidence, I replied, 'My legs, your honour, and a love of natural scenery; for you must know, good gentleman, that I am a poor scholar, and I see that your lines might have fallen in worse places; as Æneas said to Dido when measuring out the walls of Troy.'
- "'Friend,' quoth my new acquaintance very gravely, 'I do not doubt you are a poor scholar, a very poor one—you may not be without comprehension, but surely you are somewhat in want of information.'
- "'Lord save your worship,' said I, 'if that were all I was in want of, I would be content! Is it information, honoured Sir, that you would give me?'
- "'Yes, my good man, it is—knowledge is power.'
- "'Then in that case will your honour give me information where I am to get a dinner?—for if

knowledge is power, victuals is strength, I can tell your worship!

"Believe me, Sir, I had the length of his foot in no time. I had a dinner, ay and a chat too—told his worship as many lies as might have satisfied a more ravenous appetite for the marvellous than even his, and then went off to bed with that peculiar pride, respected Sir, which waits upon industrious exertion."

"Well, Sir, the next day, out came as pretty a magget from the gentleman's brains as you would wish to sec. What do you think he wanted, Sir?"

"Why, as you seem to insinuate that it was something very much out of the common--per-haps an honest man."

- "Your worship forgets he had that in me!"
- "True, Jeremy! well then, what?"
- "Why, a hermit, Sir."
- "A what?"
- "A hermit—yes, nothing less would suit him. He'd recently bought his house and grounds, and in laying out the latter, had built a nook on purpose, fitted it up in a proper style, and advertised for an inhabitant. As yet he had found none to

suit him; but seeing something very fine, I suppose in my face, your worship, he offered it to me!"

- " Nonsense!"
- "Ay, that's just what I thought of it, all except the terms; which, though hard enough in some conditions, were yet so reasonable in others, that I closed with them at once."
 - " And what were they, Jeremy?"
- "Why, your worship, I was to live underground, in his hermitage, for six years, I was to let my hair and nails grow, I was to speak to no one, not even the servant, who brought me my food, never to ramble beyond the grounds, nor ever to be seen in them after seven in the morning, or before six at night. If I kept the whole of the agreement, I was to have fifty pounds a year for life. If I broke any of the terms, I was liable to be sent trotting at a moment's warning.

"The hermitage was a snug little place, lighted with three lamps, nicely furnished with a dormitory, a bath, and an organ; and I was to have as many books as I pleased. Well, Sir, I confess I had long had some compunctions, and was not very sorry at the opportunity of reforming my character,

which was thus thrown in my way. You will hardly believe, Sir, that such a thing was in me, but for no less than two years and a half, I managed so far to conform to my terms, or rather make my master believe that I conformed to them, as to remain in my singular berth. I passed my time in reading, and a dreamy state of indolence: for Nature had kindly given to me a taste for books, and a fine capacity for sleep.

"Unfortunately, however, my master had a wife, who was also a mistress, inasmuch as the roast was entirely of her ruling, and as she must needs be troubling her head with what didn't concern her, she caught my hermitship enjoying a little innocent chat with one of her nursery-maids, one summer's evening.

"On the next day, my beard was shaved, my hair and nails were cut, my robes and rosary resigned, and I on my way to London, with a hundred pounds in my pocket—for I will say this for my master, after all, he was a good hearted gentleman—though he had a wife.

"As for the rest of my tale, your worship, it is soon told. I lived the life of a gentleman on my hundred pounds while it lasted, which was just six weeks; when Fate obliged me once more to have recourse to my original mendicant propensities, some three days ago; since when I have had the felicity of falling in with a gentleman, who seems to possess an intuitive feeling for the little foibles of a humble character like mine.

"One, in short, Sir," with a low bow to me, "whom it would be a pleasure even to know, but whom to serve is nothing short of ecstasy."

"Mr. Jeremy, I am in an easy position, or I would get up to make you a profound obeisance."

"Nay, nay, then, Sir, I beg of you not to do that, it would indeed be a thousand pities ever to let your good manners interfere with your wor ship's case."

CHAPTER XVI

Shows how Wortley Montague received: from Jeremy the Honest, and the use he m

A worthy and respectable gentle this time arrived from Monmouth about his person every legitimate true descent from Moses, I soon faction of seeing honest Jeremy i what better suited to the new t fortunes had taken.

Having arrayed him in a very pl suit of brown, I gave him Having paid and dismissed the Israelite, I now asked my new domestic if he was ready to follow my fortunes whithersoever they might lead. Receiving an answer strongly in the affirmative, I said, "You are a gentleman, Mr. Jeremy, who happen to have seen some little of the world; just favour me with your advice in a matter which lies near my heart.

"Being myself a youth of peculiar habits, and one who will at some future day come to the possession of a large fortune, I am not willing that my change of circumstances should find me in ignorance of the most perfect mode of enjoying property—I mean a thorough and practical knowledge of as many modes and stations of life as it is possible for me to experience.

"First of all I wish to run through the gamut of the professions, and then to try the various manners of different nations, together, in short, with every change of life and position. Having a fair chance of being then able to judge of mankind, under a few of the almost innumerable phases which they exhibit, I hold that I shall, in some degree at least, be enabled to pronounce as to which is the truest happiness for man, and which

perfectly clear as to the object gain. I have not hitherto mest expected, but I strongly hop the future, inasmuch as that, fi benefit of your advice, and see past misfortunes, I make allow beginner. Still, I do confest puzzled at this moment as to the I shall next choose to start—

"Pardon me, respected Sir, you, but as your worship has great discernment in consulting allow me to ask a question, wh tend very considerably to sho tation.

"Your worship must have per of enlarged minds, always at first important consti two, and no more. Whether, namely, in your future operations for a better knowledge of the world, you intend your course to be taken upon the honest or the dishonest line—the black or white squares on the chess board?

"I have not the honour of a knowledge of your worship's history, and the goddess of delicacy forbids that I should pry into the affairs of other people; but though your worship has said you were ultimately to come into an estate, you did not say how; and though your honour spoke so reasonably of happiness connected with property, still you overlooked the little point as to whether it was to be the happiness of enjoying your own property, or the property of other people. Define your principles, Sir, and I'm your man. But really, honoured Sir, without principles—forgive my saying so, your worship, but I must repeat it—really without your principles—"

"True! true! I know not how I could have forgotten those in consulting with you! But before I can satisfactorily answer your question, Mr. Jeremy, pray what do you understand by the term honesty?"

" Honesty, respected Sir, is an art—it is the

art of taking what does not belong to you, without losing your reputation."

"Indeed, Mr. Jeremy! a very nice art that, I must say; and pray then, under these circumstances, what is dishonesty? I suppose there is no such a thing!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, there is; though it is not an art but a folly. It is the unforgivable folly of taking what does not belong you, and losing your reputation. The being detected in the fact, your honour, makes all the difference in the world; ay, and with the world too, your worship."

"Excellent dicta! and since these are your moral principles, what, my good friend, may be your political predilections?"

"Why, Sir, I thank the gods, that I am a sound Tory in Church and State."

"Faith! if I did not suspect as much, most honest Jeremy! and, to be short with thee, under your peculiar modes of thinking, I find it very difficult to hit on a right mode of expression; one which will convey to your mind the meaning predominating in my own. So with regard to my principles, you must just believe them to be the very reverse of your own, and as far remote as

possible from dishonest, either by your definition or mine."

- "Since that's the case, Sir, I presume you intend to follow a line of operations which I should term superhonest to gentlemen of my persuasion."
 - " Very possible."
- "Ah, Sir! I find I have a double ground for advising you to be cautious. Over-honesty's the nearest road to Tyburn—and if I must tell you the naked truth, that's the very reason why I've always so industriously avoided it.
- "Forgive me, your worship, for being so free, but since you seem determined to hold to this violent mode of thinking, the best thing you can do at first, is to take in a good sound stock of instruction. Had you been going upon the other line of principles, I myself could have been of some service—as in teaching you to pick a pocket, or to lift a shutter, to say nothing of lock-tampering or door loosening, by which you might have begun your career with some credit, and done honour to your tutor; now, however, I fear, I can hardly be of the service I had thought. 'Tis so long, you see, Sir, since I left the service of the worthy

dean, that I've nearly forgotten his reverence's sermons—perfect as I had them once.

"Perhaps this bad memory on my part is attributable to bad example of all he preached on his*; for he and my mistress quarrelled so often, that to my mind—to use an eastern metaphor—they existed only to feed on the bone of contention and drink of the waters of strife,—the only water his reverence took, may it please your worship—for if he drank like a fish, it was not in kind but in quantity. Fine gills his reverence had, to be sure—as rosy as his claret! At first I never could make out, why this harmonious couple always called each other 'dear,' but I soon discovered that it

• Since Mr. Jeremy the Honest is thus pleased to speak of the Diocese of Exeter in times past, we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity, to pay a well deserved tribute to our Right Reverend Brother the present Bishop thereof; the which will be the more sincere from the total difference of opinion on many points between us. Few Diocesans have entered an Episcopal see with such strong prejudices against them to overcome—fewer still have turned them so completely in their favour—while none have so entirely proved the benefit that will be conferred on the Church of England, by strengthening the power of her Bishops to correct the negligent and promote the worthy.

PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

simply meant—they were dear to one another at any price."

- "But stay," said I, catching up a paper on which my eye had glanced—"
- "As long as your worship pleases," replied Jeremy, "since the bottle is with me."
- "Fill then, thou paragon of honesty, and listen, for here's something that decides me at once,"—reading from the paper the following advertisement:—
- "'Wanted, in the family of a clergyman of high orthodox principles, a young man of good attainments and abilities. He must write a clear hand, be well read in classical and general literature and theological writers. He must be perfectly versed in the arts of composition, and receive his board and lodging as a handsome remuneration for his services.' Oh, liberal offer!" said I; and taking down the address and paying our reckoning, I left the tavern without another word, determined to try for a situation that at once jumped with my humour.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Wortley Montague enters into the service of one of the props of the Church, with some slight description of the same.

- "JEREMY, you are right," said I, as we gained the street; "for a youth first starting in life, there's nothing like good sound principles."
- "Save your worship! the soul without morality, is no better than a mariner's compass with my grandmother's darning-needle in it, and well I know that nothing could be worse."
 - "Humph! I don't see that—how so?"
- "Because, your worship, my grandmother never had a darning-needle—she was a primitive lady, and, like the Scotch, went without stockings or shoes either."

"Well, Jeremy, like myself, you excel at a simile; but what think you of my scheme in answering this advertisement?"

"Why, Sir, however you may answer it, depend upon it 'twill never answer me. What's to become of your humble servant? Board and lodging for one will scarcely do for two, by my arithmetic! The worthy dean's more worthy steward would else have scorned to teach it me."

"Well, well! leave that to me. What think you of the duties for which I am required? As the fellow asks for a secretary, I suppose he wants a boy to clean his shoes."

"Not to clean, your worship, only to kiss them—I've met with many secretaries in my day, and I know that's always the chief part of their business!"

"Humph—is it a pleasant occupation, think you, Jeremy?"

"That depends, Sir, upon the leather, and the pliability of the back-bone. Some men can stoop to it without feeling the inconvenience, others not so readily. I never tried the office with a gentleman, nor ever wish for it. Even with the softer sex I was oftentimes above my business!"

"Ah, Jeremy! beloved souls! they think their chains are light—we only find them dear."

"Yes, Sir; I've paid a heavy price for being bound with them, and would again."

"Why, so will I; but come, turn to the right, and lead the way to the address given in this advertisement."

"Oh, I know the coffee-house, Sir; 'tis in a little street to the southward of St. Paul's—I've drank a bottle or two there before to-day."

"Yes, doubtless, and a pretty debauched looking rogue you are!"

"Your worship says that advisedly; for men are judged from their society!"

"Are they?" said I, after an absent pause which lasted till we had gained the tavern door, and then we entered.

Having announced our errand, we were shown into a dark room, where were assembled a number of competitors for this precious prize. It was well that we were so informed, I should otherwise have imagined myself in a meeting of the poor of the parish; for with the exception of myself and servant, had every coat in the room been patched together, they would scarcely have made a de-

cent one. My soul sank within me at the sight of so much misery as was depicted in the pallid, haggard countenances of many.

The first emotion of my heart, was that of sincere commiseration for them. "Can it be possible," thought I, "that so many men of such literary attainments as those required by the advertisement, should or could by any possibility be in a state of such reduced circumstances? Poor fellows! what is mere idle whim to me may be bread to them." As these feelings passed through my mind, I was about to withdraw; that, at least, I might not be a rival in the way. Just as I turned my back to do so, the major part of the company thought fit to raise a laugh at the expense of my more decent appearance; and this by a jest, just intended to be heard, but still be unnoticeable.

"Very good," said I, "if you can thus wantonly insult a stranger, I can imagine you less the victims of distress than imprudence," and I walked to the fire-place with Jeremy.

At this moment a door opened, and the person appointed to select a candidate came in amongst us. Casting a look about him, he came up to me

at once, and learning my business, took me into another room. He asked for no testimonials or references, but with many winks and nods, informed me, that the situation was one of great confidence—could he rely upon me? might he be sure of my prudence? was I close? was I no babbler?

With a most ingenuous look, I informed him, that graves were not half so secret as myself. He said he liked the comparison, it was well suited to the matter in hand.

I grew alarmed! Could the clergyman be a body snatcher from his own burial ground? This would be something like a new employment for a secretary. After a few hems, and still more scrutinizing glances, I was told "that his reverend friend had a large parish—you understand me, Sir?—a very rambling parish—not many souls in proportion, to be sure, but great extent—heavy work, Sir! laborious work—living very poor, too—won't afford a curate. My friend, Sir, has a family—distant relations! The gift is in the hand of the squire—a very difficult gentleman, Sir—requires a great deal of management—you must have heard his name, Mr.——,

the celebrated lay impropriator, the largest in the county—a very difficult man, Sir—a very large parish—very laborious cure indeed—straggling, Sir, very straggling—a very confidential situation—a highly honourable situation." Then, after closely questioning me between these numerous blanks and pauses, "I think, Sir, I may depend upon your confidence. Yes, yes, I think I may. Allow me to put one or two questions to you, and we're agreed; just for form's sake, Sir, as I promised to put them;" and then the dapper little body read from a paper several theological queries, of which it is doubtful whether he or I knew least.

These I answered in the best way I could. He next gave me the address of the clergyman, which was in Hampshire, not very far from the little borough of Andover; telling me, at the same time, that I must start that night. He then remarked, casually, that his place was booked to go in a few hours down to Leicester.

I was rather surprised that he asked for no references nor character, nor seemed to make any inquiry as to who I might be. He desired me, certainly, to write out my name, which I did;

styling myself, as usual, Edward Wortley. Whether this negligence was the result of carelessness or design I know not.

Going back with me into the little room where he had left all the others waiting, he addressed them with "Gentlemen, I cannot say anything to you at present, but if you will call here to-morrow, at this time, you shall hear further."

Far enough! thought I, and cool enough too; to let all these poor fellows have the trouble of returning for nothing;—but it was no affair of mine, and making for a Salisbury coach, I started for my new destination.

"Well, your worship, he consents that I'm to be of the party, does he?" demanded Jeremy, as we walked along.

"Faith, I never asked him," said I; "but come with me, and if my new master won't take me in with you, he shan't have me without. I suppose you'll have no objection to make yourself generally useful, as they have it?"

"None, your worship, only allow me to remark, that the very name of Salisbury is enough for a gentleman who has been accustomed to course upon the plain so freely as myself."

- "Ha, ha! true! and now I think of it, mind, honest Mr. Jeremy, you'll steal from no one but myself, on the honour of a rogue."
 - "I promise it, your worship!"
- "That's well! and now I must tell you, I know no more what my duties are to be than if I were to have none. In truth, I am dying of curiosity to learn. Something very confidential, that little fellow told me—I thought at first he meant churchyard robbing."
- "We might do worse, your worship," said the imperturbable philosopher.
- "Worse! Mr. Jeremy! Now tell me candidly," said I, "pray what would be too bad for you?"
 - " My deserts, your worship."
- "Faith! and I think so too," replied I, unable to refrain from smiling at so ready a rascal. However, pushing on, sufficiently light of heart, we reached the coach just before starting, and being fortunate enough to get places, arrived at the rectory to which we were bound between four and five o'clock next day.

Having inquired for Parson Longtext, for such was the name of his reverence, the man-servant

stood lolling against the doorway for a few moments, and after surveying our exterior with all a menial's insolence, replied surlily, "Yes, he is at home, but he's so deeply engaged he can see no one. What's your business?"

"Tell him, a gentleman sent by Mr. Tullamore from Town, desires to speak to him."

"Ay, ay!" said the fellow slowly, "then as soon as he's disengaged I'll let him know."

The door being now slammed in our faces, we were left to wait outside. "The devil shake that fellow!" quoth Jeremy, with a grin. "If we ever effect a lodgment here, trust me, your worship, but I'll work him!"

"Jeremy, you have my free permission, as long as you refrain from any mal-appropriation. I suspect we have got into a pretty den of pride and ignorance; for the master generally serves as a text to the man—but any thing for an adventure."

"Rightly argued your worship! That gentleman can have but a poor regard for his own good breeding, who retains an ill-mannered domestic at his door. As a proof of which, respected Sir, if

you will only come to where I stand, and look over that low window-blind, you'll see how 'deeply engaged' his reverence is at present.

"Whip me, your worship, with St. Anthony's rods, if that sight does not remind me of my old master the dean! You see they can't take me in. I'm free of the fraternity, Sir; extremes have always met; and after all, a high churchman and a high-wayman, are only a pair of honest people travelling to the same point, by slightly differing paths."

As Jeremy said this, I followed his directions, and clearly perceived his reverence before a fine blazing wood fire. One of the recluse's elbows rested on the dining table that brightly reflected the glasses and decanters it supported, the other hung listless by his fat sides, which, duly held up by a fine easy chair, sunk and rose in excellent time to a heavy snore that resounded through the room.

"Deeply engaged!" said I, admiring the sumptuary picture. "Jeremy, thou zealous church reformer, put your hand to the knocker, I beg of you, and let us have a peal to which the worthy rector's church-bells would be a trifle."

"I will, Sir," replied Jeremy, and suiting the vol. 1.

sction to the word, up jumped the worthy rector with a start, and the hurrying footsteps of his servant were heard in the hall.

Hastening back to the porch which I had left by a few steps, the astonished rogue no sooner opened the door, than I stepped past, saying "I think your master's disengaged at last, John Ah! and here he is," seeing the parlour door opened by his reverence in person. "Pray walk in, gentlemen," said he, never dreaming from my dress and manner that I could be come in anything like a dependent capacity.

Having seated ourselves with due deliberation in his comfortable room, he demanded with a smiling countenance whether we would not take some wine? We at once very frankly accepted his offer and thanked him for it; he looked round for some clean glasses, and finding none, he rung the bell. I then opened the purport of my visit.

Mercy! with what a start the intelligence was received; so wide did the good gentleman open his eyes at the audacity (I suppose) of my entrance, that I at first doubted whether they would ever again condescend to close.

Drawing from my pocket the letter of Mr. Tullamore, I was in the act of putting it into his hand, when John—whose real name by the by was Thomas—came to answer the bell.

- " Did you ring, Sir?"
- "Yes—put on—ahem—some more—wood to the fire," quoth his reverence.

Jeremy nudged my arm, then aloud, as Thomas was about to retire, "Very fine claret that scems to be."

His reverence read on without a word.

- "Do you want anything more, Sir?" demanded Thomas.
- "Yes," said his master, without looking up, although the note was so short that he must have read it twice over. "You," lowering his voice to a whisper, "you may take away the things, Thomas."
- "The rectory is some miles from the village," quoth the undaunted Jeremy.
- "Yes," said the rector drily, "you are right." Then elevating his voice into a pompous tone, and giving one or two good sounding hems, he managed with well practised tact to cover the retreat of his bottles, as they jingled towards the side-

board, with what appeared to be the remains of a very fine devil.

"Sir," said he when his object was effected, "this letter mentions one, and here are two of you."

"Yes, Sir," said I, and I stopped short—but the ready man of honesty saw my dilemma, and took me out of it in a moment. "Yes, Sir," said he, "there are two of us, and yet there is only one of us, I can assure you, Sir; for I and my master are one.

"Heaven bless him, Sir!—he's all that a master should be—has the whole of the cardinal virtues, and one to the back of them, as you may say—and the greatest of these is charity, as your worship knows.

"As for me, Sir, I am but a poor orphan boy, with nothing save my innocence to recommend me, and whom Mr. Wortley's father brought up and educated, fed and clothed from the cradle Sir—yes, indeed, that did he, your worship—taking me over with him to Spain, where for many a long year he was a rich and flourishing merchant.

" I had the special charge of Mr. Wortley there,

whose poor mother, bless your reverence, died soon after childbirth; and what's more—sorrow see the light of it—his honoured father, five months since, was fain to follow her.

"Alas, respected Sir! what's more fickle than fortune? Instead of the great wealth Mr. Wortley was supposed to possess, his effects just paid his debts and brought us over to England.

"I was willing to work, seeing I was born under the curse of Cain, your reverence; but my young master wasn't able to do that. We saw your advertisement Sir, and here we are.

"Don't except to poor Jeremy, I beseech your reverence; but have some bowels of compassion for our great misfortunes.—I can make myself useful in many ways, and it please you, Sir; just ask my master—though to be sure he's nigh brokenhearted with his grief—as a dutiful son ought to be. It is nothing more or less than this has made me bold to tell our story—I knew Master Edward there could never trust himself to speak of his poor father's death, much less his mother's!

"But, your reverence, candour with a humane heart is never lost—and your worship's appearance alone is to blame if I have erred."

Stumple on

Sir, though I hardly know what t Mr. Tullamore know of your bring down here, Mr. Thingumbob?"

Taking away from my face the had used to conceal the laughte Jeremy's audacious story, and will pretended to dry my eyes at my su loss—to say nothing of Lady Man outright in child-birth—I now looke for an instant, hardly knowing when or no.

But the man of honesty was n prised.

to exercise the benevolence of a generous bosom?"

"Humph!" said his reverence; "these, Sir, are sad times for the church!—her children have to struggle hard against designing enemies; not but that there would be enough to assist many a poor child of want, and what's more, to reward adequately even those of her own offspring who are faithful to her interests; but, Sir, there are drones in the hive!—drones, Sir!—content to live upon the honey which the labours of the industrious have stored up against the want and severity of winter. Your case is a hard one, I admit; but still'I will see what is to be done if you can, as you say, turn your hand to something, and make yourself of some trifling use in my house—such, for instance, as in turning the spit—plucking the poultry—assisting in the scullery—cutting the wood -sweeping the yard-drawing the water-attending the stable—staking the garden fences, and lending a hand in the threshing-barn below—why I may, I say, be able, perhaps, to extend my charity towards you; has your master brought any testimonials?"

"Lor! bless your good heart, your reverence!

we'd only landed from Cadiz three days when we saw your advertisement at the Cock and Feathers in Friar Lane, Lawrence Poultney; for there, Sir, we put up—civil quiet people they are, your reverence."

"Well, well, Mr. Tullamore seems to have engaged you somewhat suddenly, but you must give me a reference to some of the late merchant's correspondents in London, and then if your master, when his distress moderates, should prove equal to the duty I have in view; the affair may be managed."

"Thank you, Sir," said I demurely, drawing my handkerchief away, "I think you can feel that some emotion is natural enough for one in my situation—and faith it was awkward enough! I am, however, very ready to submit to any test of my humble capacity; and, indeed, should feel grateful to enter on any topic less afflicting to my feelings than the present."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the rector, ringing the bell.

"Thomas"—to the servant, "My lights, pen, ink, and paper, and take that person away—what's your servant's name?"

- " My name's Jeremy, your worship."
- "Very good! go out with my butler, and get some refreshment."—"Here, Thomas," sinking his voice to a whisper—"have you no broken victuals in the kitchen?"
- "Yes, Sir," replied Thomas, in the same significant key.

His reverence gave a nod—Thomas returned him two—the principal and interest, I presume; and then taking Jeremy by the shoulder, I was left alone with the rector.

CHAPTER 3

Shows how the prop of the Church re

"Now Mr. What's your name," soon as the door closed, "the ding's in the eating." "Exawhat my grandmother used to to forgetting for a moment my prese

"What do you mean by that,
"Oh! oh! simply—simply,'
confused, "simply, Sir, that as;
heard of my mother having died
grandmother had the charge of

"True, I had forgotten," said his reverence in some confusion, being at the same time as much aware of it as I was, but fortunately for mankind, ignorance lies for ever at the mercy of wit*, or presumption would know no bounds.

"To proceed to business then, Sir," resumed the rector. "You are of course well versed in the art of composition?"

I bowed. "Sit down then at this table; there are the materials for writing—compose me a discourse—such as might be read to a body of enlightened people. I will select for you, the subject of your theme."

Doing as I was bid, the rector gave me nothing more or less than a text, and although he had not used the term sermon, I saw very plainly that such was the discourse he required.

Feeling that the ground on which Jeremy and myself now stood, was rather doubtful, I determined to exert myself to the utmost, and having naturally some turn for didactic writing, in the course of two hours I flattered myself that I had succeeded in finishing no despicable thesis.

• Wit is here, as well as in many other parts of these volumes, used in its old signification, to denote general ability..... "Feed of corn, eh? Feed Thomas? Go on, young masently;" and springing up wise man about to visit his mifriend was out of the room in

He was yet taking down his when a ringing was heard a message brought to him that poor woman very dangerously il sired his attendance.

- "Ah! poor woman! ah! po for Mr. Plaine—send for Mr. Pla Thomas?"
- "You forget, Sir," replied The Plaine's ill a-bed too."
- "Oh!" said the rector peevis thing very like "damn it," was l joined.—

suppose! These poor seem to take a pleasure in dying at this time o' night! and a cold easterly wind blowing too! No end to the colds and indigestion they give their betters!"

An hour's absence of the worthy man, having given me time to revise my theme, I took care to improve it to the best advantage; and the tea things being laid with a very fair proportion of plate in the shape of tea and coffee pots, cream ewers, toast stands, and so on, the master of the house made his appearance, all redolent of the odours of the horse-stall.

He at once desired me to read my performance. This I accordingly did, and most graciously I must say it was received. In truth I could scarcely account for the gleam of pleasure which seemed to twinkle in the reverend gentleman's eyes, as he moved his head every now and then, in approbation of some turned period, or carefully weighed sentence.

Having finished the perusal of the manuscript, he took it from my hand, and giving it an attentive examination, said, "Sir, that is not bad; though if any thing a little too florid." After this piece of criticism, he relapsed into silence, and continued rubbing his forehead for some minutes.

He then added, "Yes, you will do, Sir-you will have to write two such discourses every week, besides a few other matters—such as the clerical correspondence of the living, to which is annexed the rural deanery of this district. As my perish is large, and duties very laborious, I cannot devote as much time to some pursuits as I could wish; if therefore your exercises are got up as they ought to be, I may occasionally reward your labours by the gratification of allowing you to hear them delivered to my flock. In such a situation as yours, I need not enlarge upon the virtue of prudence—you may now retire. You will find that my domestics enjoy a very comfortable board; and I sincerely hope, for your sake, that you will be able to discharge your duties properly."

For some moments I was confounded! Pretty well prepared as I was for a good sample of a churchman's arrogance, I did not exactly expect to receive in one moment, the onus of a rector's sermons to compose, with the reward of dining with his scullions.

I felt very much inclined to indulge in a violent burst of laughter before his reverence's face, but controlling my mirth, I gravely observed, that I must have misunderstood him. "Something about board I believe you said, Sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Thingumbob. I said, you'll find a very comfortable board below, and I hope the ability to do your duty."

"Very likely, Mr. Longtext, but allow me to remark, that I have always been accustomed to consider the condition of a secretary as a perfect bar to his enjoying the privileges of a menial's mess."

"How, Sir?—hoity! toity!—why zounds, Sir, what do you require? Did you expect to be found at my table? Did you expect to eat with me?"

"Fate forbid, Sir, that I should be ambitious of the honour of such society!—that is a matter entirely for your decision; but since it proves so ineligible, permit me to say, that I either take my meals by myself, or not at all. I am perfectly aware of the value of my service; nor on such a point can I do you the injustice to suppose you ignorant." "Humph! so it seems. Well, Sir, I can only tell you, that, before now, your betters have thought themselves well off with worse."

"Very likely, Sir, and so it seems do my inferiors with better—on this point, Sir, however, I have not another opinion."

"Humph!—well—well!—zounds!—Isay, well! Egad, things have come to a pretty pass!—to what height will low-bred pride mount next, I should like to know?"

"Why not quite to heaven, Sir, you may be very sure; perhaps only to a rectory," replied I, rather quickly.

For a moment his little twinkling eye glared at me most vindictively; but finding he had run against a wrong headed personage, he got up-rang the bell, and, while his face grew pale with anger, directed a fire to be lit, and supper to be laid in the library.

"Sir," making me a mock-reverential bow, as soon as the servant retired, "Sir, you have your separate table for to-night; and to-morrow you shall hear from me." Proceeding now to take his coffee without another word, I sat by in fasting and contempt.

Presently Thomas came in to announce the lighting of my fire, and the readiness of my supper.

"Thomas," said his master, "I wish you would go down into the village—knock up Mr. Potion, the apothecary, and get him to give you another bottle of that wash which he sent me two months since. I rather thought the day before yesterday, that I was going to have chapped knees. That wo'n't be pleasant if the wind should change to the southward to-morrow morning."

"Very well, Sir," replied Thomas, "then I'll go at once, for it's getting late."

"Yes, do-and Thomas?"

"Sir."

"As you're passing by, you may call in at widow Regan's; and if she's not gone yet, you may say, I'll give her a look to-morrow morning on my way to the hill." Thomas closed the door. "Poor ignorant wretches! they always delay these serious matters to the last moment!" muttered the reverend rector, half by way of soliloquy, and half as an apologetic remark to me.

Ay, thought I, and as you have the cure of souls, what more proper than for you to follow

"Thank you, Sir," said I,
on the moment. Closing th

Longtext, I left him to seek quillity of a couch of down; the mollitude of the last was no

ness of his heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

Which shows how the prop of the Church went out to take the air.

AFTER a long journey, and no slight walk, it may easily be imagined, that I slept very soundly. I was, however, awakened on the ensuing morning by a considerable noise under my window, and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Springing up to see what was the matter, I found that my casement overlooked the stable-yard.

Here I beheld two superb hunters, all ready for the field; one bestrid by a fat, tall, heavy personage in jockey-boots, white leather breeches, brown coat with brass buttons, blue neckcloth, and a cockish beaver. He held a heavy field-whip in his right hand, and was giving some directions to the rider of the other horse,—a light young fellow who apparently accompanied him to afford a change of beasts, whenever the heat of the chase, or the weight of the master, should render it necessary.

Surely I know that voice, thought I, as the tones met my ear. Presently the sound of some one trotting down the road, which came under the rectory yard, was heard; when the huntaman, craning over the wall, seemed to recognize a friend.

Giving a hearty view halloo, he clapped spurs to his steed, darted out of the open door, and turned round the corner at a furious gallop. As he did this, however, his face came into full sight, and who should I recognize but my worthy lord and master, the parson of the parish,—the pastor of his flock,—the rector of * * *.

"There you go, you worthy man," said I, laughing heartily, as I saw him taking the lead helter skelter over the hedges and ditches which adjoined his own glebe, "well may you talk of laborious duties, a large straggling parish, and the enemies of the church, you precious rector;

-no wonder you are unable to give as much time to certain pursuits as you wish;—no wonder you are obliged to have recourse to the honourable system of getting some one to write your sermons. Excellent man! admirable as you must be confessed in all respects, is there any thing so wonderful about you as your conscience? How happy is the method, by which you undertake to discharge the awful responsibilities of a vice-gerent of your God!"

Human nature is a melancholy thing;—so ran my reveries, while plunging my head into cold water,—and getting up is a part of it. St. Christopher undertake the cure of that Jeremy! he has a strange genius for lying. But, after all, who could see that roguish face of his, and not swear there was some good at the bottom of all his evil,—no slight quantity by the by.

"I must take care of the fellow, for he's like a drowning man upon the surface, a straw would save him, or a sand would sink. Besides it is so much more pleasant to amend the lives of your fellow creatures, than to rectify your own. He has placed me in an awkward position by that rhodomontade of his. However, as I saw him

The Avadibility CIT

completed the task that had been in the stable with his usual adroxivalking about with his hands pockets, whistling Nancy Dawson

"The top of the morning to said he. "Does the secretary not son?" with a sly wink.

"No, my worship the secretary some little private conversation, if the with a good-for-nothing vagabond surnamed the Honest," I replied, lossee that we were not overheard.

"I understand, Sir," speaking low
"a very fine orchard the rector h
come this way and see, Master Wor
rogue hobbled through a latched do
that by which the fox-hunter had d

We now found ourselve

Honest always keeps his word, though I live to say it."

"You audacious varlet! how do you presume to tell me so, after that heap of falsehood which you so mercilessly laid on upon the worthy rector no later than last night? Do you not see, that you have made me responsible for the deceit, and a party in it? Who would believe the real circumstances of the case, if we should be found out?"

"Found out, your worship, now that is dishonesty with a vengeance."

"Well, Sirrah, and what else can fairly be expected? Pray who are the London correspondents of my late lamented father, the Spanish merchant? To whom am I to refer the excellent Mr. Longtext?"

"Who are they, Sir," said Jeremy, in his own dry imperturbable way, "why who should they be but—but, pulling from his pocket a slip of paper and reading from it, 'Messrs. Tanhide and Carding, dealers in cordovan leather, No. 3, Close Court, Winter Lane, Cheapside.' To whom, may it please your worship, I have this morning re-

ferred our kind and as you say very excellent friend the rector."

"What in the name of fortune are you talking about?"

"Lor, lor, bless the heart of your worship, you see you're only a babe in the ways of the world yet, though you have been to Seville. I knew when we set out, that you would but make a middling mess of this matter; but as you never consulted me about it, I let you have your own way, just to show you how wrongly you had acted.

"Still, your worship, I could never dream that you would have come so far upon your march without ever having laid down some sort of plan for a campaign. You see, therefore, Sir, when I saw you put to such a pass as to be obliged to have recourse to a few irregularities of assertion, I took the liberty of coming to your assistance.

"I saw at a glance we had got into good quarters—for I know the church, your worship, before to-day—and having no mind to lose them by any indiscretion of your honour, I remembered that to lie with effect requires no slight practice as well as art. With regard to the reference, your

worship may be easy—that's a thing I've been accustomed to deal in all my life, many's the one I've both given and had. Suspicion met is half disarmed, respected Sir. So going up to the rector this morning as soon as he came into the stable, to see his beast saddled, I took the length of his foot in no time.

"Having seen a little of horse-flesh in my time, quickly talked him into as good a notion of himself and steed as any gentleman that takes the field this day. Then seeing him in the right cue for it, I pulled a pretty good face and saying I wished to revert as little to you, about anything connected with your poor dear father's loss as possible, told his reverence that any information he desired to gain he could procure by writing to either of the gentlemen of this firm, with whom your beloved parent had long carried on a large business in the skin line.

"His reverence said very well, and as I expected, merely read the address, and thrust it in his pocket, from which, your worship must know, I just took the liberty of extracting it again, as I helped the respected gentleman to mount his horse.

"By and by you see, Sir, when he comes to VOL. I.

look for this piece of paper, he'll think he's lost it in the field—then he'll intend to ask for it again, and then he'll forget it from day to day till, if you and I give him the satisfaction which can searchy fail to accrue from such valuable services—why, ten thousand to one, if he ever troubles his head to write at all, Sir.

"In the mean time, I can send up to the honest friend who lives at No. 3, and advertise him of the new character and condition under which he is to vouch for me. These things, your worship, may seem difficult to some, and easy to others; but that all depends upon a knowledge of human nature, to which you cannot jump, respected Sir, but only crawl. I may do these things safely enough, where you would be found out in the first step."

"Thank you, Mr. Jeremy! but I have no ambition that way—neither can I allow you such a full exercise of your genius, while I am perforce responsible for it. This deceit is all very fine and clever, the more so as you have nothing to lose, Mr. Jeremy; but I consider it not a little gratuitous and most unsafe. Henceforth, no more of it. I should readily have extricated myself

from a moment's embarrassment, and without any of this ridiculous web of entanglement."

- "Bless your worship's heart! I like to hear of your simplicity—which to be sure, your honour, few men can hardly hope to possess till they've run away three times from school, besides a few other adventures. But I'm all obedience, your worship; and the next time—I'm dumb—not a word from me till you've broken down in the middle of your ballad, and then perhaps an odd stave or so may prove useful."
- "Agreed, Master Jeremy; and now what say you to our present quarters?"
- "Why, your worship, I hardly know which are the best, the quarters or their owner; for you must know, I managed to get the whole of his history last night from Thomas, who is no bad fellow at bottom after all, seeing we managed to despatch nearly four bottles of wine after supper last night in the pantry."
- "Ay, ay, is it so that the game is carried on below?"
- "Yes, yes, your worship, like master like man; and if my mind's said, 'tis a toss up which is the most insincere of the two. However, sir, it was

I soon made Mr. Thomas disgorge me the history of the worthy rector. A heartier laugh, too, we had over it than he might have altogether relished."

- "What was it, Jeremy?—Who is he?"
- "A distant consin of the squire's, Sir, a resident in the county, and rector of this living by inheritance, as it might be—his family have the gift in their hands."
 - "What! the perpetual advowson?"
- "Exactly, Sir; and so our precious parson was brought up and educated on purpose for it."
- "Ay, Jeremy!—but one might have guessed as much, from the admirable way in which he discharges its duties."
- "True, Sir; and as the living happened to fall vacant some little time before the reverend gentleman was as fully prepared as now, a curate was put in temporarily to hold it for his occupation. As a rectory it happened then to be a very poor one, for the tithes were rated low, and under the last incumbent had been leniently collected. But Mr. Longtext, by means of his superior and specific education, your worship, was enabled to despise these petty considerations, and make no

raised among his parishioners a very decided doubt whether Parson Longtext that would be was Parson Longtext that should be. They even managed to fling considerable obstacles in the way of his ordination. Having, however, effected this, his parishioners were electrified by his rising up suddenly in the pulpit one Sunday morning, and preaching to his old friends from a text on the payment of the uttermost farthing.

"How many of his hearers fainted, or how many went mad, I hardly know, your worship; but being speedily inducted, he was as good as his word—doubled his tithes, and depopulated his church, got up a nice quarrel with the choir, and popping the whole bunch of them into the Consistory Court—for your gentry of the pipe are a rare contumacious set—he soon had scarcely a soul left to squabble with but his churchwardens.

"They, however, having as natural a turn for this amusement as himself, he was not after all left much at a loss. At length, his parishioners, finding that empty or full, his church was equally a matter of consideration, were obliged by degrees to yield to the solicitations of their better and fairer halves. Since these could no longer dispense with their weekly display of themselves and finery to their neighbours.

"From these worthy motives, most respected Sir, the church is now again filled, nor will it, I suppose, be again deserted, unless, indeed, some fresh and equally important occasion of worldly interest and pride should hold out their high inducements to disgracing themselves, and dishonouring their Creator."

"So I suppose, Mr. Jeremy, for if anything is dear to man, it appears ever to be those numerous, but seemingly petty, vices, which display at once the worst ingratitude and the greatest impiety."

"Alas! too true, your worship; yet, should we not temper our severity when sitting in judgment on a brother? For, surely, the difficulty with which we attain to virtue ourselves, should lead us to commiserate those whom folly or fatuity have tempted to abandon it."

"A very sapient observation, Mr. Jeremy; and one equally suited to the sinner or the saint. And, pray, if it be a fair question, of which may you have most in your strange composition?"

"A hard question, that, your worship!—though I will answer it sincerely. I am like many more, I suspect; a sinner by confirmed propensity; but, alas, Sir, a saint by inclination only; and, jesting apart, respected Sir, I doubt whether the best of us can candidly say more in his favour."

I was silent. "Jeremy's good sense," thought I, "has but too truly defined the fainting virtue of humanity! And is it not humiliating to consider—that a being so nobly endowed as man, should so frequently possess the sensibility to admire goodness without the strength to pursue it?"

CHAPTER XXII.

Shows how the prop of the Church managed his sermons, and how he preached a very startling one on this and that &c.

For two days after the above conversation, good Mr. Longtext condescended to take no more notice of my presence at the rectory than if I had been as far off as the River St. Lawrence.

Jeremy, however, he distinguished highly; for the cunning rogue had him in leading strings as securely as ever mortal possessed another. His sly humour—his great good temper—and plastic disposition, by which he moulded himself to any variety of manner, soon won the conscientious rector, to say nothing of the constant repartee which he had ready for any one who addressed him. In the meantime I had full leisure to study the rector's character, and survey the neighbouring country. The latter was generally of considerable beauty; and of the former, any one who considers his actions, is as good a judge as myself.

One of the chief qualities on which he prided himself, was, I found, his determination. This, as is not unfrequent in such cases, he carried on to obstinacy, while simply believing it to be decision. With him, to have arrived at a resotion, was, in part, to have executed it; and, when once you heard his favourite exclamation "I've said it," you knew there was no appeal. Whether in public or private, the field or the pulpit, it was the same.

His cousin, the squire, it seems, had half promised to bestow upon him a neighbouring piece of preferment, which was expected very shortly to fall vacant, and he was now very busy paying his court to him, and winning his way towards plurality by desert.

In other words, as the squire loved hunting beyond all things, and a good dinner and a jovial glass next in comparison, the Reverend Mr. Longtext stuck close to him from morning to night in all three. Still the squire was a man of far more information than is generally met in his station; for having been born originally as a younger brother, and educated for a struggle with the world, he came suddenly into the possession of the family estate with infinitely greater advantages than had been possessed by his predecessor.

Notwithstanding, then, all his acquired love for field-sports, he liked to hear a good sermon; carelessly imagining, that in this was comprised the whole duty of a parish priest.

Words from a pulpit, may indeed arouse the passions, or irritate the feelings, but they must be combined with the influence of example, before they are at all likely to amend the heart. Still the squire's notion on this point, was not altogether unproductive of good.

Many a time and oft did he hint to his worthy kinsman that such and such a sermon had been heard before; that this text was exhausted and that argument had lost its novelty, while numbers of his oft-repeated discourses had now lost even the good quality of driving him asleep.

Finding these gentle remonstrances ineffectual, he at last took to the happy expedient of drawing against every Sunday's text with an additional dot for each time of hearing, and the date of the offence. Nor was this all, as the rector always dined with him on Sunday, he delighted to seize the most inopportune moment of a dead pause in conversation, and then, before a large circle, break forth with—

"A very fine discourse of your's this morning, Mr. Longtext—seems to be a great favourite with you—let me see," taking a little memorandum from his pocket, "you've given it to us six times within nineteen months."

"Indeed, Sir," was all the answer Mr. Long-text would give—while the squire sticking his tongue in his cheek, would make some side remark, such as "Driven the old badger to earth, there I take it!"

But the rector was not easily foiled, he caused to be bought up for him in London a quantity of sermon books at various old stalls, written by no one of note, and therefore little known; with these he was satisfied contented man! to pair off the margins simply, and so transfer them to his black case. If next batch of foundlings" of a sn he, the squire, could read the pres from his seat in the gallery.

. . .. advising inm one

Perplexed and enraged to the unable or unwilling to conquer his or inaptitude, he now took to ol This kind, though more expensive a became to him a sealed up fount curious accident; for having bough he supposed to be plain home-a he went through some twenty or with very great comfort.

Coming home late one Saturds hunting he contrived to oversleep I morning, and snatching up the firs lay on the top of his favourite pile, never thinking of reading it till he congregation

this time in the style and ideas of his author, he troubled his head no further. And, talking of authors, let this be a warning how they attempt to play tricks with any of this never-sufficiently-to-be-respected fraternity—for as the Tories say of us Whigs, "They are very dangerous men." And what sort of men then are the Tories, it may be asked? Ah! the rogues! they've put it out of our power to return any epithet of this kind to them—not happening to be men at all!—What are they then?—Old women!

But to resume our rector; the moment came for his text and looking down to find it, he was alarmed to behold a hasty crooked, crabbed, scrawl, in the place of that fine open hand, by means of which he had so often delighted himself and his auditors.

However this might be nothing, the text to be sure was not from a writer whose meaning he was particularly expert in expounding, but neither did that signify greatly to a country flock. It was a sermon! that was the main point to him!—So to proceed—

A very few lines, however, informed him that he was delivering matter perfectly at war with his own tenets, and still more with his own conduct. Instead of the comfortable opinions of your tree orthodox man, he had got hold of some precious fulmination that was rankly Calvinistical.

How could this wretched thing have got then, thought he, distressed beyond measure, but go a he must; and thinking after all that his auditory might never know the difference, accordingly a he went.

Instead of his difficulties diminishing, they seemed to increase—long unintermitting sentences presented themselves without the least remove, and it was very clear, that he had stumbled on a close, argumentative thesis of some staunch holder of ultra-evangelical opinions.

As the writer warmed, too, with his subject, breaks and dashes came in without mercy—the writing grew more hurried and less distinct,—until suddenly, in the midst of a deduction from a well supported position, there came not the conclusion so naturally to be expected—but—an abrupt break, terminating in the figure "&c."

In an instant, before he knew where he was, he got it out, "et cetera"—and then immediately, perceiving how extremely improper was the effect produced, he hemmed—stuttered—and finally

read the passage over again. But if it seemed amiss at first, it was now doubly marked, and he was horrified—there it certainly was, "et cetera"—yes, it was "et cetera"—and once more he got the confounded word out before he could tell what to do.

Thinking it best to pass it over, he read on a few lines further—when lo! there stood another "&c." This he endeavoured to evade, by supplying the want of continuity from his own resources. Unaccustomed thus to draw upon them, however, the only point that he reached was that of converting all he had said into the most absolute nonsense.

Still he trusted that his assurance had carried him over the stile, and once more essayed the task. Alas! he was only a living example of the surety of punishment awaiting the transgressor; when, full in the middle of an important phrase, there came a third "&c." and a fourth almost close to it.

He now began to doubt the evidence of his own senses—drew out his spectacles—coughed—looked closely at the MS.—but there the provoking figure stood—it was neither more nor less

The original writer, evidently ject, and anxious to complete hi ried on to its termination, and course perhaps a few hours before had trusted to his memory and ex of reasoning to follow up his ov clue thus given.

To Mr. Longtext this was impossible awkwardness of his position may when the halting portions of his read. They stood thus:—

"From what I have now briefly you will see the imperative necessity care of your &c.,—or if madly bent up your own perverse inclinations, the inevitable result to be &c., &c."

"We of the orthodoxy," thought

don't argue in this ---

Shutting his book, with the despair of a man who feels himself irretrievably lost, he brought the service to the best conclusion in his power; and retired to the vestry under a firm conviction of having that day received, from accident, a far severer lesson on the negligent performance of his duties, than design could possibly have given him.

At the hour of dinner, he did not dare to show himself at his cousin's table, and the story getting buzzed among the better informed of his neighbours, obtained for him the well-deserved soubriquet of Parson Etcetera.

Driven from each expedient which he had adopted, it was now, in this extremity, it occurred to him to advertise for some one who would execute the required performances under his own eye,—and I was the happy individual selected.

When Jeremy detailed to me these particulars, obtained with others, I could not but smile at the pretended self-sufficiency of the worthy rector, with whom I did not doubt that I should be much amused; while, as to his feeling the necessity of retaining me, I had not any fears.

Jeremy also told me that when he had ventured

remarkable for hitting no one so hard as himself—that is, where they hit any mark at all; though it seemed to be confessed that the last was a finit of which he was not too frequently accused, since for his happy powers, he generally took the most incomprehensible text he could find. Nothing was a more favourite subject with him than that of controversies, those in particular relating to the church of Laodicea in St. John, or half a chapter from the Hebrews, or indeed any thing that possessed the superior advantage of being the most remote from human failings and human duties.

At the same time, strange to say, if it was possible to drag in any thing reprehensive of his own line of conduct, there it was sure to come, either by quotation or remark—though nothing was ever further from his thoughts than the horrid vice of self-humiliation.

I could illustrate this at once were I to quote passages, but this is unnecessary. Such, then, were the faults and foibles of the worthy rector—numerous and considerable in any station, but highly reprehensible in his; and yet withal I was

informed that, however wanting in the other relations of life, he still made a very good son to an aged parent.

Saturday at last came round, and proved me right in my conjectures, as to retention in the rector's service. Having up to this time always enjoyed my meals alone and in his library, he entered on the morning in question, and desiring my attention, proceeded to inform me, with no slight pomp, that I might henceforth consider myself his private secretary.

It would appear that he had endured no slight struggle with his pride as to whether he should indulge mine; but having once persuaded himself to give way, it was evident, as is usually the case, that I had risen in his estimation, from the circumstance. In this interview he was far more confidential, and even attempted some justification for employing me, though this he did but very lamely. Proceeding to inform me of the various duties I was to perform, he allowed me at once to understand, that in all points of fag I was to be the rector, while in matters of honour and profit he bore the burden.

in the day, it was not my far honest rector was to have for

Thou art a liberal soul! the man doubts it, refer him to megret the constant employmen was something new, and therefore nothing of my being brought like those of business than I mighave obtained. I again, alway to my secretary, whenever anxiously particular task; for such we indefatigable industry, that imposed the ocean.

My first labour was to get reasermons: one of these being alsoon accomplished the other; and day, I had. as Mr. I ---

forenoon service, some noble personage, who happened to be staying with one of the families, walked up to the eloquent preacher, and begging to borrow the discourse he had just heard, proceeded to make him a very handsome compliment on its composition.

"I beg, my Lord, I beg that you don't mention it," returned the modest orator, in a would-be deprecating strain; and drawing very complacently his black case from his pocket, he took out my thesis, and delivered it to his lordship, with as much bashfulness as if it had been his own.

"Everything depends on the delivery of a sermon, Mr. Wortley," complacently remarked the rector, as we entered his door together.

"Yes, Sir, infinitely more than the writing," said I, intending to quiz him.

"True, Sir, true!" replied he, with all the innocence of a babe; "I've known many a good sermon marred in the reading."

"And mine was one of them!" I was about to add, but thinking that this was as well reserved for another day, I bowed my head in token of anything for which he might choose to take it, and

the worthy gentleman went to solace himself with a nap after the fatigues of the day.

"Mr. Wortley," said he, pausing on his way up stairs, with a most important air—

"Sir?" said I, all attention-

"Let me be called as soon as luncheon's ready."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Which I suspect you would find very witty—if brevity alone rere the soul of wit. Whence I conclude that Wit—the lucky socal—has two souls. Hence his great superiority on earth. Ind he who rightly defines his other soul is a wittier fellow than Wortley Montague.

In this manner three weeks had now passed. As Jeremy had prophesied, we heard nothing further of the reference, although he had managed to send notice to his accommodating friends of the demand about to be made on them.

Seeing that I contrived very effectually to relieve the conscientious rector from the onerous duties of his parish, he grew more social, and I in return softened towards him.

Creature of change as I am, the novelty of my present life was already beginning to wear off,

was a chapel of case, or sm vale, the duty of which was tiful little church, at some shrectory.

I had seen the spot once and had often intended to more minutely—laziness and and another, had deterred me one sunny afternoon, I found wards it, with Jeremy the H panion.

As both of us had dined, and spect lay before us, we indulged a in that strain of semi-serious pl we mutually delighted. It was as inclines the heart of man to all our fellow-creatures. I could how insensible I. 1.

are whispering the prudence of suspicion and distrust, that prompts but to confidence, and lives but on affection. There is something infectious in kindness, and after all, on looking back—I doubt whether he is not a happier man whose stony bosom has placed him beyond the treachery of its soft contagion.

"Jeremy," said I suddenly, "did you ever happen in your life to meet with any man that hated you?"

Jeremy paused—with an air of surprise—"That is a very singular question, Sir," said he, "but on reflection, I do not think I ever did"

"Well, that's odd too, for such a professed rogue! Who would not cultivate soft manners, and an even tongue, when such is their influence? Jeremy, by the by,—of how much money have you robbed me since our acquaintance? For it was thus, you know, that you were to take your wages."

"Alas, your worship, I have forgotten hire in your service, for it has bound me with chains stronger than of gold."

"Jeremy," said I, "you have kept the farce up sufficiently long; but do not think that it has devol. I.

have heard from the same quarter, was engendered neither on the plains of Dartmoor, nor the deanery kitchens of Exeter, nor the hermit's cell in Surrey. You told me an odd story of your adventures, but I have seen how ready is your invention. Your language, your thoughts, many things are at variance with your tale. I am sure the actual truth would be infinitely more amusing—tell me truly now, who and what you are? Come, do satisfy my curiosity."

"If you want me to leave you, Sir, you will repeat the doubts you have now expressed," replied my companion in a low and agitated tone, looking steadfastly upon the ground; "but if you are satisfied with my services, you will for ever confine to your own bosom the wish to enquire any further than you already know. I think I have not erred in supposing you to feel, with me, that suffering is sacred even though it should be the suffering of folly or of guilt."

This singular reply silenced me at once; and ost in wonder, and begging his pardon for an unwarrantable, an unintentional intrusion, we

walked on in silence. For some few minutes I could not recover from the feeling of surprise at this odd conversation which had so suddenly sprung up between us, and before I could recollect myself, Jeremy begged me to excuse his returning to the rectory.

"You're not going to leave me, surely, Jeremy?" said I in alarm, placing my hand upon his shoulder. "No, Sir," replied he mildly, and I saw something very like a tear in his eye as he muttered some excuse. Begging his pardon once more at having disturbed his tranquillity, by my thoughtless curiosity, I allowed him to turn back and walked on.

But my buoyancy of spirit had fled, and turning into a thick wood which lay between me and the little church of Fairyvale, I sought the gloom congenial to the train of thought, thus suddenly called into existence.

CHAPTER 1

Displays rather a different picture

TURNING away from Jeremy, some short time, I also directe the rectory, and in the court-ye "Thomas," said I, "does Ryan's lie across that hill?"

"Lor bless ye, no," replied like a true butler he scorned to epithet of respect to one who we on his master; "the widow's the bottom of the " "Ay, so he was, but he hadn't time—didn't you see the squire come riding by?—they've both gone straight to cover."

"And how was the widow when you called last night?—dying, I suppose?"

"How was she?—why, bless ye, I wasn't going out of my way to see her at that time o' night, just for one of master's whimsies—I sent the message on by the boy that belongs to the errand cart, who said that if he went up that way in the morning, he'd try and deliver it.—As for dying, it's like enough they've got that matter comfortably over by this time, for they've been long enough about it, whether or no."

Great God, thought I, and are these men?—Such is the influence of example in those above us, and this in the household of one, the whole aim and end of whose life is to preach the doctrines of a never tiring and universal charity. Turning upon my heel, I at once sought the wood which had been pointed out to me. Well, thought I, with all my follies and my vices, I never was in a position that threw them so completely in the shade.

It is not the flagrant crime by which society is

life—these disgust us with or the best feelings of the truly to tolerate, and then partice which are the more abhorrent amenable. Hence springs the of heart that renders the wor ness, and life itself almost inst

Walking on with a quick a soon reached the wood, and whom I might ask direction, position of finding out the object of my scription I had already received

After proceeding about half a the brow of a hill, and looking do of the trees that clothed the descriptions are stream winding its way along a solution of the other side the wood root.

became finally merged in the blue and hazy distance.

Directly opposite to me, and raised on a rude terrace by the streamlet's brink, appeared a sweet little cottage. Numbers of the later roses of the year climbed over a humble trellis-work, and reaching its thatched roof, there disported themselves in all the freedom of wild beauty.

A small garden, bearing the traces of past care and present neglect, stretched down into the brook, which impatiently gurgled past one or two stepping stones, placed there for the purpose of washing clothes. A range of bee-hives still stood upon their stalls, and from the chimney top slowly curled up a thin azure wreath of smoke, undisturbed by the slightest breath of air, and stealing towards heaven like the grateful orisons of a humble heart.

Transported with this exquisite little bit of nature, I watched the vapour winding among the many varied hues of the forest; the foliage of which was sparkling with dew drops that reflected the early sun-beam. "And can the world's care or sorrow reach here?" said I to myself. Filled with thoughts which I will not profane by attempting

hedge of laurel, but hardly had other step, when my ear disting of some one in distress, and a s road brought me upon a little have been ten years old, and upon the decayed trunk of a tabitterly.

It was as pretty a face as you see, and the griefs of childhood touch the heart beyond all the pleader's art.

"What is the matter, my little of she scarcely answered me a word, little creature in my arms, and ki tears from her clean and ruddy c the babe to my bosom and repeat "My mother, Sir, is dying!" so

"I have no father, Sir, nor any one but mother," and looking in my face, with an agony of expression that denied all further words, she burst out into tears afresh. Seating myself upon the withered tree, I endeavoured to compose her griefs; but, alas! I only shared them; and, asking presently where I might find her mother, she pointed to the cottage I had been so lately admiring.

"Is your mother's name Regan, my little cherub?" "Yes," sobbed the child.

"And why are you not by your mother's bedside?" "I have been there all night, Sir, but Miss Mary is reading to her now: she told me that my crying disturbed them, and that if I would go away for a little while, she might be better by the time I returned."

"Poor little mourner," thought I, "well may you watch! Nature is not yet sufficiently contaminated in your bosom, to permit your slumbering over the death-bed of another, in such circumstances; — that happy insensibility was reserved for a pampered child of wealth."

Telling the little soul to wait for my return, I stole towards the cottage, and peeping through the clustering roses that mantled round one of

ana mau (IISTUFDE)

order that seemed natural to it, a its pillow reposed the face of t Around her were kneeling severs of the same sex, apparently while a sunbeam stealing through upon the head of one who, in t row, did indeed appear an angel

She was a slight fair girl, appe than eighteen. She knelt close by sufferer, and with her hand lifted was supplicating, with the gentles mercy in behalf of sin, which could scarcely be thought to requ nor to ask in vain for another.

Irradiated as those features no the light that streamed upon the out, and the holy glow of enthusia

them from -- ist:

seemed to shoot across my bosom when it ceased; and rising from her humble posture, after a slight pause, she took within her hands those of the poor woman on whom her tenderness was bestowed;—a slight exclamation escaped her as she did so, and stooping to examine her features, she gently turned the linen over the yet warm face. How much did that simple act bespeak—the last dark finish of our human ills—the first bright step toward the joys of eternity! Overcome by the scene, she sank into a chair.—All then was over!

I saw no more of what passed in the room—I heard nothing of what was said—I seemed suddenly to have neither feeling nor notice for aught but one who seemed so tenderly to act at once the saddest and the kindest part which one poor mortal can perform for another!

Feeling that with such a heart there was a bond of love and understanding uniting it to all of better feeling, I waited for a few minutes, and then entering among those whom death had visited but not dismayed, at once explained that I had come down from the rectory, in the absence of Mr. Longtext, to see if I could be of service—ex-

disclaimed with a touching me had assigned, and told me, but that I was too late. "I know i to the window where I had sto

Understanding, at once, that: looked, a glow of confusion mantle had evidently been worn by wat

Fearful to a degree that I had perienced, of having given offer wished to do so, I was about though I scarce knew what, but seat she remarked it was time for the home. She now gave some dineighbours, and enquiring for the she would take her to her father this I told her where her intended the found, and we left the cottage to Having found the

Foung acquaintance retained her on the way and endeavoured to lift her in her arms.

Too weak for this effort she tottered to one side of the road and but for me would have fallen.

Taking in one arm the child who bitterly implored to see her parent, and giving the other to the kind friend who had lately tended her, I asked whither she would go. She pointed to the path that lay before us, and winding up the hill to the right of the desolated cottage, and quieting as well as we could the grief of the young orphan, we proceeded in silence on our way.

On reaching the hill above the wood, the breeze from which we had hitherto been sheltered now came fresh and delightfully upon us, and endeavouring to turn our thoughts from the scene below we soon entered into conversation.

It now appeared that my fair companion was the Mary of whom the little child had spoken. That she was the daughter of Mr. Plaine, a curate of the rector, to which office was attached the duties of the little church, called Fairyvale. This curacy, I learnt from her, was one of great labour, and truth to say, most scanty pay, the last

On Sunday his first duty was and preach the sermon at he ease; and in the afternoon to rector's. Finally, he had to rego through the evening service lecture—a practice at that time a whet for all which, he had a the morning to hear some fit girls spell through their lessons.

On remarking on the shocking between the curate who had s a-year and the rector who had ei companion meekly replied that was all proper, since the rector living, which had been given to father's only claim to emolumen vices which he might had a

In explanation of the circumstances under which we had met, she told me that late last night, after retiring to bed, a message had come to her father, from the poor widow, praying him to come and attend her in her last moments. Being exceedingly ill himself of a rheumatic fever, he had of course been unable to leave his bed, but had allowed his only child to act in his behalf, since she was frequently in the habit of reading to such of her poor neighbours as might desire her services.

Coming across a common, however, which laid between Fairyvale and the widow's cottage, herself and guide had been overtaken in a violent shower of rain, and drenched to the skin; and indeed she looked fatigued to the last degree; but this she ascribed to sitting up the two preceding nights with her father, of whom she spoke with an affectionate warmth and solicitude which would have pleaded strongly in her behalf with any one, though there had been nothing else to recommend her.

As it was, my blood boiled within me to think that while master Longtext was rolling his fat sides on eider down, and surrounded with every species of Epicurean luxury, this poor and lovely creature was exposed to the merciless blastings of the storm in discharge of that very duty which it should have been as much his delight as it certainly was his office to perform.

On sounding her, however, as to what her opinions might be on this head, and how it was that the rector did not discharge this piece of duty—her answer, though cautious in the extreme, still very plainly showed me that his character was fully understood in the parish—that this was not his first dereliction, and that in short every one pretty well knew the hopelessness of applying to him.

Contrasting this with the admirable opinion which he seemed to entertain of himself and his own deserts, I could not help reflecting on the horrible delusions which men's minds will often put upon them, and pitying an establishment which had to support so sacred a character by the aid of dignitaries too often such as these.

We had now reached the parsonage of Fairy-vale. It was a low and unpretending building, and well suited to the humble fortune of its occupants. Still every thing around bore testimony

to the superintending hand of a neat and careful taste. Small as was the garden, cultivation had done all that its size would permit.

Every thing spoke of order and regularity, nearly all the flowers of the season lent their beauty to adorn it; and not a weed was to be seen. With a native grace infinitely beyond the freezing civility of artificial polish, its young mistress did the honors of her house; for she too had lost her mother. In the most cordial manner she invited me to walk in and partake of breakfast; premising that her father's frugal board had nothing to recommend it but a sincere welcome.

"And the best of attractions," said I, "though I think too there is another which it possesses, that few can surpass."

Wild flower as she was, this little compliment seemed rather to alarm than gratify her, and entering the quiet parsonage, we found the meal already set forth upon the table. Having retired for a while, to see to the wants of her parent and to change her dress, she came back with a message, desiring his kind thanks to me for my effort to be of service to one of his parishioners, and that for his own part he accepted with pleasure the offer

dejennes which gaudy pompwealth have spread; but never stances, did I ever feel such and unmixed satisfaction as reduring that short hour.

The beauty of my new acqua of a kind altogether superior hitherto been accustomed to pri rather of a voluptuous than an but Mary's was wholly of the lat

With every new gaze, some free to unfold itself—some yet more expression seemed to arise—the countenance it was, that ever countenance it was, the countenance it was, t

To AL!

Seated thus tête à tête, we entered into a long conversation relating to the parish in which we were now, I hoped, both residents; and after a considerable space, too briefly passed, Mr. Plaine sent down his compliments, with a message that he should be most happy to see me; and his daughter having shewn me his room, withdrew.

I fear that the worthy clergyman, by whose side I was now found sitting, must have found me but an indifferent visitor; for though absent from my sight, I could not easily detach from my thoughts that object on which for the last two hours they had been dwelling.

Parson Plaine was just such a being as I had expected to find the parent of his daughter. A mild, unassuming, benevolent old man. I say old, for though not more than two or three and fifty, his bair, from causes which I could easily imagine, had nearly all turned grey, and his features bore the stamp of a resigned, melancholy, and premature age.

Sorrow rarely finds a heart predisposed to sympathy that it does not unburden its own bosom by confidence, and I soon learnt that he had been twice a widower, and in a short space of time had

expired in the next room to then were.

With all his meekness, his i bright intelligence, and I loomoment that he told me this that has suffered deeply hims sorrows of another and not features were pinched and thin same lustrous eyes and singula that constituted so much of the daughter's face. When admiring ties of feature, little did I thin spoke, but the experience of a brithe sad conviction too truly hom

Seeing this conversation distrebim, I turned our discourse upont and he seemed not a little astour the circumstance.

me to be as poor and friendless as I appeared, he naturally concluded that such was my desire.

Of his rector he spoke with more tenderness and compassion, if it were possible, than that used by his daughter, remarking with the charity of a true Christian, that riches were a great snare, from the temptation of which he ought to thank God he had been spared.

"If I have only strength to work, Sir," said he in conclusion, "and am spared to see my dear Mary secured from want, shall I not have great reason to be thankful?"

I said nothing, for the idea of want, connected with the name of the amiable creature I had this morning seen for the first time, struck me as a thing too horrible to be for a moment entertained; and I internally vowed that a total freedom from that at least, he should have the pleasure of seeing.

But O! mortality! richly is punishment deserved by those who, blind to the events of even the next hour, can presume to interpret the futurity of distant years.

Thinking that my further presence might now be wearying this good man, I was about to withdraw, but detaining me by the hand, he kindly Telling him that his reques greatest pleasure in furtherin, smile to a table near at ha " to read him a few pages from said he, " my daughter has a tendance upon me for the lam fearful of requiring more delicate state of frame will sai

Opening with alacrity the out, I found it was the bibl the next hour, I read such sired.

Thanking me again and at attentions, he pressed me to at humble dinner, which I the to decline, and therefore took received a warm and most precall and see him again as so

tairs for Miss Plaine, I found that she had reired to take some slight rest; and, as I would by no means permit her to be disturbed, I could only after the sincere but silent wishes of my heart or the welfare of so amiable a being, and depart.

"May I not, in after times," said I, pausing or an instant on its threshold; "may I not in after years, have cause to bless the accident that wought me first to Fairyvale?"—"You will! you will"—whispered my too confiding heart, and weathing many prayers for the eternal happiness of its inmates, it was in no unpleasing reverie I ecrossed its smiling garden, and bent my pensive teps towards the rectory.

CHAPTER 1

Treats of the hospitality of the ;

THE illness of Mr. Plaine 1 course from doing duty, I nature for once, Mr. Longtext might, it services, exert himself a little be custom.

But this, it seems, he commune have done already, as he told me to luncheon, "that reading and was your hand."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Wortley," replied he, most unsuspecting of any banter, "I had a pretty fair portion of rest last night,—but, hark, was that a ring at the bell?"

"I think it was, Sir," said I.

In another moment, Thomas entered; "Please, Sir, here's the person come to do duty for Mr. Plaine."

"Oh! ah!—very well;—tell him, Thomas, he'll find every thing in—the vestry. Luckily the bell's very nearly done tolling."

This last part of his reply, the rector muttered as a soliloquy, being busily engaged at the same moment in picking the leg of a cold fowl.

Thomas, having closed the door, retired with this message, and presently I saw a meek, venerable, old gentleman in a suit of long worn black, pass out from the rectory, and crossing over the intervening green, enter the church by the vestrydoor.

"Mr. Wortley," said the rector, suddenly recalling me from a meditative ramble, "You will go to church this afternoon, and therefore you had better get ready at once; and now I think of it, it is as well to caution you always to be early in

afternoon—I've got a sever the reverend gentleman filled his third bumper of old Made

After this well-timed exord: be all obedience.

If the aspect of the official before prejudiced me in his and doing duty did not lessen this a mined to be better acquainted the best of my way towards the the congregation were dismisse stranger busy in talking to some unwilling therefore to intrude, churchyard, intending to accost out, and occupying myself til over a few of the epitable.

concluded that the clergyman had gone into the rectory, and directing my steps thither, I demanded if the clergyman who had preached was not in the parlour.

- "Why, what should he do there?" demanded Mr. Thomas, who had opened the door.
- "Why, surely he takes some refreshment with the rector."
- "I should think not," replied the worthy butler. "Master knows better what to do with his table, than to put the like of them to it."
- "The like of them,—what do you mean?" said I, bridling my anger,—" who is this poor gentleman?"
- "Lor how should I know? he's one of them ere 'ack parsons that go about the country preaching for a livelihood."
- "Then by your account, he must have come from a distance, and surely this is a double reason why some hospitality should be shewn him."
- "As to that, I know nothing of such matters—that's Mr. Plaine's look out, not master's. I tell you he never has them sort of people to his table,—only gentlemen;" and the humble menial

" You'd better ask the cle
nose here I'll take care; an
know very well, he's gone up
"Why, I thought a severe
ing him at home?"

"Yes, from the noise of squire's is a different sort of th

Doubtless, thought I,—and once more, I recrossed the gree house of the clerk for one who a specimen of a rich rector's property and that the poor old was Temple, and that he had consistent within a few seconds of myself, tary way to Fairyvale. As my served just before the hour of mined on trying to

As I recalled the meek and venerable features of the aged preacher, my heart bled within me to think, what and how bitter might be the feelings of his heart at the inhospitable treatment he had received from a brother of his own sacred order,—and a younger brother too! If anything makes the blood boil, it is to witness unkindness wantonly offered to childhood or to age. It seems scarcely possible to imagine that breast on which either the one or the other has not the most imperative claim for the best sympathies of the heart, our love and our respect.

To witness a man afflicted at once with years and with misfortune, is, perhaps, the most affecting sight that misery can present to interest the more favoured of mankind. Yet, alas! how many of the sons of affluence daily behold it, unpitying and unmoved!

Would your carriage roll less easily for an occasional crown dropped from its window? or your sleep be less secure at night from having scattered in the morning some crumbs of bread upon the waters, to stay the pangs of famine or soothe the frenzies of despair?

An hour might come when trifles such as these

every feeling was bound up himself for the future of a had ever possessed. Weig proach, now heard for the would he not place on tho which would then be pleading where he could not reasonab any supplications of his own!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Which shows that it is by no means necessary to command wealth in order to possess charity, since this is a virtue not more the duty than it may be the luxury even of the poorest.

HAVING proceeded in silence as far as the cottage of the deceased widow, the exclamation of Jeremy, who had not yet had a sight of it, and was ignorant of the melancholy story relating to its late tenant, detained us for a few minutes on the brow of the hanging wood.

After he had sufficiently admired its beauty and situation, I related to him the scene I had there witnessed, and discoursing on the subjects thus introduced, we soon arrived at Fairyvale.

Much as he was now prepossessed in favour of its simple and warm-hearted inhabitants, still the great neatness which decked the poverty of the curate's humble dwelling with charms that the richer rectory could not display, made him passe an instant at the gate to look around.

In the midst of some remark, however, the door was unlatched, and Mary herself appeared with a message of welcome from her father. She soon told me, with looks of extreme pleasure, that he had, for the first time, been able to come down stairs that day, and having caught sight of us already from his seat by the fireside, had sent her out to secure our entrance.

Assuring her that there was as little fear as wish to escape from such a guardian, we shook hands with all the warmth of friends of an older date, and she led me towards the parlour. On our way we consigned Jeremy to the care of an old man, who acted in the double capacity of gardener to the curate, and also to the churchyard. As these walked off to the left, I took the liberty of peeping in that direction, and beheld five or six poor people gathered round the kitchen fire, having before them a table, and what I afterwards learned to be some good home-brewed beer, together with a few pipes.

The goodly fumes of the soothing weed were, I observed, very industriously circulated by various members of the party; one of whom was an old beggar, who had gained a night's lodging for the asking; another, a worn-out sailor, who having wandered into church in the morning, had come to the kitchen dinner by the invitation of the gardener, and was now indulging his auditors with a narrative of the battle in which he lost his leg, under the famous Sir George Rooke, at Malaga.

Concluding that Jeremy would not find himself far out of his reckoning even in this humble society, I passed on, and following my fair guide, entered the parlour. In an easy chair sat the good curate, Mr. Plaine, well wrapped up. He welcomed me with all the kindness of a sincere heart, and introduced me as the rector's secretary to several honest farmer-like looking people, who, with my friend the minister of the morning, were sitting near him at the tea table.

Having risen on my entrance, they now made way for me to join their circle, while Mary resuming her seat, poured me out a dish of tea. It is not voluptuousness, thought I, which spreads

the daintiest feast—the cheer that is blessed by love is even sweeter than the riches of the bet.

If in the morning I had admired the 'ack purch, this impression was not lessened by the kind humility with which he seconded Mr. Plains in promoting the cheerfulness of his guests, who, so I had supposed, were several of them neighbouring farmers, first attracted to the curate by respect for his station, and now long attached by mutual regard.

Unbending a mind not ill fitted for the higher knowledge of his profession, which, when its duties are properly performed, is truly godlike in its character, he seemed by turns to enter into all their feelings and their wishes. Now the prospects of one attracted his attention, and now the family of another shared his regard. Some domestic calamity of a third called forth his consolation, or the temporal fears of a fourth excited him to inspired hope; a fifth asked him his advice, and a sixth for some particular piece of information.

With the history and affairs of each he seemed equally at home, and one who, from the good example of practising all he preached, had become not removed, his daughter was requested to sing a hymn, which she did with equal taste and good feeling, accompanying herself on the lute, nor requiring to be asked a second time, and only excusing the hoarseness of her voice, which she said was the result of a slight cold. I now more than ever had occasion to admire the sweetness and great flexibility of those tones which I had first heard under such solemn circumstances. Still I could not help noticing with regret that her cold scarcely seemed so light as she was inclined to hold it, and once or twice during the evening I observed her suppressing an inclination to cough.

The party now ranging themselves round the fire, a conversation suitable to the day ensued, and Mary taking on her knee the little orphan whose mother had that day been committed to the last refuge of the unfortunate, endeavoured to keep it from falling asleep. Finding this in vain, she withdrew to put it to bed, but hardly had she left the room when the old sexton made his appearance with a letter for the curate, which the post-boy had just brought.

This remark naturally excitin wish for further information letter over to his brother cleraloud.

It certainly was not a concould have been received without one possessed of common feeling some gentleman in Dublin, who "Charles." It was not address personally, but simply to the man of the parish, whose assist a case of the most touching dome under his notice.

"I do not make any demands proceeded the writer, "I am b how numerous are the claims are the claims."

invariably be soothed or amended by feeling there are yet those who will care for them.

- "Sympathy by exciting the miserable to strive for themselves, often effects more real good, than that substantial assistance which renders self aid unneeded—While virtue has no voice so powerful or so sweet, to call a wanderer back, as that of pity from one who has never strayed.
- "Under these circumstances, can I believe it possible that I shall appeal to you, Sir, in vain?"
- "Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Plaine in a low voice, turning away his face toward the fire.

The clergyman held up the letter which he had laid upon his knee for a moment, and proceeded. "The case in which I would interest you is that of Charlotte Robins—"

- "Charlotte Robins!" exclaimed two or three voices in accents of pity and surprise. "Charlotte Robins," resumed the clergyman, proceeding once more with the letter, "who I am informed is the daughter of a respectable farmer in your parish.
- "I am aware that her case is but that of hundreds who daily perish the early and unpitied victims of crime, in which their share is too often less

... reast, or such numerous suf girl has told her tale correct which you must be in some d should you not at first recogniz on enquiry, that a regiment hav in your neighbourhood, the su was induced by one of its off home, and accompany him to town, in a few months, he we West Indies, to which distant suddenly, and left her behind fortune, blasted in character, an spirits; leaving her just so much make her incessantly miserable prived of that portion which necessary to her existence. In tress, she now wrote three succes parents, but these having never be advise her, without a resource on which to fall back, and only the lowest degradation and infamy on which to advance—fancy this poor creature's agony!

"An unversed rustic, and in the midst of a large metropolis—a cold and unpitying world without, with unceasing torment and reproach within; distress and want for the present, joy and comfort forfeited for the past, ruin and destruction for the future.

"Heaven! did it need that to all these pangs, should be added the poignancy of an unhappy affection, not yet subdued, even by desertion—the fears of a mother for an offspring still unborn, with all the bitterness of a child spurned from the bosom that once gave it milk?

"Such, Sir, was the state of misery in which accident discovered to me the subject of my present application.

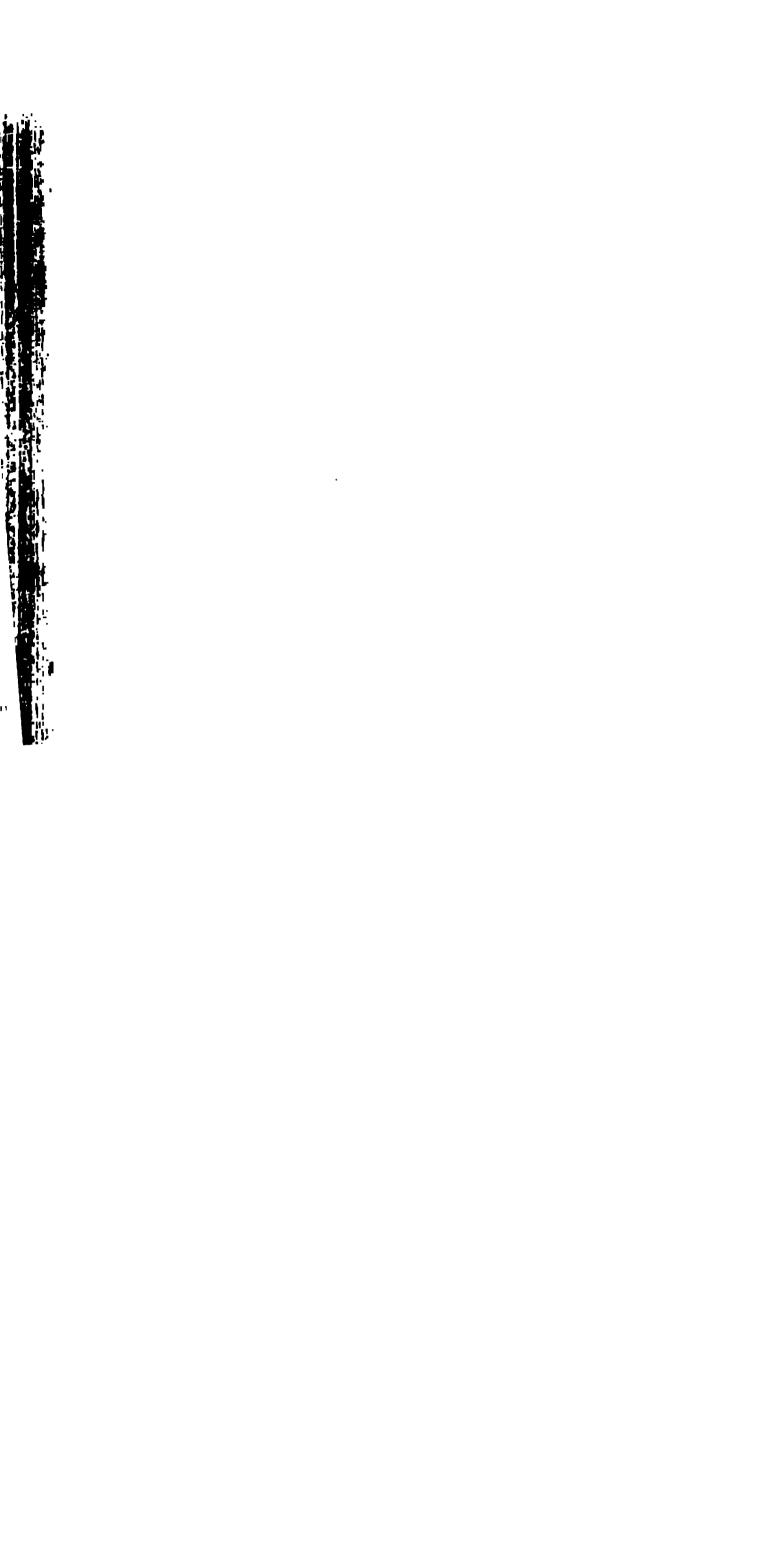
"Did I not draw the sad portrait from Nature I could not fancy such an accumulation of ills could wait on one poor being. The child has since died of want! and had not timely assistance found her, the mother must have followed.

"Her anguish of mind I cannot describe; but if you have a heart, it is not difficult to be imagined, and I think it will not need my request to induce you to wait upon the father of this unbappy girl, and lay before him the iniquity of refusing to receive one, whose greatest anxiety on earth is at once to return to that path of life which she now perceives the utter madness of ever having been tempted to leave.

"The arguments, which, speaking in a moral point of view, bind him to this line of conduct, I need not point out to you—but paint to him a peor creature in the position I have related—tell him to fancy her in a low, dark room, in a crowded city, in an abode where every association is horrible, preyed upon by the exorbitant demands of a harpy, long lost to every human feeling, racked by a thousand apprehensions as to how those claims are to be satisfied, and possessed of no means but those which lead to the very last debasement. Tell him to view her pale and haggard, her form wasted, and her beauty dimmed, tossing upon a restless couch throughout the night, and only crying berself into an uneasy slumber, from which morning awakes her with a thousand fears. Tell him that poor creature is his daughter, repentant to sair, and only desirous of flinging herself upon posom. If after this he should refuse—but I not anticipate that this can be possible, and ing of you to lose no time in your application, nonly most sincerely wish you all the success t deserves."

END OF VOL. I.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, Loudon.



THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

VOL. II.

G. WOODFALL, AMERI COURT, SE

HE PRIORS OF PRAGUE:

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES' SQUARE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

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BOOK THE FIRST

OF

VOLUME II.

WHICH CONTAINS THE HISTORY OF MY FIRST LOVE.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Which you will find a very short chapter.

PAUSE of a few minutes succeeded the perusal of the foregoing letter, and then, as if but one mind animated all who had heard it, spontaneous offers were made of assistance of every description.

Several proffered a home for the protection of the poor wanderer, should her father refuse to receive her back; while others expressed themselves ready to procure clothes for her, and some to provide money to meet the expenses of her journey.

The good curate could not altogether suppress tears of joy at this practical evidence of the benefit of his doctrines, and still more, of his good example.

Extending his hands towards them, while his

voice betrayed the depth of his emotion, he exclaimed, "My dear friends, you make me feel that I have not lived amongst you altogether in vair." Arrangements were quickly made as to the steps to be pursued, when the curate's daughter returning to our circle, other topics gradually stoke upon us.

As the evening wore on, the worthy host presed his guests to a homely supper, and making them join in a cup of hot spiced elderberry wine, we arose in a body and set out towards our different homes.

As Jeremy and myself now trudged along, we naturally fell into a discussion on the character of Mr. Plaine, which, though he confessed himself to be on some matters of a different mode of thinking, was he said very much to his liking.— In corroboration of this opinion he narrated one or two anecdotes, which he had heard that evening of the curate, and which entirely confirmed my prepossession in his favour.

"For," said he with his usual shrewdness, "'tis from a man's household, your worship, that his true character is generally to be learned—matters secret to the world are open to them.—Masks

carefully worn in society are thrown aside in the closet; while entertaining towards their domestics, emotions of neither hope nor fear, there exists no cause sufficiently strong to make hypocrisy conquer nature. In short, Sir, in my time I've often had occasion to remark, that the city or society does not exist on earth which servants could not set in flames of discord from one end to the other, and simply by giving loose to their tongues.

"On the other hand, there are few of the great or eminent who, if they could listen calmly for an hour to the strictures of their own menials, would not be better and wiser for their lives to come.

"To a philosophic mind, your worship, 'tis an odd thing is 'good society!'"

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CHAPTER II.

Treats of the origin—the end—the charm—the base of mail existence—Lave!

WITH many a bitter sigh, and no feigned heartache, I sit down to record this chapter. Alas! who has not some tender spot within his heart which even to approach is painful, and to touch is agony? Where is that strange being, whose youth has passed away without leaving some passages, the memory of which have become for ever consecrated—for ever dear.

It is with a trembling hand that I prepare to unveil the images so long embalmed by time, and to touch on that which was to me the dearest, the purest, the most momentous era of my life.

Again and again I look at these words, and with the consciousness of their truth, comes over me a strange emotion. I cannot yet controul that mysterious feeling that bids us keep sacred to our own bosoms, those deep yet holy sorrows that have an untainted object for their source. Still I have arrived at that event which had a ruling influence over my whole destiny, and I will not suppress it. In disclosing my own sufferings, I seek not an excuse for the many follies of which I am conscious. I have a pride beyond the reach of compassion.

The agony of my own lot I will bear as I best may. To some brother child of error extend the consideration I reject, and while you blame the errors of the head, make some allowance for what may have been the sorrows of the heart.

Few are said to have transgressed the common rules and observances of society more than myself. Yet Heaven knows mine was no vicious heart, but trial unproportioned to the age which had to bear it, rendered desperate and reckless, a mind that was never perhaps too happily formed, to tread the path of every day existence.

Led to assume a levity unnatural to myself,



routine of my usual duties was over, I set forward to pay another visit to Fairyvale. Some irresistible impulse semed to draw me forward, but I knew not what; and a vague feeling within, forbade me too narrowly to enquire.

The curate was from home. Availing himself of the beauty of the morning, he had set out in cheerful gratitude, to pay a few visits among his flock, for the first time since his illness.

It was of course to him that my visit was nominally made; but when I found Mary alone in the humble parlour, still confined by that cold which she described of so little import, I thought no more of the father, till he returned home, and symptoms of dinner appearing, I refused his warm invitation to partake of it,—and took my leave.

Another, another, and another day, found me still a visitor at this hospitable house; the indisposition of the curate's daughter still appearing to me to be the reason of my attention.

Day after day, and at length week after week, this continued; but still the health of the dear invalid did not gain ground. In the mean time, my visits became so much a part of habit, or, as I thought, so much a part of duty, that so far from

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VOL. II. B

and despair. Surely, if ever a dream of heaven visited this sad earth—mine was one!

A life of virtue and of happiness seemed stretched before me, the follies of the past I had rowed for ever to abandon, each trace of a predilection for their repetition I had torn away from my bosom—but my story will disclose all!

One morning, towards the close of the summer, the wind set in from the north east, and though fearing that we should not be able to take our usual amusement abroad, I thought that Mary and myself might still enjoy ourselves with our books or drawings, as we had often done before. My anticipated pleasure was, however, considerably damped, on finding her laid up, with what the surgeon of the neighbouring village pronounced an attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Having been bled on the preceding evening, and being now confined to her chamber, this was the first day for the last two months that I was unable to see her.

A long epoch of many years has passed since that unhappy morning, but my motions on hearing this intelligence, and the agony with which I sent to my recollection.—Her gloves and handkerchief were lying on her work-table, together with the withered leaves of a rose she had gathered on the day before.—Once more I almost fancy I place these insensible yet beloved relics in my bosom; often in after years to bedew them with the tears of an unceasing and ineffectual grief!

For three days the attack of inflammation continued, during the greater part of which time she was considered in immediate danger, and what would I not have given to possess the skill to relieve her? With what true joy did I employ Jeremy to send anonymously for her use every possible luxury in the way of wine and the delicacies of the season.

Night after night my station was with her father at the foot of her couch; listening to the hurried breathing of the beloved patient—anxious to supply her slightest want—and praying but for the prolongation of a life with which I too well knew that every hope of my own happiness was irretrievably intertwined.

Heaven for a while seemed to listen to our entreaties; and the first cause of our alarm being pronounced nearly at an end, I was again permitted to behold the invalid. Brief as had been the period of her illness, how sad was the change that it had wrought—the bloom and sprightliness of health had vanished, and the languor of pain and extreme weakness had usurped their place.

But it is not to exterior appearance that the heart clings with such an entire devotion. Beauty may be, and undoubtedly is, the means of first attracting our attention; but that total absorption of man's best and most intense feelings, which can alone be called true love—this is only to be won by that which passeth show,—truth and tenderness of soul, of which the fairest features can but be the outward type. As I looked at Mary on this momentary renewal of our past pleasure, a perfect conviction of this fact came over me, and though I felt that sickness had dimmed her loveliness, I also felt that it rendered her dearer than ever.

The perfect affection which filled my heart nearly to breaking, was then also, for the first time in her presence, mingled with fear—a vague but dread anticipation of the wretchedness and misery that were so soon to be mine.

Merciful Father! numberless as are the crimes of thy erring children, surely, some, and no slight portion of their offences is expiated by that self-inflicted penance—love! for, full indeed of meaning, was the prophecy of those lips which proclaimed, that much was forgiven to her who had loved much.

CHAPTER III.

Which shows the benefit of good example in a parish priest, and the love with which it is rewarded.

BRIEF as bright were the hopes thus excited in the breast of her father and her lover, by the temporary recovery of Mary.

For a few days she seemed to revive, and then came upon us the sad blow, which dispersed at once and for ever, the found anticipation of long years of future happiness. On the fourth day of Mary's treacherous convalescence, symptoms disclosed themselves in her disease, which led the surgeon to pronounce her already far advanced in a decline!

But affection is slow to credit the destruction

of its dearest wishes. The awful suddenness of this blow was beyond description!—we could not—we would not believe it was to fall.

Could nothing be done?—nothing to avert the threatened bereavement? Had science, with her boasted power, no means of warding off from two idolizing hearts this terrible calamity? The surgeon's looks alone answered us in the negative.

He was a young man who seemed to have studied his profession with more than ordinary attention, and, after a pause of deliberation, expressed great doubt whether any steps could spare us the loss we were so shortly to sustain; adding, that our only hopes must rest on a voyage to the Madeira Islands, or to Italy.

At this sad news the worthy curate covered his face with his hands, and sobbed in irrepressible anguish, as he leant upon a table near to which he was sitting.

"I never truly felt the sting of poverty till now!" said he; "And must my child then so soon perish?—but God's will be done!—her father's head will soon be laid beside her!"

"Have patience, Sir, have patience, beloved Sir," said I, as well as I was able, "my more

than father!" but unable to finish the sentence I had begun, I rushed into his arms with all the madness of despair.

"Sir," said the surgeon, much moved, "in a parish where every one loves you as a parent, poverty will never be allowed to remain an obstacle to any wishes you may form. The little money I have been able to save is but a trifle, I fear, but to the last mite, Sir, it is yours. I am only too thankful to be enabled to lend it for so good a purpose."

The father said not a word, but with a mournful shake of the head, held out his hand, and grasped, in all the warmth of gratitude, that of his friend.

"I have but done my duty," continued the latter, turning away, "and your parishioners will do theirs."

"Heaven is merciful," ejaculated the curate, as the surgeon hurriedly left the room, "and amidst all our afflictions there may yet be hope."

"There may, indeed, Sir," replied I—though I felt not the consolation I attempted to convey.

"There seems to have been raised up for us at least one friend, equally able and willing to assist

our misfortunes,—and the same unknown hand that has sent for Mary's use those little luxuries her state requires, may be again forthcoming with the means of giving her the benefit of a more genial climate.

"I was most ungrateful to forget it!" and the poor curate suddenly paused in the distracted pace with which he walked to and fro the deserted parlour. "Oh, most ungrateful, even for a moment to forget it! Truly, indeed, has it been said, what is man, that heaven should be mindful of him?—when even its greatest blessings are scarcely received before they are forgotten."

For my own part, the feelings of grief and despair, which reigned in my own bosom, amounted almost to madness, and retiring from the presence of the unhappy parent, I sought out a lonely walk in the neighbourhood of the vicarage.

Here many and many a happy hour had I passed with Mary, and here I now gave way, unconstrained, to the anguish of that fatal day.

After having wandered longer than I had first intended, I turned back towards that house which

was indeed so suddenly become the house of mourning. In a few minutes I heard some one riding after me, and calling out my name. Turning round, I beheld the surgeon.

"Do you know what has happened since I saw you?" demanded he, out of breath, and looking somewhat agitated.

"What!" said I, tremblingly alive to the slightest fear.

"Why, that I'm just returned from being called in to Parson Longtext. He would take a dangerous leap this morning when out hunting, was thrown from his horse, and died before they could bring him home, and without the utterance of a single word!"

I started back in horror and surprise; but, riding up close to me, he whispered, in a lower tone.—

"There is some good, however, in every evil, for the leading people of the two villages are going to be at my house this evening, to draw up and sign a petition to the patron of the living, to give it to poor Plaine."

"Heaven grant he may!" returned I.

"Why, so we hope, and as I've a long way to ride, perhaps I may see you there to-night? and so good-b'ye till then."

The noise of his horse's hoofs had died upon my ear some moments before I could recover from the astonishment into which this sudden news had thrown me.

The awful accident which had happened to poor Mr. Longtext, at once banished all recollection of his defects. I thought of him only as the man beneath whose roof I had passed some weeks, of what was very likely to prove the very happiest portion of my existence; as of one, the misfortune of whose end forbade me to think of him with censure, though it could never advance for him the slightest claim to praise. Such a death might well be considered dreadful for the best prepared.

A few steps further on, I met Jeremy. He had set out to convey to me this intelligence, and now gave me the particulars of his death, though in truth, these amounted to little more than what the surgeon had communicated.

Contrary to the advice of the squire, he had taken a short cut, in which he had to make a leap

across a stream, one bank was considerably higher than the other. His horse stumbled on the lower ground; his companions saw him thrown on his head, and when they came up, found him lying, partly in the water, and perfectly senseless, for he had dislocated his spine.

The confusion in the rectory may be imagined. Even the butler went the length—if honest Jeremy is to be believed—of drawing upon the resources of an onion, to aid those emotions of grief which nature did not seem very liberally to have implanted in his soul.

Punctual to the hour of meeting, I repaired to the house of the surgeon. The petition was immediately drawn up and signed, and contained a testimonial of the highest description in favour of the worthy curate. We now came to consider if there was any person of consequence in the neighbourhood into whose hands the petition could be entrusted to deliver it to the patron, and thereby give to it greater weight.

Some gentleman present suggested the bishop of the diocese, as a man whose works and writings advocated the most bland philanthropy, and whose speeches ever seemed to mark him out as a man specially destined to assist the helpless, the suffering, and the poor.

His lordship was at present residing in his palace in the city of * * *, only a few miles distant, having come down to assist at some religious ceremonial about to be celebrated. All seemed to agree that no person could more ably assist such an application to a lay patron than a bishop.

It was finally determined, therefore, to apply to him; and an early hour on the ensuing morning was named for the departure of four of our party, who were to act as deputies for the rest, and present his lordship with the petition. Having expressed a wish to be of the party, I was kindly invited to accompany them in capacity of secretary, and at five the next morning we set out for the episcopal city of • • •.

CHAPTER IV.

Which shows how far men are to be estimated from their writings, and how far we are warranted in judging of a private individual from a public character.

It was nearly noon by the time that we alighted at the humble inn recommended by one of our party, and proceeding to get our dinner with all due expedition, we arranged our dresses after our journey, and, stout of heart, set off to wait upon the bishop.

Having been fortunate enough to gain the inside of the palace, we were told that his lordship was terribly busy, and the moment quite uncertain at which we could be admitted to his presence—we might not be able to see him at all. "But," said the gentleman who had been deputed to act as spokesman, "will you be kind enough to inform his lordship that we form a deputation from the parishes of * * * and Fairyvale, come to wait upon him on a matter of some moment—indeed, I may almost say of life and death."

The lacquey—one of a number of menials decked out in "purple and fine linen"—stared at the speaker in reply, and muttering with measured tones that he would deliver the message to his master, motioned for us to take seats. This we did on a bench, which ran round the sides of the waiting hall in which we were assembled.—Mechanically obeying this tacit order, I sat down also, for my mind was far too deeply oppressed with grief to interfere in trifles, or take much notice of aught that did not materially advance the object next my heart.

Immersed in my own sad reflections, half an hour stole away—another succeeded it—yet there we waited. My companions in the meantime, filled with wonder and admiration at all they saw, did not seem to feel the delay with nearly such acute sensations as myself.

In low whispers they conversed with one another respecting the number of people in a situation

similar to our own, who, arriving and departing in a continued stream, never seemed to permit the waiting crowd either greatly to swell or to diminish.

In the meantime, fully impressed as we were with the excellent character of the bishop's books—of the bishop's speeches—and the energy with which in each department he insisted on the good of the people, and especially on the morality of their lives, and the saving of their souls,—everything that my friends beheld, only contributed to raise him the more.

With the deep respect of honest hearts, my companions beheld but his unbounded kindness in the number of people whom he drew about him to receive his favour. The splendour and state around were plain evidences of his hospitality, and even the number of his servants, and their purple liveries, were seen at once as undeniable evidences of his charity.

"Doubtless," said they, "these are poor, deserving creatures, for whom he has been unable to provide in any other way, and has therefore taken them even into his household, although plain to every one, that he can never need the services of one half their number."

- "Excellent prelate," exclaimed another, equally convinced.
- "I wish that so much worth would indulge us with a sight of it," whispered Jeremy, who came with me as a matter of course.

While my friends were thus indulging in these episcopal eulogies, I began to grow uneasy at our reception, and the continued influx of visitors, all of whom seemed likely to be admitted before ourselves. At this moment the entrance doors of the hall in which we sat were thrown wide open, as if to admit some person of consequence, while the eyes of the servants instinctively turned towards the figure of the new comer, who was not yet visible to ourselves.

As they did so, the idle joke died away upon their lips; they hastily drew up on either side in an attitude of deep respect, and the hum that had before pervaded the hall, at once sank into deep silence.

A light footstep was heard advancing, and a small figure in the well known dress of a prelate, and well advanced in years, presented itself. The bishop's usher accompanied the stranger as he walked towards a private door that admitted him to the presence of his brother on the bench.—All eyes were strained forward to catch a sight, when I heard him say, "Is he here?"—of what preceded or followed this question I knew nothing; but the calm deep tone of the visitor's voice struck upon my ear with a most singular effect.

His lordship moved towards us as he spoke these words, and I was just enabled to catch a glance of a dark care-worn countenance and searching eye, which seemed in their character to accord well with the voice I had heard. In another instant, the door closing upon his form, had hid him from our sight.

"What bishop is that?"—was the question buzzed around.

"The bishop of ••," was the reply from a servant, in a tone of voice that at once conveyed dread and respect.

"The bishop of * * *!" repeated my companions, "ah! that's the violent fellow, that's so unpopular!—Plague take the fellow, Sir! if I don't hate him—I absolutely hate that man, if it's only from his writings—disagreeable rogue, sarcastic fellow, they're full of sarcasm and every thing that's ill natured—a bad hearted priest, Sir, he must be."

As these remarks were bandying about, so much in common with the general report on this bishop's character, I observed one of the servants come from the door of private audience, and desire another to give the necessary orders for having his master's carriage brought to the door within three quarters of an hour.

This roused me from my reverie.—If we wish to see the bishop to-day we must be active, thought I, and going up to the footman to whom we had first addressed ourselves, I slipt a guinea into his hand, promising him as much more on the termination of our interview with his master, if he would procure it for us immediately.

The fellow looked down at the gold, with a grin of secret satisfaction, and promising his best efforts, with a most obsequious bow hurried away.

"Oh, yes! doubtless you're a 'poor deserving creature," muttered Jeremy, who unseen had followed at my elbow.

"Deserving or not," returned I, "it's money

well laid out; for, if I mistake not, here he comes to usher us to the presence. If so, Jeremy, do you await our return here."

"His lordship can see your party now, Sir," said the servant with a low salaam, and in three minutes we were in what, I suppose, was the receiving room of the bishop.

Our first impulse was naturally to look round for the mild venerable countenance which the professions of this prelate naturally prepared us to meet.

I know not whether my companions were able to behold what they expected or not; but the first individual on whom my eye fell, was a man of the middle stature, dressed in a plain suit of black, and very little past the meridian of life. His countenance was severe and forbidding, his manner repulsive, and his attitude and language those of coarsely expressed pride.

Before him stood an individual evidently many years his senior, by the thin and silver locks that served to adorn, without concealing, a bald head. His dress was splashed and soiled, as if with hard riding, and he wore a pair of yellow tan gloves.

Something unpleasant had evidently passed be-

tween these two, and when we entered, the former, pointing to the latter, said, "Moreover, Sir, I am any thing but pleased at your appearance here—these gloves, Sir—this dirty dress, Sir, are scarcely becoming on a visit to your diocesan."

"I humbly beg your lordship's pardon," replied the culprit, in a trembling voice, which I instantly recognised to be that of poor Temple; "but I have ridden upwards of twenty miles today, and, fearful of being late, stopped to take neither rest nor refreshment."

"Let it not occur again, Sir," replied he who evidently was the bishop, and with a haughty wave of his hand, "my good old friend was dismissed."

His lordship now turned his eyes upon us, as much as to say, what do you here? But after the late exhibition our worthy friend the spokesman rather looked his office than proclaimed it. The servant, who had still waited beside us, here hastily advancing, and bending with reverence, announced in almost a whisper, "The deputation, your lordship," and instantly retired.

Now then was the time for our friend to advance; he did so; but his lordship, without appearing to behold any one of us, turned upon his heel,

and marching up to what appeared to be a sort of writing cabinet, he lifted the lid, and displayed a set of ewers for the toilet.

The astonished spokesman looked on with a stare of perfect incredulity as he saw the right reverend bishop pour out some water into a basin evidently for the purpose of ablution. The late lecture on appearance getting unaccountably uppermost in our friend's mind, he turned to me, who stood next, and whispered with much perturbation, "I hope my face is not looking dusty?"

Despite of all the sorrow labouring at my heart, it required the greatest command of muscle not to give way to the titter that shook within me. Assuring our worthy leader that he had nothing to fear in this particular, I waited in wonder to see the result of this extraordinary scene.

In the meanwhile the water which had caused so much alarm to the deputy, seemed to yield great satisfaction to the bishop, who went on washing, first his mouth, and then his hands, with no more attention to us than if our bones had been reposing with Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea.

In the meantime a most distressing silence pervaded our party, who all stood looking at each other; one twitching the coat-tails of a brother in distress to draw his attention, and another whispering some hint or advice.

This pause was, however, suddenly and effectually broken by the bishop himself, who without interrupting his amusement or even turning round, demanded, in an abrupt voice—"Well, what do you want?"

"This surly and ill-mannered question seemed only to increase the nervous feelings of our spokesman, and having got as far in reply as 'We want, your lordship,—' there he halted."

"Want my lordship!" quickly and angrily repeated the bishop, seizing a towel to wipe his hands, at the same time turning round evidently in no good humour, and using my friend's words with a totally different accentuation.

"What may you want with me, Sir?"

The spokesman more and more confused looked round to me, as I stood at his elbow; and thinking to bring him to his senses, I whispered from behind, "Recover yourself."

Fancy my confusion when turning to the haughty dignitary, he replied, "To recover yourself."

"You blockhead! what think you then is the matter with me?" demanded his lordship with the look of a tiger.

"Alas!" muttered I, "was ever man in such a most distressing disorder."

"A-a-a most distressing disorder," replied the spokesman, catching at the last words, and by this answer bringing the matter to a climax.

I was ready to sink into the earth! Under any other circumstances I should have laughed to excess. Now the stake for which we were to have pleaded, and which by the weakness of our friend seemed irretrievably lost, came over me with an anguish that was paralyzing.

In this dilemma, nothing but the reply of the bishop saved us; for after glaring at his petitioner for an instant, he turned to the rest of the deputation with affected coolness,

"Is this man mad?" I attempted to mutter something, but the words died away upon my tongue, when to my astonishment forth stepped Jeremy, who it seems had luckily presumed to disobey my orders, and follow us into the room of audience.

Taking up our cause at its apparently hopeless point, with a readiness which no one but himself could have supplied, he made a most profound bow to the bishop and replied,

"If he be mad, as your lordship seems but too justly to apprehend, it is a madness brought upon him, by anxiety for the sad cause which he has undertaken to plead before one of your lordship's exalted station. The business on which this gentleman was deputed to address your lordship," turning coolly round and drawing from our leader's hand, the petition with which he had been intrusted, "was very humbly to beg, that your lordship would be so good as to place into the hands of the patron of * * and Fairyvale this petition, and second with your powerful interest the prayer which it contains."

Here Jeremy bent forward with an air of considerable grace to place in the bishop's hands the small roll of parchment on which were the signatures.

Before however he could accomplish his purpose, his lordship had snatched it away, and rapidly running over its contents aloud, exclaimed as he went on "No!—no—no. Interfere in such

a matter, as this? decidedly not! Interfere with the patronage of another? Assuredly not! I wonder how you could have the assurance to prefer such a request! At the same time flinging the petition back to Jeremy.

"My lord," said I, advancing a step, and speaking in a tone of voice that not a little startled
him, to whom it was addressed. "Your lordship little knows the distress—the agony—which a
word from you—or little more—might alleviate
if not remove."

He waved his hand as if to silence me, but all my natural boldness seemed to return at what I thought such unfeeling conduct. "That petition my Lord, may have described the general suffering and immediate wants of him for whom we supplicate; but if your lordship knew the man; if opportunity had made you acquainted with his worth—if you could see the anxious little crowd of his parishioners hourly besieging the humble cottage of their more than father; could it only be granted to you to hear their most solicitous enquirers, for the health of his daughter—if, more than all, your lordship could but behold that daughter, and her broken-hearted parent, who,

without the worldly means to save, possesses only the affection to watch over her death-bed—my Lord, you would not—nay, you could not—lodged in a palace—and lapped in luxury—refuse, for mere form of courtesy, that aid which is more precious than even life itself!"

The bishop eyed me for an instant in silence, and then with another wave of his hand, he turned on his heel, and disappearing through a door behind him, we were left alone.

I could not at first believe that such was to be his only answer; but having waited twenty minutes, the noise of a coach drawing up in the court-yard, attracted our attention. I looked from the window, but it was only to behold the prelate step into his carriage, and with his three servants drive away.

It was now four o'clock, and nothing remained for us but to depart. Little as the knave deserved it, I gave to the fellow who admitted us, the other fee which I had promised him; and with something very like a malediction, recrossed the threshold of the palace.

CHAPTER V.

Which has much the tame scope and tendency as the one preceding it.

On arriving at the inn, some of our party began to upbraid the bewildered spokesman—laying all the blame of what had happened upon him.

But this I contended was most unjust, for I plainly perceived that the refusal came from the nature of the bishop, and not from any circumstances which had attended our introduction. We next debated as to what was to be done. Was there any other person of consequence to whom we could apply? We knew of none, unless it was the bishop of * * *; but he was supposed to be so excessively ill-natured and severe, that we de-

termined to spare ourselves the trouble of an application; for if such had been the reception afforded us by the popular bishop,—what should we meet from the other?

Nothing, therefore, now remained for us, but to take ourselves home; and proceeding thence to the residence of the lay patron, there, for obtaining our demand, trust solely to our own humble and unaided powers.

Humble enough! thought I, reflecting on the morning's scene; but hope had not yet entirely deserted my bosom, and it was with feverish anxiety that I agreed to delay our departure till next day; and taking an early supper, get forthwith to rest, and arise with the sun.

But it is not by the unhappy that repose, is always to be obtained on mere desire. Supper being finished, I found it was impossible for me to sleep for at least some hours; so putting on my hat, I stepped into the streets, in utter scorn of a heavy rain, which for the last two hours had been falling.

I had not proceeded far before I became convinced that I must either take shelter or be wet through. "It is as well for the miserable to con-

template their distresses standing as walking," said I, and getting under an archway, I remained, watching the passers-by, and the different moods in which they seemed to take a ducking.

Among many others, I observed an elderly gentleman advancing on my side of the street, wrapped in a cloak, and followed by a servant. He took his walk at a leisurely pace, which seemed either to despise the rain, or view it sent from Heaven with other blessings, and therefore to be received with cheerfulness.

At the moment in which be approached, a poor woman, sadly in tatters, put herself in his path, and asked for charity. Bread was, I think, the article for which she prayed, and the word was repeated by the gentleman from whom she begged it.

Turning to his servant, he desired him to walk on, then beckening his petitioner to come under the archway, which he did not perceive to contain a third party, he desired to hear her story. It consisted in her having a child ill at home,—a son, to whom she had neither medicines nor food to give.

"And yourself," said the stranger; "how do

you exist?—have you food, if your son has none?"

"I mind not for myself," said the mother, "if I had only a little barley meal for him!"

The gentleman said nothing, but with a mute motion of the hand he turned and left the archway. The woman followed him; and I took the liberty of adding myself to their number, at a longer distance.

The shops were not yet shut, and I soon saw the stranger enter that of a baker; the woman went in after him; and on coming up I looked through the window; not so much to see what he gave to his petitioner, as to look at his face; for it cheers one's melancholy journey in this world, to know that there are still some good Samaritans who are travellers on the same path, and sharers of our pilgrimage.

In the object which I sought to gain, I was, however, disappointed. The hat was drawn so deeply over the face, and the cloak so well wrapped round it, that nothing beside was to be seen. Having given his poor supplicant everything for which she chose to ask, and double in quan-

tity to her demands; they then returned to the open street.

Pretending still to be looking into the shop, I was not witnessed; but as they paused behind me, I heard the stranger say, "I can get you no medicines for your son until I have been to see him, which I will do with you presently. In the meantime is there no immediate want of your own which requires to be supplied? for the shops are rapidly shutting up."

The poor woman hesitated—begged a thousand pardons for mentioning such a thing to a gentle-man—and stopped short.

"Never mind, tell me your wants; it is your duty."

Thus pressed, she explained, "If his honour would be so very generous as to spare her a yard and a half of flannel, to make into a petticoat, it would be a great blessing to her, for she had long been without one."

"You shall have it," said the stranger." "Is there anything else?"

"Blessings, blessings on you!" said the poor creature, bursting into tears, "you'll think me very

bold, but for months and months I've never known what it is to have a change of linen; and a few yards of cotton—I know, Sir, I ought not to mention such things to a gentleman, but "——

"Say no more," interrupted he; and once more they proceeded, and once more I followed.

The shop to which they now bent their course was a clothier's; and as the boys were already putting up the shutters, I walked to the farther end, asked for some immaterial article, and took a seat.

Still, however, I failed in getting the slightest view of the stranger's face, and having witnessed his purchase of more than twice the required quantity of flannel and linen, together with thread, needles, &c., he gave them to the poor woman, and once more rose.

Determined not to be baffled after so much trouble, I paid for what I had bought, and quickening my step, still kept my friend in view. We now threaded several narrow lanes and alleys, in a low quarter of the town. Suddenly the two figures turned sharply to the left, and became lost to the eye.

Running up to the spot, I found an old arch-

way, similar to the one under which I had taken shelter, and while pausing in it, and wondering what had become of those of whom I was so anxious not to lose sight, I heard the voice of the female cautioning her benefactor, how he ascended some stairs, as they were in many places broken.

Listening for an instant to detect whereabouts they were, I found a wretched doorway, within which I could detect the ascending footsteps of those I sought.

After a moment's hesitation, I followed as softly as possible.

Nothing that I ever remember to have known, struck me as so horrible an abode.—Not the alightest glimmering of light pointed out the full betroes of the place, it is true; but the most dreadful effluvia poisoned the very air I breathed, and the ruinous condition of the stairs became perceptible at every step.

At length the poor woman entered a garret, and striking a light, I beheld through the open door, a wretched heap of rags and straw, in which was lying the sick child.

The gentleman gave a glance around the bare and desolate apartment, and seemed to express

what he felt by slightly lifting his hand. He then stooped down to feel the pulse of his little patient, whose complaint he pronounced inflammation of the lungs. For this he said he would buy her some leeches, to be applied over the chest; after which she must put her child into some hot water.

This brought her to the confession that she had used the last morsel of coal, to boil a little milk for the child's breakfast; she herself having tasted nothing since the day before. The benevolent stranger uttered a deep sigh, and telling her he sincerely hoped her sorrows were nearly at an end, he made a step towards the door; desiring her at the same time to accompany him, but paused to instruct her more particularly as to the hot bath for her boy.

Seeing no time was to be lost, I slipped down as noiselessly as was practicable, and without detection, in a house where every floor had its separate tenants.

Waiting beneath the archway till I beheld my friends issue forth, I once more formed an uninvited party in their train. I now watched them into several shops, one after another. The first was

that of a druggist, where seeing the stranger write a prescription, and pay for that, and the leeches; I of course concluded that he was some kind-hearted physician.

After this, I beheld him provide the mother with coals, potatoes, bacon, and some blankets. He then dismissed her to her home, pouring out upon him, as he turned away, the incoherent blessings of one who was "ready to perish."

He had not proceeded many steps, when he faced about to look after her, exclaiming "Unigrateful beings that we are! What are my sortions when compared to hers?"

Alas!" thought I, "that such a heart should ever know what sorrow is." It was a natural exchanation, but one most idle. Could any man! Could any human being, ignorant of sorrow's withering power, have felt and acted thus? O!

While the stranger gave utterance to the words I mention, the cloak was allowed to fall from around his face, as if with the departure of the poor woman, her benefactor's motive for concealment was at an end.

He little knew how closely he had been which-

ed; and my surprise, my self-contempt may be imagined, when, in passing this humble ministrant to want, my eye at once detected and recognized the severe,—the sarcastic,—the ill-natured,—bad hearted Bishop of * * *.

Oh, how I then despised the abject weakness of giving such a ready credence to the multitude! of trying, without evidence, and condemning without proof! And such was the man then I had heard so slandered, and in the slander of whom I too had tacitly joined.

Resolving to take a lesson for life, from what I had this night witnessed, I was about to return to my inn, when suddenly the idea occurred to me, that one so ready to assist distress, undeterred by the possibility of its being the result of misconduct, would still more willingly stretch out an arm—in aid of one of his own sacred calling, whose virtuous life and sad afflictions, might form a passport to the kindness of all but the flinty-hearted.

My resolution was taken and executed almost before I had time to consider of its propriety.

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Tarning to the bishop, who followed close behind me, I said in an agitated voice,—

"My lord, I believe I have the honour to address the Bishop of " " and I now, for the first time, perceived the traces of tears upon his cheek.

He bowed, and without any further reply seemed to await my business with him. Rather confused at this questionable reception, I began one or two sentences, which I was unable to finish, and finally ended by saying that I had been the unseen witness of his late charitable conduct to a poor woman.

"It was not well, Sir," said he, suddenly interrupting me, "it was not well, Sir, to violate the sanctity of these sacred duties!"

Hastening to explain that accident alone had tempted me to be guilty of this intrusion, I begged his lordship to pardon what he might feel inclined to deem such an offence. I then proceeded to state, that I should not have addressed him, had it not been to bring under his notice a case of the most touching distress, which had brought me

that morning to the city in which we then were, and which I believed he could effectually relieve without any pecuniary encroachment upon the field of his other charities.

In conclusion, I expressed my belief that it would not have the less claim to his notice, from nearly affecting the life and happiness of one of his own sacred order.

The bishop heard me patiently to an end, and after a pause of some few moments, he said that his hotel was not far distant, and desired me to follow him to it, that he might make further inquiries.

With a heart wildly beating in my bosom, I complied with this request, and in the course of a few minutes, found myself alone with his lord-ship in one of his apartments. Having heard my story with the greatest attention, and cross-questioned me on it very closely, he said:—

"Go home, Sir,—I fear my influence is not so effective as you seem to imagine, but I will do what I can; and, in the meantime, tell Mr. Plaine by all means to prosecute the voyage recommended

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for his daughter's health, towards which Tobeg
you will request him to accept these finished game.

The bishop who, while we had been wilking,
had been busy writing, now extended to hearth
draft upon his bankers for a hundred potential.

"No, my lord," said I, declining the paper—
"there is a friend of Mr. Plaine, who throughout
this illness of his daughter has taken care anonymously to send her every little luxury that she
might be able to use; and he has communicated
to me his intention of taking upon himself the
sole expenses of this voyage. He possessed no
influence with the patron, or perhaps I might never
have had the pleasure—which I shall ever esteem
no slight one—of your lordship's acquaintance."

- " Are you sure of this source you mention?"
- " Certain, my lord."
- "Go home then—return to the rectory, and tomorrow you shall hear from me."

Bowing respectfully, I withdrew, and at the doorway met a servant carrying in fresh clothes to the bishop, who, as well as myself, was wet through. As the door closed I heard him order

his carriage to be at the door by five on the ensuing morning. I paused for an instant to implore a blessing on the head of one so unexpectedly our friend, and contrasting the conduct of the two bishops, at once departed to my inn.

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THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

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Which shows how quickly our hopes may be extinguished, even when they beam most brightly.

On reaching home I found that my companions had all retired to rest; I did not therefore awaken them, but following their example, reserved till the next morning as much of my story as I intended for the present to communicate.

This consisted simply of the assertion that accident had procured me a powerful friend, who by that time had set off to advocate our cause with the patron, and that now our only plan was to return to the village.

When we had proceeded some way upon the road, I communicated to them the remainder of

my tale, at which they were no less surprised than delighted, more especially when two miles from our village we found ourselves overtaken by a courier, who proved to be the servant of the bishop, and who was now the bearer of a letter from his lordship to the deputation.

With trembling hands we broke the seal, and found inclosed a letter from the patron to Mr. Plaine, together with the following lines to ourselves:

"The bishop of *** has great pleasure in informing Mr. Wortley and his brother members of the deputation, that his application to the patron of *** and Fairyvale has been successful. The bishop will feel much obliged by the speedy delivery of the enclosed letter."

Our joy could now scarcely be contained within limits, and some of our friends seemed greatly inclined to indulge with a loving embrace the servant who brought the letter, while others were content with only insisting that he should come home and be made tipsy. Strange to say he declined both these demonstrations of esteem, upon the plea of haste, and having received our as-

commands, he set off on his return at a hard gallop.

Turning our horses towards what we thought we would soon make the happy village of Fairy-vale, we did the same.

Alas! how little can we insure to ourselves of the future! With overjoyous hearts we rode briskly through the long street of the peaceful little hamlet, and sought out the curate's house, that stood apart upon the green.

Here, to our surprise, we found many of the poor villagers grouped together in little knots of from two to five, while the downcast melancholy of their looks, which scarce refrained from tears, at once struck to our hearts. On seeing us they instantly crowded round our reeking horses, and answered our alarmed inquiries with a mute motion of the head.

For myself I dared not trust my lips to ask a single question, but rushing into the house, and stealing quickly to the patient's chamber, I gently opened the door. In an instant I stood beside her to whom every thought—emotion—hope, and wish

of heart and soul were indissolubly bound. Too truly and too soon were the looks of her father's parishioners explained!

But why—why proceed? Scarcely was time afforded us to exchange looks once more—scarcely had I time to press the beloved sufferer to my heart—when she expired in my arms!

There are few in this world who have not suffered some deep and fatal bereavement, and to the experience of these, I leave it to pourtray the desolation thus brought upon her father and myself! Eternally severed as we were—at least in this life—from the most amiable and endearing being that ever compelled the human heart to love!

The power and the fulness of language itself must prove far too weak to paint feelings deep as these! Even were it not so, there is something in my bosom which forbids the profanity of the attempt.

To the illness which succeeded that sad scene,
I have ever attributed whatever of insanity has
since then been evident to myself—the gloom and
madness of my life were dated from that day.

Baraton ...

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""The strength of youth alone stood between me that the happy forgetfulness of that toinb to which, within six months, the sorrowing father was consigned.

Tearless I stood beside his grave, and envied him the resting-place he shared with her, for whose untimely fate I was through life to mourn.

The sad executor of his last bequests, I stayed but to perform the duty thus imposed upon me, and then for ever turned my back on Fairy-vale.

O calm and beauteous spot!—in the dark and lonely vigils of the night imagination once more leads me back to thy delightful glades. There, where I once too fondly hoped to draw the brightest prize in Fortune's lottery,—there where chance-directed I had wandered, only to yield a shelter in my bosom to the most poisoned arrow in misfortune's quiver!

For ever had the bright vista faded from before my eyes. Now through the clouded vale of life I was to take my way, unknowing what I sought—and indifferent of what betided me;—henceforth,

to add one to the number of those who, by an unhappy attachment, have been thrown reckless upon the world, there to experience that moral death, in which, alas! our being will not die!

most profound despoir, the death of poor Plaine and the consecutive and even in a carry incumbent to the arreast the event over more upon the amility is a -- in TIME enced, that the little be repaired 31 W. CHAPTER VII. A languageteb 116. due that are 🦟 J . . . than that is the ... Which contains some reflections on the Church, aregemi as seen at Fairyvale. ntervin .

Or whatever changes and inconsistencies man's conduct and designs may be found guilty, Nature still remains true to herself; he who has once observed her ways, may, therefore, prognosticate with safety, as to the course which she will generally take.

Thus in the world around, we witness in all things a constant contrast and reaction, and thus even in the human mind is every deep passion succeeded by a revulsion equally violent and opposed.

After a lapse of some months passed in the

most profound despair, the death of poor Plaine, and the consequent succession of a new incumbent to the rectory, forced me once more upon the world. I soon but too truly experienced, that the loss I had sustained was never to be repaired; but this very feeling, only the more determined me on making a strong effort to subdue that grief which could tend to no other end than that of rendering me miserable.

I knew I could not prevent the vulture from preying on my heart; but by once more mingling in the empty tumult of the crowd, I might for a few brief moments, cheat myself into the belief; that I was still in possession of that reckless, aimless freedom which the fools of life term happiness.

But, before this poor point was attained, here often did the soulless laughter die away upon my lips! How often did I pause in the wildest extravagance as some unexpected circumstance brought back to my remembrance the image of her with whom I had once hoped to pass life in a manner how widely different!

Thus much only shall I say in my own defence, that he who beholds the surface of the stream flow smoothly on, may yet know something of the rugged bed, over which its sullen waters glide. Alas! in the actual scenes of life, how little dowe know what breaking hearts surround us!

"And where will your honour go?" said Jeremy, as he saw to the packing of the last trunk of our post-chaise, and now stood waiting at the door to give the post-boy his orders.

"Go?—go to the devil!" said I, petulantly, for I was thinking of other matters.

"Go to the devil!" muttered Jeremy, in soliloquy, "that's a very well-known road, no doubt; but folks are not generally so anxious to say where they're driving.—Yes, yes, we'd better go by degrees.—People as often say, go to Bath, as the devil; so that's the first stage, I presume.

"Post-boy," bawled Jeremy to the whipper of horses, without changing a muscle, "first stage on the Bath road;" the post-boy touched his hat; in another instant Jeremy was seated by my side—the door shut, and off we went.

- "Jeremy, you impudent rascal!" said I, looking at him in a rage.
- "Sir!" replied the valet, with all the reverence in the world.
 - "I have a good mind, Sir," said I-
- "True, your worship," interrupted he, " or you would not have Jeremy for a servant; for he detests a weak one."

"Shall I quarrel with the fellow," thought I,
"no, I won't—'tis as well to go to Bath as elsewhere;" so falling back into a corner of the chaise,
with a smile at the varlet's assurance, I thought I
would say something kind to him, but as I could
not take the trouble, I fell fast asleep.

After travelling two stages and a half I awoke, and feeling very hungry—"Jeremy," said I, "at the next stage we'll dine."

- "I'm glad to hear it, Sir."
- "Very well; awake me when we stop."
- "I will, Sir; but, permit me to say, you are very foolish to go to sleep."
 - "How so?"
- "Because, may it please your worship, my conversation is infinitely to be preferred."

"Ay, truly?—why, you silly noodle, of what may you be thinking?"

"Of nothing less than the defects in the church as displayed to us in our late clerical residence. Had Longtext, Sir, performed his duty—had the whole system been only a little more conformable to reason, the better part of the misery we witnessed might never have occurred! Does not your opinion, Sir, coincide with mine?"

why, Jeremy, I must confess that, generally, you entertain pretty tolerable notions; and for a professed rogue with such eccentric ideas of honesty, have by far the best and most correct views of right and wrong of any man I know. In this case, however, many points are to be consisted.

"I saw that man's vices as plainly as yourself, well and the but I did not execuate so much as pity him. He is but one of innumerable victims to a bad system.

Reflection has convinced me that we ought to be very tender of those errors of the human heart which are less the results of innate turpitude, than external circumstances. Surrounded by alluring temptations from without, and tormented by se-

ducing inclinations from within, God knows it is by Nature sufficiently hard to act rightly without having the difficulty increased by the numerous evils of an artificial society.

"That such a person was never intended for a sacred office—indeed for nothing less, I grant you. He never would have made an amiable man, for he wanted the milk of human kindness; but placed in any other station of life, his foibles would never have approached so nearly to crime, or so completely disgraced the order to which he belonged.

"This shows an error somewhere. It proves, in short, that worldly interest is the worst and most ruinous guide to the assumption of sacerdotal functions. Men are generally expert in clothing doubtful actions in deceptive phrases, but how would the stern and naked truth be borne by a clergyman who had taken orders, solely with a view to a family living?

"How could such a one bear to be told, that he had sought the altar of his God, for the mammon of the devil?—that he had only attained the induction of the priest by the prostitution of the

man, and that the assumptions of godliness with him are the abnegation of virtue.

"Yet, such is the fact, in the majority of cases. Under these circumstances does, the church wonder that it wants our reverence? To me it is clear—and some future day will hear the opinion unanimous—family livings, rich and unequal preferments, only tend to render the establishment infamous, and the people indifferent. Such a declaration at present would be heard with scorn, or received with menace; but when you and I are cold in our graves, advancing intelligence will force the consideration of this topic on those most unwilling to entertain it.

"They will then have to consider, what is the true end of human legislature. Is it, or is it not, to promote the happiness of a nation by the paths of virtue? Is the last to be a sound or a reality? If the former—say so—indulge us with neither cant nor hypocrisy, and we understand each other.

"If expedience is still to be the worshipped goddess, and all the struggle is, whether this party shall submit, or that shall triumph;—whether this interest shall predominate, or that prevail;—the inference is plain—any one is to be the gainer but the public.

"On the other hand, if we have not been deluding ourselves with empty language, and mean to be ruled in integrity and honour, the path is equally clear. If abuses have crept in by tacit consent, and custom the common law of the country has rendered them to a degree sacred, they cannot in common fairness be swept away at the expense of one, but all—for all have equally connived.

"Let the nation then act the liberal part that becomes it. The reform which is not worth our sacrifice, is not worth our possession, for we do not deserve the commendation of virtue, who are too mean to pay for the practice of it. Resume every family living in the kingdom, let them be bought at a fair price, and their distribution placed in proper hands—no longer court, within your sacred pale, the sordid and unprincipled.

"The possession of wealth and the profession of sanctity, are incompatible. Remove at once all fears of indigence or hopes of gain—let a sufficiency be proportioned for the comforts of the

clergy, but no more—for why fling a stumbling block in the path of a good man, or turn his thoughts into an improper channel?"

- "Again, strengthen the hands of the bishopa"
- "True," your worship, "but don't forget to weaken their potations, if you please."
- "Why, ay, Jeremy, we'll look to that, since it will give pleasure to an honest man like you.—But when they have, which they do not now possess, the power to restrain and punish evil, it will be infinitely better for all. Again, I see not why a clergyman's widow should be left more unprovided than an admiral's, or why a benefice should not be rich enough to be charged with a widow's pension. But I see this is a short stage, and we approach the end of it—and interesting as church reform may be, it will bear postponing till after dinner."

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214 Miller Company

CHAPTER VIII.

Which shews, in more ways than one, that a poker is a disngerous weapon.

On arriving at the village, and alighting at the only inn, I ordered the landlord to spread for us, in the coffee-room, the best dinner he could provide.

With a true landlord's bow, my host ushered us forthwith into the little parlour; there with plenteous promises of speed and glorious fare of beef-steak and onions, he shut the door upon us. Hastening after him to countermand the appearance of the fragrant vegetable he had mentioned, I returned in time to see Jeremy walk towards the fire-place and take up the poker.

"Touch that fire if you dare, Sir," said a shrill, sharp, ill-natured voice, proceeding from a portly figure comfortably ensconsed in the ingle-nook.

"There are few things, my good friend, not to be dared by Jeremy the honest," returned the latter, very coolly thrusting the poker into the fire without even deigning to turn round.

In an instant the querulous old fellow's cane was lifted on high, and had I not caught it; in my hand, it would certainly have descended on the head of my good valet with no slight rap.

Naturally incensed at such an unprovoked outrage, I said, "Excuse me, Sir, but learn to use your cane with more discretion, or else I must take the liberty of thrusting it into the fire, and bundling your good rotundity of person on the top of it."

"Curse ye both! ye impudent rascals—do you know who I am?" cried the old fellow with an oath, as starting on his legs he kicked his chair over behind him.

"Not a whit, and care just as little," replied Jeremy, who having turned round, fully comprehended all that had passed.

"Then curse ye, you vagabond, I'm steward of the parlour fire!"

"Likely enough," quoth Jeremy, in his impenetrable manner, "and a warm, comfortable berth too for this life!—though, for aught I know, your worship may have earned a hotter one in that to come."

At this repartee several people present burst into a loud laugh, which so irritated our opponent that he once more lifted his cane, but thinking there were two to one, he contented himself with an impotent grin of rage, and applying heartily to the bell-pull, brought in the landlord.

"Turn these vagabonds out of the house, landlord, this instant!"

My host looked at us with mingled dismay and deprecation.

"Turn them out of the house, I say, this instant, or I'll leave ye to-morrow morning!"

"Why Sir, I hope they haven't been defending the French?"—"No!"—" or abusing the Government?"—"No!"—" or protecting the flies?—"or——"—"No, Sir; no, Sir; curse ye—no, Sir,

they've done worse!—a thousand times weree! they've been poking the parlour-fire!"

Mine host shook his head with evident signs of sorrow, and turning to us, said in a most lackry-mose tone, "Oh, gentlemen! if you've been so imprudent as to do that, you must indeed withdraw!"

"Mr. Landlord," said Jeremy, in great amagement, "I beg you distinctly to understand, that I'll see you at the devil first!"

"Turn 'em out! turn 'em out!" still more noisily vociferated the original cause of the fray, now more angry than ever, as he observed his influence—though why I could not divine—preponderating with the landlord.—"Fight it out, gemmen! fight it out!" interposed the spectators, so greatly amused as to wish to be more so.

"Only please to retire, Sir, and you shall have —another pot of beer there, boy, for number six—a private room," whispered the landlord.—"Let me beg of you, Sir, and I will explain all this."

This was enough—I saw mine host was more to be pitied than blamed in the matter—so making a sign to Jeremy to follow, I withdrew from the scene of strife, and followed my landlord into more peaceful, and as it happened, into better quarters.

"Leadlord! landlord!" was now heard in the voice of the enemy below.

"Coming, Sir, coming!—no fool like an old fool, gentlemen!—be with you in a moment"—and the sunhappy arbiter of the house vanished with wonderful celerity down stairs.

Now, may it please your worship, we can have a fire of our own to poke," said Jeremy, ringing the bell and taking a seat without further notice of what had happened.—The fire was acceptaingly lit, and by the time that its flames were rotating merrily up the chimney, our host once more appeared, bearing in his hands our intended meal.

"Landlord, may you live for ever!" said Jeremy, slapping that worthy functionary upon the back, and then smacking his lips and slightly rubbing his hands at the hot tempting dish before him.

was about to wait behind my chair. Jeremy vol. 11.

obeyed—the landlord opened his eyes—for being unable from my companion's language to take him for anything less than a gentleman, though an odd looking one, he doubtless wondered of what rank might be the master, setting me down, perhaps, for aught I knew or cared, as one of the blood-royal.

"Gentlemen," said he after the last adjusting touch of the potato dish, and bowing low as he whipped his white napkin of office under the left arm,-" Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for the unfortunate scene below-Did you say the bread, Sir?—but the fact is—we've excellent bottled ale, Sir-the fact is, Sir, that gentleman below is the most extraordinary—Glass of porter? -certainly, Sir-character that ever came todrink up quickly, Sir—the house.—Ever since he first came he's always been saying-Change your plate directly, Sir-' Landlord!'-' Sir,' says I-'Send in my bill to-night, I'm off to-morrow morning'-and would you believe it, Sir-the pudding 'ill be up presently, Sir-he's lived in my house seventeen years come Michaelmas.—He's the most curious—Cheese, Sir?—ay, Sir, not

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better cheese in the country—most curious character that ever I met."

"Then prithee, my good friend, in mercy halt," said I, perceiving what a curious mode of parlance, mine host's calling had imparted to him, and presuming to interrupt this singular detail.—"Of all things, Mr. Landlord, I admire character—but not the parenthetical character with which you seem so much inclined to season your discourse—I can easily imagine it to make the worst of stories very droll, but believe me, it would also murder the very best. Have a moment's patience then, till these dinner things are cleared away, and put me a bottle of port on the table; bring your chair, take your glass, and tell your tale fairly to an end."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, couldn't think of being guilty of such an indecency as sitting down to your table—bottle of port you said, Sir,—such a thing was never done yet in the Jolly Traveller, for I always say to gentlemen—get the cork-screw directly Sir,—doesn't become a landlord, such familiarity—and, so as I was going to say, the gentleman below stairs is one of the whimsicallest

people that you could never meet; for, seventeen years ago, as I said before, come Michaelmas, he drops into my house one morning, dines and spends the day, 'and' says he-' your health, gentlemen!' - 'landlord,' says he, 'give me a bed and be cursed to you.' 'The curse to yourself,' says I, 'you may get a bed where you can, but it shan't be in my house, for I have none to give you.' 'It's a lie,' says he, 'you have-' 'Well, whether I have or no,' said I, ' you shan't have it.' 'There you lie again,' said he, and before I could hold out an arm to stop him, whip me, gentlemen, if he wasn't past me up the stairs, into the first bed-room. and locked was the door-the best bottle of port in my cellar, gemmen—in the turning of a bed-post. Well, gemmen, I stormed and he raved -I'd have the blacksmith to break open the lock. He wheels round the bed, and barricadoes it against the door.—"Twas another gentleman's room who wanted his things—he opens the window and flings them out into the yard-well, thinks I, if the Jolly Traveller isn't to become a lunatic asylum, my name's not Muggins, and so said Ithank ye, gemmen, no more than this glass,-- ' He

may stay there to-night, but hang me if I don't have the fox out of his hole to-morrow.' So I went to shew the gentleman who'd been turned out of his own room into the one that was next it, and as 'twas only a lath and plaster partition, the first thing that I heard was Mr. Domitian saying to himself as he got into bed,—' Hang me if I don't stay here all my life to plague this grumbling fellow.' Old Nick himself, gemmen, could scarcely have frightened me more, and for aught I knew, this might be his first cousin; so I solemnly determined, in the first place, to make him pay double for his bill. In the second place, to put him out of the Jolly Traveller, and in the third to—' drink your very good health once more, gemmen,'send for a constable.

"Well, Sir, up I got, at five o'clock next morning, though 'twas a dark winter's morning; and while I was fumbling about there in the little parlour, for a tinder box, and just thinking over these matters, I felt a heavy grip on my shoulder, and heard Mr. Domitian's voice.

"Well, Mr. Landlord," said he, "who's to be master in this house, think ye, you or I?"

"You, Sir! You, Sir!" says I, not thinking of what I was saying, and shaking from head to foot.—"Right, you rascal, right," says he, "I'm glad you've come to your senses at last, curse ye—what's my bill?"

" Five pounds, Sir," said I, at a round guess.

"Here, keep ten," says he, "for the bother you've given me, and see that my breakfast is on the table at eight o'clock to a second. I sur off to take a walk."

Gemmen, you may be sure I trembled very sufficently, but having looked very hard—for I had now lighted the candle—and being able to see neither hoofs nor tail, I pocketed—Another bottle?—yes, Sir!—the money, and lit the fire. However, gentlemen, to make short of a long story, here he's been in my house ever since. Every day determined to—Step down to the cellar in a moment, gentlemen—set off next morning, and every morning, just as firm by the ingle nook, as he was the day before. Seeing he's been very kind in giving me heavy sums of cash, gemmen,—for he says he wont lend—why I've been very particular to humour his whims—one of which is

to let no one touch the parlour fire except himself; so he's elected steward, and provided
he can kill all the flies—praise the British constitution—cut his jokes upon the customers, and
abuse the French—he's perfectly happy.—Ay, a
true old liberal English gentleman he is, every
inch of him, I warrant ye, and worth a power of
money too—fifty thousand pounds they say—
made up there in London in the hosiery line."

- "A good customer then, landlord, doubtless."
- "Not a better have I to my back, Sir!—though ten to one that ever I had any of his money.— He came down into these parts to buy some snug cottage, and if so be we hadn't chanced to have a row at first, two or three nights would have been the outside of his stay—and as to regularity, Sir, never was such a regular man—not a drop does he drink, not a morsel does he eat to-day, that he doesn't eat and drink to-morrow."
- "Then, Mr. Landlord, let me tell you there's one great fault about your friend."
- "What, Sir?" demanded mine host, in great alarm.
 - "Why, that he evidently has been born a few

centuries too late; for clearly, nature's only reason for producing such a being was to give mankind a rude notion of clock-work."

"Rude enough, and may it please your worship!" said Jeremy, with a hem.—The landlord grinned applause, and with a low bow departed for the—But why should I here narrate the history of the second bottle? Was it not, after the inviolable custom of British landlords, vastly inferior to the first? Most indubitably it was; so we wasted no further time upon its contents, but ordering our horses to be put to, forthwith—paid our bill, and once more set off upon our travels.

CHAPTER IX.

Which treats of our first morning in Bath.

"And so I am in Bath," said I, awaking with a singular sensation the morning after our arrival in that most ancient city. "And what the devil shall I do here?"

"Imprimis, if it please you, worthy Sir, get up and shave," replied Jeremy, withdrawing my curtain—" first take your breakfast, and then take your chance as to what comes next."

"But stay, Jeremy," said I, "in this place it is the fashion, is it not, to go out before breakfast and drink luke-warm water well seasoned with salt? Yes, yes; it would be a thousand pities were we behind any of the other fools in such proceedings; so while I exert myself to gain you washstand, exert thou thy influence with the landlady to gain us a sustaining cup of coffee."

By the assistance of a fovoring fartune, we at length reached the pump-room, and for some minutes walked in silence amid the motley group of fashionable follies. After speculating for some few minutes on the strangely varied crowd, I came to the decided conviction, that for every individual who came there to restore health, at least fifty came to dissipate it.

It seemed to my eye to be a sort of congress to which every class and denomination of people in the gayer walks of life had sent one or more to represent them. In the midst of these, I, however, stood alone unknowing and unknown, though I had no doubt in my own mind, that if the names of all the company present had been displayed to me, I should have found several of my own relatives, more or less distantly related.

Far, however, from experiencing that melancholy which is generally the result of such a state of loneliness, I seemed to experience a stern misanthropical joy at being so totally independent of the remarks and affections of my fellow worms, mixed with a reckless merriment at the conviction of how utterly farcical was all that related to human life, its joys or its sorrows.

This conviction I had in a manner forced upon myself as the result of the recent losses that still rankled freshly in my bosom. After-experience has proved to me that it was a wrong conviction. Had I limited my contempt to human grandeur and ambition, it would have been just. These are utterly farcical, ridiculous, and absurd, and solely for this reason they are so rarely grounded on the only true basis—good sense.

"Well, Jeremy," said I, turning round, "do you see any of your friends here." "Sir," answered he, "I have my eyes fixed on a very early one—yon gentleman of the first water, there before us." "What, he who seems so deeply and successfully to have studied the peacock's costume?"

"The same, your worship." "And pray what



may he be?" "As dexterous a thief as ever acquired rights of property in a civilized community, Sir. Few indeed can come up to him in the light-fingered line. I was nothing to him, and indeed it was his arrogant bearing on this superiority, which occasioned our quarrel and separation. Having gone together to see a menagerie, the keeper, who knew his person, turned him out in alarm, for fear he should pick the kangaroo's pocket. After this, the fellow became insufferable."

"Ha, ha! and now look at the group of creatures that have followed him ever since he got out of his sedan, wondering who so much finery may cover, and if the truth may be known, I dare say, envying his supposed consequence."

While looking on, I beheld a new comer arrive, and from the swagger of his manner and remarks, at once perceived him to be one of some note—good, bad, or indifferent.

His person was dressed with the most scrupulous care, and as much dandified display as the sable colour of his garments would permit. In one hand he displayed a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, in the other dangled a cane, whose top was formed by a pearl of price. His lace and linen were equally fine, and the very air grew faint upon his person with perfume. On his arm dangled a lady equally grand, precious stones and gauderies of every description were worn by her, and not altogether without some taste, being set off to every advantage by a very pretty face, that turned languishingly over her shoulder.

As she thus came on, she talked and chattered to a numerous bevy of gallants, greatly delighted to seize any opportunity of pouring forth their adulations, and seemingly without any better reward than the tap of her fan, a favouring glance from her bright eyes, or the well-lisped appellation of "Impudent Creature!"

These generous manners of making herself common to all the world, she seemed in some sort to have imbibed from the dressy personage on whose arm she leaned, and who, from his utter carelessness of what she did, I of course concluded to be her husband.

Certainly, thought I, it is very kind and condescending in him, but as he advances he seems to have a gracious word for every one. It was—

"My lord, how do you? I hope you left the countess in good health?"

- "Your grace, I'm delighted to see you!"
- "What, my dear marchioness, is it yourself?"
- "Why, my lord viscount, you look so well I scarcely knew you!"

"Lord Fudge-fudge, good morning!" and so on.
As for baronets and knights, whole swarms of these contemptible creatures seemed to hang upon his flanks and rear, content even to receive a nod—and quite surprised if it were given with civility.

After eyeing this glaring luminary for some time in silence, I perceived that the room contained many inferior planets of the same order, all sombre beings dressed in black, with large white shirt frills, and resplendent-headed canes, from the pearl of great price through all the various gradations of amber, gold, and silver, down to the ivory of the lesser stars,—lower than this I perceived it was beneath their dignity to descend. I caught a glimpse, I thought, of two that were only of bone—imitation and so on; but as I could not prove this degrading surmise, I forbore even to breathe it.

" Who can they all be?" thought I; for a closer

examination of their conduct enabled me to perceive, that if they were not all following the exact manner of their chief on a smaller scale, still all of them seemed to possess a numerous and deferential circle of acquaintance, which, in one or two instances, had formed a sort of nucleus around their friend. The last being in discourse, it reminded me of the delivery of a set of clinical lectures.

- "Jeremy," said I, "thou man of information, go to one of the water-drawers, and find me out the name and quality of this knight of the pearlheaded cane."
- "Why, your worship, I need not go far to tell you that, for I know him well enough already; it is the great Bath physician, Dr. Bubblerius."
- "Ho, ho!—What then you and he are also old acquaintance?"
- "Old enough, and may it please your worship; for the best watch that ever passed through my hands was one that I took the liberty of enticing from that respected gentleman's fob!"
 - "Ha! ha! ha! Good, Jeremy, faith, very good!

I'm afraid you're better known than trusted in this fair city?"

- "Oh, never fear, Sir, here there are too many rogues in a heap for one to be noticed in particular."
- "But you never told me that you'd been in Bath before."
- "No, Sir, nor was it necessary, you perceive; for I knew that you'd soon find it out."
 - "Thou art an odd fellow, Jeremy!"
 - " There cannot be a doubt of it, your honour."
- "Then tell me, Jeremy, are all these grave dark-looking gentry—are they all physicians."
- "Oh, save your honour, no! their ranks are as various as their practices. Some are physicians, some are surgeons, but the greater part is formed by apothecaries."
 - "But still they are all of the medical profession?"
 - " All of that learned tribe, your worship."
- "Come, come, my master, speak softly of the healing art; we none of us know how soon we may need it, while those who have never required, little know the value of it. Besides, you

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are in their very fortress of strength and strong-hold."

"True, Sir! 'tis astonishing how cocks can strut upon their native hills. But this you may quickly see, if you will only ask a favour from a soldier on parade—a sailor on board ship—a lawyer in his court—a doctor in his hospital—a merchant in his counting-house, or a parson in a cathedral town."

As Jeremy finished the delivery of this diatribe we reached the pumps, and requested our doses.

"Psha!" said I, flinging down a most superlative mixture of numbers three and five—"Come away, I'm sure I could manufacture it quite as nasty, or very nearly so, at home, and for less than half the price!"

"Sir," said a wag who stood within hearing, and imagining I spoke in earnest, conceived this to be a famous opportunity for being witty at a stranger's expense,—

"Sir!" said he, with a most insinuating bow, and in so loud a tone that every one could hear him, "Will you do me the favour of allowing me to pay for you?"

"By all means; I shall be very much obliged to you," replied I, holding out my hand as imperturbably as if I had been born to the electrosynary calling.—" Let me see," I continued, "two glasses come to a shilling, and half-acrown for the pump-woman makes it three and sixpence."

Colouring very highly, the wag, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, drew out a gay purse, not very well stocked, and put the sum into my hand.

Dropping it into that of the attendant, I said, "Take this and be thankful—for what says the proverb?"

"Fools and their money soon parted," added Jeremy.

"You rascal," exclaimed the discomfited wit, losing his temper as well as his cash, and turning on my honest friend in a rage,—"Who, and what are you, Sir? I'd have you to know, I've a mind to kick you well?"

"Nay, Sir," interrupted I, "that is my servant, and if you take the liberty of kicking him, I must take leave to break your head—nothing more."

- "Sir, Sir, I don't understand this!"
- "Very likely, and for your sake I hope you never will;" and motioning to Jeremy to walk before me, I stuck my hands into my pockets, and without once looking up from the ground, slowly sauntered down the room till we came to the sedan chairs. Here popping Jeremy into one and taking another myself, we went home to breakfast; laughing heartily at the would-be wit, who having made no further reply, had, as I supposed, slunk away into congenial obscurity.

CHAPTER X.

Which narrates my initiation into the mysteries of physic.

"JEREMY," said I, as my honest friend removed the tea things from the breakfast table, since you have thought proper to bring me, nolens volens, to the very head-quarters of the medical world, know that I have determined on becoming a disciple of Æsculapius, and studying the healing art. Finding as I now do that the mania for rambling has recovered all its power over me, it is impossible to say when it may terminate, or where it may lead me. What species of knowledge therefore so useful?"

"True, your worship, all travellers should be

skilled in some art of attack and defence, and one mode of killing is as good as another."

"Come, you rascal, behave yourself; and remember the story of the bishop; that fact at once convinced me, to what a truly sublime end the study of medicine can conduce. No more jeers then—I thought at the moment and I say now, of such a science no gentleman ought to be without some knowledge. There is something wretched in that mind which would not be enlarged and humanized by its contemplation. No more, Sir, put on your hat and follow me; and now that I am about to enter on my pupillage, I wonder with whom it will be?"

"Take the first that comes to hand, Sir," replied Jeremy, as we reached the street. "Chance is as good a guide as if she'd been bred to the calling."

"Right, Jeremy, and if I mistake not, over the way yonder, shines the plate of an apothecary. Your eyes are better than mine, what does it proclaim to us?"

"That one Mr. Solid resides within—ready and willing to bleed, blister, or dose your worship, as

your worship's occasions may demand, to say nothing of drawing your teeth, cupping your temples, or any other little amusement that may pass between an apothecary and his patient."

"I thought as much!" and having crossed the street and applied myself to the bell, the door was opened by a very tail, thin, hard-featured personage, in whose eye, however, there was a curious vacancy. It seemed to be fixed most intently on you, and yet, somehow, conveying an unaccountable impression that it nevertheless beheld as little of you as it did of the moon.

- " Is Mr. Solid within?" said I,
- "Sir, I am Mr. Solid for want of a better," replied he.
 - " Sir, there could not be a better," said I.

Mr. Solid took the compliment in earnest and bowed low.

Having admitted us within what proved to be a surgery, surrounded with divers coloured bottles and drawers, Mr. Solid pointed to a chair, and asked me to state my complaint.

Two young men who were busy at a counter mixing up medicine, at once drew round me at this kind invitation; expecting, I suppose, to profit by the unfolding of my case. After looking up at their anxious faces consecutively for a few minutes, I drew a long breath, like a good old valetudinarian whose bellows are a little the worse for wear, and then replied, "Many thanks to you, Mr. Solid; but the truth is, my complaints are so numerous, it will take me at least six months to recapitulate them. Be kind enough, then, to state at once what would recompense you for board and lodging, for myself and servant, during such term of their narration."

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Solid, without the alteration of one of those grave muscles which seemed never to have known motion; "provisions just now are very dear, and what you propose to take thus long in narrating, would of course occupy much of my time in hearing. I don't think, Sir, I could accommodate you for less than from six to seven pounds a month."

Smiling at the simplicity of a disposition which evidently took, in its most literal sense, all that was addressed to it, and not choosing therefore any longer to pursue this farce, I requested the favour of a few words with him alone. His two assistants having left us to ourselves, I informed him of my desire to study the therapeutic art, and after a little explanation the terms were agreed between us, and another hour beheld me and my luggage safely stowed in my new quarters.

"Now, Jeremy," said I, "valuable opportunities should never be lost, so come down with me, I am going to take my first lesson, hear you all that passes, and profit by it." "Oh, doubtless, your worship! so that when we come to travel together we may pass away the time by playing at doctor and patient alternately."

"By the rood then, my fine fellow! I'll physic you well, depend on it."

So saying, we descended to the surgery, wheremy future instructor was awaiting me; my first lesson consisted in getting by heart the tables of weights and measures, the list of various medicines or pharmacopæia; all of which I received, of course, very gravely, and equally, of course, laid aside as soon as his back was turned; for his two elegant assistants doing me the favour at this juncture to propose "a game at squirts," or in other words to

syringe each other with the pure element as completely as we could. I of course complied, necessarily thinking that this was an infinitely better mode of learning physic than the other.

Jeremy and I accordingly opposed ourselves to the other two; but the rascals were too cunning for us, as we might naturally have expected, when undertaking to engage men at their own weapons. Suddenly mixing a quantity of strong spirits of hartshorn with their water, the first discharge threw some of this vile mixture into poor Jeremy's eyes, who, losing all his good temper from the violent agony thus occasioned, at once sprung forward on the aggressor, and would soon have beat the better part of life out of him, had I not interfered.

Laughing heartily at the boyish folly in which I found myself engaged, I desired my honest friend to be cool, and retire to his room, there to get off his wet clothes, and to await the subsidence of the pain; at the same time cautioning my future companions that the next time they put a trick upon my servant, they must stand the consequences.

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Promises of fairest behaviour were immediately held out, together with offers of friendship, and as the first proof of this, I desired to know the character of Mr. Solid. This I learnt to be that of a mild tempered absent man, not knowing too much of the world, nor yet troubling himself to regret his want of knowledge. One whose life had been devoted to science and celibacy—judge then of how much he was ignorant.

This description, though exceedingly true, did not, however, do any thing like credit to the many delicate shades which minute discernment seldom fails to discover in almost every disposition, and for which facts soon spoke to me more plainly than could aught besides. Hardly had I time to con over the task he had set me, when the learned gentleman himself returned from his first round of visits, to write down in his day-book the necessary medicines. As this was of course rather an important part of the in-door work, my particular attention was desired, while the elder assistant wrote to his dictation; Mr. Solid describing occasionally the symptoms of each patient, and making remarks as we went on.

As this was finished, the younger apprentice of the two, who it seems had been absent lately on a visit to some of his friends, said, "I don't see, Sir, that you've ordered anything for Mrs. Black—that consumptive patient.—Is there any alteration in her case since I've been in the country?"

"Yes, Sir," slowly said Mr. Solid—making his usual pause between many of the words of his answer, and never lifting his eye from the page of the day-book—"a very great alteration—she's dead—and buried—long ago."

That's cool, thought I, and seeing that no further notice was likely to be taken of this "alteration" in a patient's case, I ventured to say, "Is it not customary, Sir, to note down the death of a patient?"

Mr. Solid looked up at me for a moment, as much as to say, "How lamentable is your ignorance!" and then resuming his occupation, rejoined, after a pause—

"Never, Sir!"

Another silence ensued—then closing up the ledger with the same imperturbable air, he said

-" Now, gentlemen, let us make up the medi-

At this signal, the two assistants began to tuck up their sleeves, while Solid himself repairing to a closet in the surgery, proceeded to take down a jacket from the shoulders of a skeleton on which it hung. He next transferred it to his own back, after laying aside his long-tailed black coat; then arming himself with a pestle and mortar, he proceeded to work in his vocation.

Many a strange mess did I behold quickly blended together and bottled off—each cork being first duly subjected by the assistant to the pressure of his dentes molares—the mixtures having been previously put to the lips of the immoveable Mr. Solid, who assured me, in his sententious manner, that he never permitted any drugs to leave his house without being thus proved.

Alas! thought I, poor sick visitors of Bath! Is it not enough that Fate decrees to you a pint of salt and filthy water before breakfast, that ye should be moreover indulged with these abominations after dinner! Not that these matters might not doubtless have been very salutary to them,

the waters as well as the physic, and the physic as well as the waters. Enough it is for me to be abundantly thankful that it was not for my stomach they were destined.

The medicines being duly tasted, without producing the slightest change of countenance, alike the sour, the bitter, and the sweet, we went to the dinner table, where I was not a little rejoiced to see a niece of the stiff old bachelor,—a rosy mischievous-looking damsel, who promised, as well as sparkling eyes could promise, greatly to relieve any monotony in my new calling.

Dinner over, Mr. Solid proceeded to catechise me on the pharmacopæia, and finding my lately acquired knowledge not very extensive, recommended me forthwith a closer application, desiring me to follow him for that purpose to a little room off the surgery, in which latter place he also set his "young gentlemen" to work at the beating of pills.

Having seen we were all busily and usefully employed, he himself walked up stairs to his study, where it was his habit to pass all his leisure hours in writing at a large volume, three feet long by two feet broad, on the various diseases of the human frame; and it must be confessed, that however large his book, it bore no comparison to the sad field of his labours.

No sooner was Solid's study door fairly heard to close, than away went the various medical implements of his worthy pupils. A huge mass of pills was flung down into a corner, there quietly to repose, while a very promising bolus was stuck pro tem. into a mouse's hole. A pair of boxing gloves was then produced—the surgery door secured, and a set-to commenced. In the midst of this improving amusement, the door bell rang. In an instant, away went the boxing gloves into their retreat, a drawer labelled "Papaver. Cap." Up came the pills again, and while one pretended to be busy bruising their plastic mass, the other kindly drew the bolus from its hole, and twisting it rapidly 'twixt his fingers and thumb, unbolted and opened the entrance from the street.

"Ah, Peggy, is it you?" exclaimed both these Pickles, in a joyful, but low tone of voice.

"Devil take you, old woman, I thought you were never going to show your face here again."

"Show my face here again—ay, ay! I'll do that, I warrant me, for many a day yet. But how goes on business, my young masters? What have ye got for me—a good job this time, eh?" Then squinting a suspicious look at me as I sat retired at my book, in a sort of back parlour—"Who have ye got there, Sirs?"

"Oh, never mind him, Peggy! He wont peach," said Collier, the name of the elder of the lads.

"Peach! no, no; that would be appearing in a new character—never fear me!" said I, not a little amused at the pranks of these two varlets, and never imagining that in this case they were bent on any thing more.

However, on this assurance, the old woman produced a large and empty basket from under her cloak, and placed it on the counter, while Jones, the younger apprentice, opening a trap-door in the floor, descended a few steps into what appeared to be a sort of store-room. In a few minutes he ascended, bearing in his arms a hamper of clean bottles, which having transferred with wonderful celerity and silence to the old woman's basket,

the emptied hamper was returned to its place of rest—the hatch closed, and a bell, communicating with Mr. Solid's study, then rung, to signify that his presence was desired.

The study door was now heard to open, and step after step slowly descended Mr. Solid—solid indeed! But, for the impossibility of the fact, you might have sworn 'twas the parish church-clock coming down stairs.

"Mrs. Mills, Sir," said Collier, without ever looking up from the mortar, round which he was rubbing a whole host of abominations, with a face as grave as his master's.

" Oh-Mrs. Mills!"

Mrs. Mills rose and curtsied—" I hope your honour's well! Your honour, I declare, is looking charming!" The hag! smiling the while with all that hypocrisy which old women seem made on purpose to enact.—" Mr. Jones, are these bottles clean?" said Solid, without noticing the compliment, a matter perfectly out of his line.

"Oh, yes, Sir," replied Mr. Jones, very industriously scraping a cerate-pot, as if for a box of ointment, when he very well knew the vessel to have been for days as empty as his head— "Quite clean, Sir."

"Then come and count them," rejoined Mr. Solid; when putting aside his pretended employment, Jones advanced, numbered out the phials on the counter before his master, who having seen that they were of a proper species, summed up their price, so much a dozen, and paying the amount to the old woman, remarked, with something like a sigh, that bottles went very fast in his surgery. "I hope," turning to the youths, "I hope, young gentlemen, you are careful not to break them more than you can possibly help."

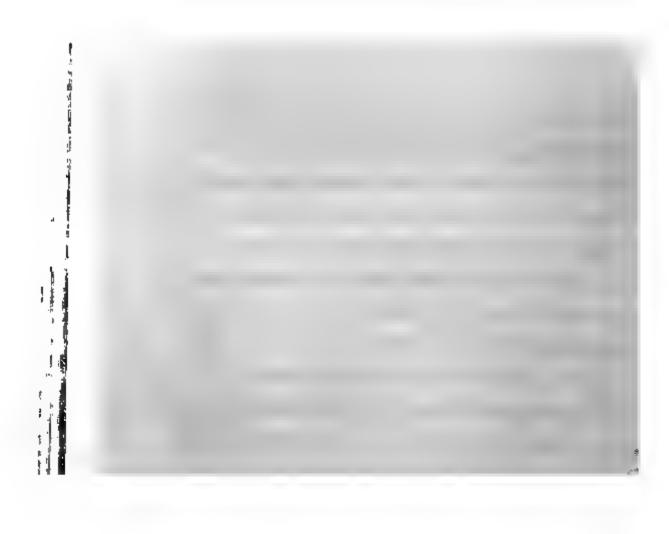
"O, dear no, Sir; very careful!"

Another sigh succeeded this assertion, with a doubtful shake of the head; and once more the good gentleman departed to his study. No sooner was the coast thus clear than the old woman disbursed two-thirds of her booty to her accomplices, and with a mutual grin of intelligence, they allowed her to depart. My curiosity having been somewhat piqued by witnessing this little scene, I advanced to ask some explanation. This, the

kindness of Messieurs Jones and Collier instantly supplied, together with a very gracious offer of a share of their booty. Declining their generosity, I took the liberty of advising them to abandon this road to wealth as speedily as possible.

And yet I could not help smiling at the roguish ingenuity which had hit on such a plan, as well as the childlike simplicity and ignorance of fraud, which had caused Mr. Solid to fall so easily into their trap. It seemed that the medicine-phials were always bought from old Peggy, and sometimes other women, who procured them as nurse's perquisites from the sick; that these two sucking apothecaries were, therefore, in the habit of secreting four or five a day; and as soon as the store increased, they were sold, as I had seen, to their lawful owner, who thus had the pleasure of buying his own goods six or seven times over before they finally left his house. Having read these youths a lecture which, however, I was not fool enough to think they would follow, I promised secrecy for this offence, and, flinging down my book, went off to see what sort of a girl the simple surgeon's niece might be-musing at the same

time, as I went along, on the strange and seemingly inscrutable destiny, which so often in this life decrees the amiable and the wise to be the prey of the vicious and the ignorant.



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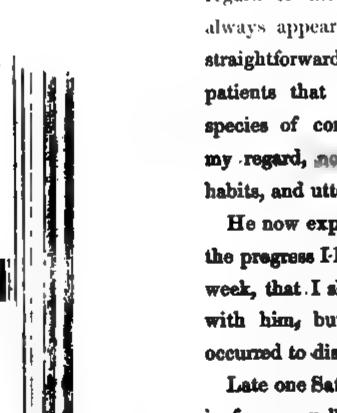
VOLUME II.



CHAPTER XI.

Which shows that even a surgery has charms, and how and where a blister should be applied on the truest principles of counter-irritation.

In this way two or three weeks glided on, unnoted by aught except the tricks which the apprentices contrived to put upon their unsuspecting master during every hour of the twenty-four. In the mean time, I adhered to his advice in reading what books he pointed out, and in return, he declared himself well satisfied with my progress, and initiated me into the art of bleeding and tooth-drawing. The first of these being a very useful operation, I learned to execute skilfully; but the filthiness of the latter disgusted



regard to the style of Mr. always appeared to me to b straightforward man who di patients that his knowledg species of conduct which i my regard, notwithstanding habits, and utter want of worl

He now expressed himself the progress I had made, as to week, that I should go the re with him, but in the interior occurred to disconcert his pla

Late one Saturday evening, in from a walk, I found Mr. the surgery, writing out a list which were to be made up as with. As there was no one in own prescriptions. He had come from a long ride in the country—had taken no dinner, and was, therefore, not sorry to see me make my appearance.

Requesting me to make haste with my task, he went off to dine, and I set to work. Among other comforting matters ordered for the consolation of this happy patient, whosoever he might be, was a large blister in the shape of an ace of hearts, intended to cover the whole chest of the invalid. This being the most troublesome part of my duty, I executed it at once, and was in the very point of duly putting it on paper, when in came the apothecary's niece—a game of romps was the very proper result, as a matter of course—and soon hearing Mr. Solid's footstep coming along the passage, we flew into the little parlour, in order that I might pop my fair friend into a large and, as I then thought, a most convenient closet.

This I considered myself very lucky in effecting, as the old gentleman came into the surgery. Returning thither with all possible coolness, I found him seated in the great arm chair, commonly used for our patients.

"Pray what was that noise I heard in the surgery, Mr. Wortley?"

"Noise, Mr. Solid?—ahem, noise, Mr. Solid?"

"Yes, sir, I said noise."

Devil take you for saying so, thought I, mumbling something about books tumbling from the shelf, as I was hunting for a particular author.—
The old gentleman uttered not a word in reply, but taking up the candle he stalked into the next room, and without a moment's hesitation, advanced towards the fatal ambuscade.

-Who'd have thought this of you? said I to myself in a stew.—What in the name of fortune shall I do?—and my heart seemed to go down to my very toes as I followed behind him, and yet, with all my vexation, I could scarcely keep from laughing. Determined, however, to make an effort for the girl's sake, I said—

"Sir! Sir!" trying to interpose myself, "You'll—ahem—you'll—Sir, you'll find the key of that closet in your study, Sir, wont you?"

"No, Sir, I shall not," replied he, turning upon me at once the full light of his candle and

his countenance, the latter of which was as unmoved as ever.

In another instant he pulled open the door, and stooping down with the light—there was my lady, couched in the further corner.

"I thought as much!—I thought as much!" exclaimed the old gentlemen, in his usual dry, stiff manner—"rise, madam!" continued he, motioning to her to depart. "Rise, madam!"

A burst of tears was the first signal of her getting under weigh—of course,—but finding her uncle continued unmoved, she slowly gathered herself up, and while we followed in her rear, her uncle lighted her to the door.

The last twinkle of her petticoat had departed, the door was duly closed by Mr. Solid, and setting down his candle on the counter, he turned his eye—methodical as ever—upon me.

"Mr. Wortley!—this is not right!—Mr. Wortley, this will not do!—I am afraid, sir, we must part—you did not come here, Sir, for this purpose!"

"I am very sorry, Sir,-very sorry," was all

word of honour that it shall i

"Sir, I will promise no though I may consider who In the meantime, Mr. Wort understand, that I am by no you—no, Sir, I am net.—I he you will send those medicit now waiting in the kitchen, a they are ready."

The old gentleman applied lock, went out, ordered his nie then departed to his own.

"A very pretty mode of least, thinking I was alone.

"Ay, your worship, and a said Jeremy; entering."

44 And was seen

"All that the lady could—no—forbid I should say all that the lady could—but all that the lady would tell me on the subject."

"No more of this," said I, in somewhat of an ill-temper, desiring him to help me with the medicines. As soon as these were ready, I looked about for the heart-shaped blister, but nothing like it could I see anywhere, although I hunted every corner of the surgery.

"That mischievous little minx must have hidden it away," said I; "how provoking!" However as I could not send for it, we spread another, dispatched it to the patient, and went off to bed; for our two honest fellow pupils having parents in the town, boarded out.

The next morning was Sunday, and I of course expected to hear something more of the niece-case, but to look at Mr. Solid's face one might have been in utter ignorance as to whether he had a niece at all.

Away he went as usual to see his patients and I to enquire for my blister. As for the latter the lady positively denied all knowledge of having even seen it.

Now it was the custom every Sabbath morning to soon as his patients had been medicine to be compounded this rule, except in cases of departed. On this day, how a great many people to see, a expect that he would make h

Ten minutes after the serr. however, in he popped. H containing one seat close to t permitted him to slip in or notice. Jeremy and myse another part of the church well observe our worthy inst and scarcely had he glided

I gave a more scrutinizing glance, and surely enough there was our medical preceptor in his blue cloth jacket. This, thought I, is the result of one of his fits of absence. He must have put it on to make up some medicines since we left the house, and forgotten to change his dress—depend on it he no more knows that he has a jacket on his back, than I imagine I am among the wilds of Siberia.

However in a few minutes the service was over. Out slipped Mr. Solid, and anxious not to keep him waiting for us, we hurried after him. As he was hastening away, however, he met one of his best patients, by whom he was detained to answer some trivial question.

On our arriving at the church porch, his face was turned towards us, and we observed him talking as gravely as usual; but somehow or other the people as they passed stopped to look at him. The ladies turned away their heads—the gentlemen began to smile—the smile progressed into a titter, and by the time Mr. Solid made his parting bow to the lady, the titter had become an irrepressible laugh.

happy but conspicuous stasoul and seat of honour is thing less than my identical

There it was!—a great, piece of white leather—" A a heart too! and in such a s Jeremy, "oh me!"

Of all things most ludicr was the worst. In an instantant flashed upon me! I now, membered, that on the entre man's niece, I had careless down into the arm chair, and colour as the oaken seat, it I been perceived by worthy M less carefully extending his content.

of course concealed this distinctive badge from view, and—absent as he was,—it might have remained there for months but for his forgetting to take off his jacket before coming to church.

As these things rushed through my mind, I gave way, despite of all my efforts, to the most immoderate fit of laughter.

"What do you mean, Sir? What do you mean?" demanded poor Solid from one of the convulsed by-standers, as furiously as was in his nature.

The man, unable to speak from excess of mirth, could only point; when the worthy apothecary looked first at himself, and then at the laughing crowd, and, unable to comprehend the matter, turned round and round in utter bewilderment.

Unfortunately, however, every time he turned, this abominable white heart came in view with a whirligig motion, and for every rotation a fresh burst of laughter was elicited, at an object which evidently had wandered so very far from its right station.

However, some ragged urchins, who always seem at hand to exult in the distresses of a good vol. II.



Consternation quickly

to ascertained these to i
that his fingers had alight
stance! Quickly wander
ration, they seemed instit
nature, and spreading then
unblushing honours, he d
crowd at the very top of h
the shouts and laughter of e
hail!

CHAPTER XII.

Which displays Dr. Plausible's notion of a "difficult case."

As soon as my laughter was sufficiently moderated to permit my showing myself before poor Solid, Jeremy and myself directed our steps homeward. On the road, however, it was agreed that we had better pretend a perfect ignorance as to the scene which we had just witnessed, and wait any communication on the subject, should such be made, from the sufferer himself.

Faith, I had not long to wait. On entering the surgery there were assembled the whole bevy.—
Never before had I seen so much of anger concentrated in the countenance of Mr. Solid, who had



Every eye was fix

"Mr. Wortley, y
Solid, with that det
guishing the wrath o

"Certainly," repli
preceptor into the li
door.

"After the unwarranthis day allowed to be the the cary without taking only to tell you, that household of your prepleased."

"Trick!—what do you utterly aback.

"What should I me

- "May I ask, Mr. Solid, for your authority?"
- "No, Sir! it convinces me, and that is sufficient—besides, Sir, I saw you and your servant laughing in the church porch most immoderately—most indecorously—I may say, most profanely!"
 - " And is this, Sir, your only evidence?"
 - " No, Mr. Wortley, I have other testimony!"

In an instant it occurred to me that his pupils, anxious to be rid of my surveillance, had thus poisoned his mind against me.—Shall I undeceive him? thought I—no, it is not worth my while.—Turning upon my heel, without another word, I left the house to return to it no more.

"Jeremy," said I, as soon as we had gained the street—for I had made a sign to him to follow me—"it has become necessary that I should change my instructor—get away from Mr. Solid's everything that belongs to us, and come with our baggage to me at the Royal Hotel."

Jeremy touched his hat and departed, while I sauntered forward, stopping every now and then to think of this new and curious turn in my fortune, and as often bursting into a loud laugh at the most ludicrous event that had caused it.

LEADER OF



change, I walked forward dinner, commenced enquirie racters of the various medica city abounded.

My choice being soon a medical mentor, I received peaceful evacuation of our lout, took a walk, came hon morning repaired to the reside or as he called himself Dr. Pl his right to bear the latter ti long as I was acquainted we subject at the truth of which

Having called early, I found He was a still longer being the more lank; he had a profusihaving been shown to my room, I left to Jeremy the task of getting my traps into it, and then descended to witness Plausible's practice, for he had a great number of inferior and gratis patients, who came to him before noon. As my friend the Doctor had taken care to ask a price three times more in amount than that I had paid Solid, so also he affected to treat me as a person of infinitely more consequence than I had been with the latter.

At the end of every phrase he took care to stick in "Sir," talked very unnecessarily of the "accommodation required by your servant," &c., &c., and every now and then demanded my opinion on medical subjects, when he must too well have known my utter incapacity to answer him, with other similar evidences of a wish to court me.—Few men have naturally a disinclination to flattery; I only therefore looked upon him as having a little of the knave in his composition, and if, thought I, he has only designs upon my money, he is heartily welcome to all he can get.

That this courtesy to me was something more than his ordinary wont, I could very plainly per-

who bustled about at his command, occupied in the various duties of the moment. One I remember was very busy preparing an ingredient, for the excellency of which I was to take the word of its proprietor. This I was very ready to do, or indeed any thing else, thought I, provided it is not the physic itself.

This preparation, on which I soon found that my new master greatly prided himself—was the "rheumatic elixir, or oil of bricks:" being, in short, nothing more than olive oil poured over bricks previously brought to a red heat, and given internally, as Dr. Plausible expressed himself, "with great effect, in doses of from sixty to two hundred drops in any mucilaginous medium."

Then, again, another was composing, he said; his celebrated "pulvis mirabilis."—" And faith, Sir," added he, in a strong Irish accent which every now and then betrayed itself; "faith, I know of few diseases that are not to be overcome by it."—Egad, thought I, by all appearance it is enough to overcome any body. The component parts of the pulvis mirabilis consisted, I afterwards

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found out, of common flour, Epsom salts, and red bole ammoniac—simple ingredients for working such wonders.

But I quickly discovered myself to be with one of those geniuses who effect great ends by very little means, for a prescription coming in, to be made up for Dr. Bubblerius, who was his great friend and patron, be contrived, out of four component parts, to compound a recipe that ordered seven.

While my friend was giving to his assistant a few sotto voce directions, as to this nice and delicate proceeding, an unhappy woman rushed into the surgery, tearing her hair, and uttering loud cries of ——

"Och! my master! och! my poor dear master!"

Dr. Plausible paused in a full-blown description of the greatness of Dr. Bubblerius in the medical world, and the still greater friendship of that great man for him, and with something not unlike a curse, demanded of this new comer what was the matter?

"Is't the matter you ask, Doctor? and you a countryman of mine? Och, hone! och, hone!—wasn't it your honour's self gave me a powder?

and wasn't it your honour who asked whether it was the black jaunders, or the yellow jaunders, my poor dear master had?—and didn't I tell you 'twas the black jaunders?—and then wasn't it yourself who gave me your pulvis my babbyless, and tould me to give him first one dose, and then in the case that he shouldn't be better, you understand, to give him the second dose?"

"Well, well, my good woman, I know all this; and what then?—Did you give him, as I directed, the first powder?"

"In truth did I."

"Well, well, don't cry, my good woman - so you gave him the first dose, and what then?"

"Why, then, Sir, he grew much worse."

"Ah !--did he? Well, then, I hope you gave him the second dose?"

" Just so, your honour."

"That was right !-- and what after that ?"

"Oh, Sir! after that," sobbing more piteously than ever, "after that the poor ould soul just died."

"Humph!" said Plausible, somewhat disconcerted. Turning round, he muttered—"devilish inconsiderate of him." Then addressing himself

once more to the woman—"Hem!—so your master died! Well, well, be comforted—he won't be troubled any more now, you know, Judy!"

"Maybe not, Sir!—but 'tis rather hard, too, after taking all your physic with such a deal of fortification!"

"Tut! tut! These things will happen sometimes. Did he die directly after he'd taken the powder, or how?"

"No, no, Sir; he was taken again with that terrible sickness worse than ever."

"Ah! come, come, be consoled, Judy, and here's sixpence to drink repose to his soul—'Tisn't so bad as you made it out, after all; for whether or no, you know, Judy, 'twas better to have that over before he went, Judy;" and putting the coin into her hand, and laying his hands gently on her shoulder, he ejected the complainant from the surgery, and having securely bolted the door, turned round to me with—"a difficult case, that, Mr. Wortley!—and now let us take some breakfast."

On repairing to the breakfast table, we there

found the doctor's wife, an agreeable woman; but as she neither had any daughters, nor yet any hand in teaching me physic, this is all I intend to say about her.

Scarcely were we seated, when a ring came at the surgery bell, and within a few seconds the head of an apprentice was popped in to say, "Sir, Mrs. Brown's in the surgery."

"What, Mrs. Brown, of L— Park?" demanded Plausible, getting up in such a hurry as almost to drag the whole tea-set from the table, by the cloth which was tucked under his chin.

"No, no, Sir; not that Mrs. Brown!" quickly replied the assistant, "but old mother Brown, the pauper patient."

"Oh!" rejoined Plausible, with that lengthened drawl of interjection which saying so little can still express so much,—"I wish, Mr. Tomkins," added he, in his most severe manner, as he wiped the fingers which his haste had buttered, "I wish, Mr. Tomkins, you would announce people by their proper titles!"

Mr. Tomkins retired, duly impressed, of course; and turning to me, with one of his very blandest

smiles, Plausible assured me that the spare seat in his carriage was much at my service, or a horse, if I preferred that mode of going his country round with him. He then began to question me on all I saw at Solid's, and asked my reason for quitting; on hearing the truth, he indulged his mirth, and confessed that he had heard of the affair within ten minutes after its occurrence. He thence went on to pick to pieces his "friend's" character, personal and professional, with a degree of rancour to understand which it is necessary to mix in medical society, in which the scalping knife is never so ready as to lay bare the back of a brother professor.

Though I might safely have indulged in a little dissection of the absent, I still maintained him to be a man of unimpeachable principle, and a good surgeon and apothecary.

"True," said Plausible, "but—that's all!—for in the ways of the world he is a mere child. He can't mix in every day society—he does not even know how to tell an ordinary lie with a good grace. No, no, Sir," shaking his head, "had he the wisdom of Solomon in possession, with the

age of Methuselah in reversion, he'd never get on in physic.

" In the medical profession we are doomed toooften to meet with a great deal of ingratitude both from the higher and the lower classes. But the older a man grows, the more surely he will find out that there are only two great and sure rules by which to succeed in practice. Only be sure and give your patients lots of physic-no matter what; and let them eat and drink-no matter how. If your patients die, 'tis a pleasant way of getting over an anxious piece of business; if your patients live, why, that's more pleasant still. for Solid, I said from the first he'd never get on. There was one point at starting which he totally forgot-while apothecaries are paid by their medicines, no apothecary can hope to succeed who keeps a conscience—a moderate-minded man is content to keep his carriage."

CHAPTER XIII.

Which contains the case and treatment—saying nothing of the cure—of old Mother Brown; and which the autobiographer recommends to the attention of the public in general, and the medical profession in particular.

- "Well, my good woman, what's the matter with you?" said Plausible to Mother Brown, in his own pompous way.
- "Lor bless ye, Sir! don't you know me? I'm most killed with the rheumatiz."
- "I only wish you were," muttered Plausible over his shoulder to me, then aloud; "Oh, ho?



An, indeed! and I st more when you get warm i

"Ay, Sir, sure enough !like it then."

"So I suppose—ay,—w to the right person at last; for you. Now you see, M Plausible, turning round a side, "this is a case I has a sample of in our pauper; why, Sir,—my eminent frie you've heard me mention fore?"

"Oh, yes!" said I, for in mentioned any one else.

"Well, Sir, my friend-to v

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assured me, an almost magical cure for this tormenting disease, found out by the French, and termed accupuncturation. This mode of treatment, I must tell you, Sir, consists simply of wounding the part affected with a long needle. Nothing, says my eminent friend, can be more simple,"—except himself, thought I,—but this was as well left unexpressed. "You see, Mr. Wortley," continued Plausible—"you introduce the needle, which should be made on purpose, some three or four inches deep, more or less, into those fleshy parts which form the seat of pain, and then again withdraw it—a treatment which, I may say, is simplicity itself, you perceive!"

- "But how can that cure rheumatism, Sir?"
- "Why!" replied Plausible, hesitating, and not a little puzzled, though at the same time endeavouring to look as wise as might be—"there are several different reasonings my eminent friend assures me on this head. Some ascribe it to counter-irritation—some to one thing, some to another—my eminent friend sets it down to animal elec-

tricity, one part of the body being plus and another minus, and that the needle acting as a conducting medium, re-establishes an equal balance."

"And a very ingenious theory, indeed, Sir," said I; "and pray, Sir, what say you?"

"Why, Sir, I say nothing; for between ourselves," lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I know nothing about it; but still, you perceive Mr. Wortley, it's the duty of every conscientious medical man, to try every new remedy he
can hear of."

"Oh! certainly!" said I, "and devil take his patients"—this was sotto roce.

"Now, Sir," resumed Plausible, "my eminent friend is very anxious to establish this mode of practice, this accupuncturation, and as he always calls me in to perform his minor operations, I of course am also desirous to try the effect of it, since you perceive, Sir, it would not be amiss to acquire that degree of skill which may be necessary. There cannot be a finer case, you perceive, than old Mother Brown's!"

"True, Sir," said I, "where shall I find the necessary instruments?" for the rest of the pupils had been sent to breakfast.

"Oh! as to the instruments for this operation, Mr. Wortley, they are as I have said so very simple, I have not yet got down from town, some that I ordered on purpose. But I can easily repair that omission. Do you stay here for a few minutes, and be sure you don't let old Mother Brown get away before I come back."

Thus left to myself I looked at the poor aged damsel, and repeated to myself a passage from a late poem of my old enemy, Pope:—

"The lamb thy slaughter dooms to bleed to-day, Had it thy reason, would it skip and play?"

Poor decrepid soul, little dreamt she of the plot hatching against her peace, and as I witnessed her suffering I had half a mind to unbolt the surgery door and give her a hint to depart, but I could not do this without a breach of confidence, and even then she would be coming back again or else raising the town against him, and if she does not prove the initiatory sufferer, thought I, some one else will, and perhaps it may not hurt

her after all, and whether or not this is the ram caught in the thicket, so she must take her chance. As I came to this conclusion in stepped Plausible.

"This will do her business, Sir," said he, showing me his instrument. "You see, Sir," he went on to explain with much self gratulation at his own ingenuity, "I've made one of Mrs. Plausible's darning needles answer all the purpose of the finest accupuncturator, merely, Sir, by fixing it in a handle!" pointing to the rude piece of wood which he had fashioned and stuck on.

"Admirable contrivance, Sir," said I, scarcely able to refrain from laughing in his face. With much importance and many fine words he now approached his patient, having cunningly slid into his pocket the instrument of torture, just as a tipstaff conceals his baton in approaching the wretch he is about to deprive of liberty.

With many a beguiling word did Plausible, who, as I have hinted, was not at all wanting in this respect, now proceed to the attainment of the end in view. Having placed the patient in a proper position and laid bare the seat of pain, the newly adapted needle was produced from the

operator's pocket, and the point made to perforate the skin as gently as possible; piercing through one of those substantial muscles in the lumbar region, denominated the glutæi maximi. As this manœuvre was carried into effect by a quick rotatory motion betwixt the finger and thumb, it did not give much pain, except in the first instance. This was soon past, and the patient, ignorant of what was going on, certainly bore the operation very well.

Having carried the puncture on the right side, about two inches deep, Plausible withdrew the steel, and triumphantly demanded of the patient if she did not feel herself much better?

"Well, Sir, I don't know but that I may be!" responded Mother Brown, with a groan that greatly strengthened the doubtful import of her words.

"Ay, ay, we must try the other side, I see, Mr. Wortley," said Plausible. "My eminent friend says, that unless both sides of the spinal column are equalized, it is not giving the experiment fair play"—and accordingly away went the needle into the other side of old Mother Brown.

Whether this was fair play or not, we shall see in the sequel. Emboldened by his first success, and perhaps not altogether satisfied with its result, he now introduced the instrument until the rude handle forbade its further progress.

"There, Mr. Wortley, you see that a little skill does the thing most effectually, and is soon acquired!"

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when I heard something snap, and my astonishment may be imagined when I discovered that in turning round to address me, the motion of Plausible's body had broken the darning needle short off in that of Mother Brown.

What price was it not worth to have seen the doctor's face at that moment?—All that is imaginable of blankness and dismay were written there, together with a sort of doubt as to the reality of the scene. On my part, as usual, the catastrophe struck me as so inexpressibly ludicrous, that my utmost efforts were necessary to keep my risible propensities in subjection. Plausible perceived my sides shaking, and this restored him to himself.

A slight smile stole over even his own distressed

countenance, and putting up his finger to his mouth as a sign of silence, he whipped the useless handle into his pocket,—started to his feet, and suddenly rubbing his hands to signify that the operation was finished, he exclaimed, "There, my good woman, don't you feel yourself a great deal better after that?"

The impudence of the fellow!—and this after sticking into an old woman of sixty, four inches of darning needle for the rest of her life!

Now then for the scene, thought I—and having had little hand in bringing it about, I determined to have less in bearing it; so quickly opening the door that led into the house, I slipped out, and left the skilful Dr. Plausible to endure the brunt alone.

After listening at no great distance for a quarter of an hour, without being able to distinguish any part of that hurricane of sobs and cries which I thought so sure to ensue, I ventured back once more to the field of battle. There stood the victor solus, quietly turning over the leaves of his day-book, and adding up the sum total of the amount

which he had put down to the account of his patients on the preceding day.

"Why where is old Mother Brown, Sir?" said I, not venturing more than my head through the door, and fully expecting to see her injured shade pop out from some jar or bottle.

"Ha, ha!" said Plausible, looking up and laughing—" Is that you, Mr. Wortley?—you may come in with all safety!"

"May I, Sir?—I am glad to hear it!—but how in the name of fortune did you manage to get out the piece of needle?"

"Get it out!" repeated Plausible, in surprise that almost amounted to indignation,—" of course, Mr. Wortley, I never got it out, nor ever thought of trying!"

"But, bless me, Dr. Plausible, what will old Mother Brown do?"

"Oh, she'll do as she did before, perhaps, a little better; but at her age, you know, she can't do much worse."

"Yes, but won't she feel the needle pricking her?"

- "Suppose she does; she'll only take it for a twinge of rheumatism—a little sharper than ordinary, perhaps."
 - " And won't it cause any swelling of the parts?"
- "Oh no!—possibly it may, but most probably not;—such things have often occurred before."
 - "And what then will become of the needle?"
- "Oh! the needle, you know, will keep jogging on; and if the old soul lives long enough, may yet by some chance or other work its way out. Such a case, however, you perceive, Mr. Wortley, is not without its benefit, for it teaches us that the instrument for this operation should be made of soft steel, to bend without breaking. But come, Sir, get on, if you please, your hat and gloves, and you shall go my country round with me; for I meet the great Dr. Bubblerius to-day, in consultation over the case of my dear friend, Lady Hottentot."





Which narrates how I found golden honours of a physician, an in one visit.

HAVING arrayed myself in tions of Plausible, I proce and found a gaily painted a man-servant in a handson my seat, and was soon join assumed the reins, and in through the city.

At Sust T ..

due proportion of distance, familiarity, or respect, as the carriage which we passed might happen to be drawn by one or two horses,—to seem rich or poor. The pedestrians did not indeed seem sufficiently happy to attract much of his regard; neither could I perceive that many of his bows were returned by those who rode in the coaches—a circumstance I afterwards found to be attributable to the learned gentleman's making it a rule always to bow to carriage people at a venture. For, in the first place, it gave the passers by, a great idea of his practice; next, the bows might be returned by mistake; and third, even if they were not, no one was supposed to know the reason. As for those to whom he really was known, he always made a dead shot at such game, by not only making a profound congee, but taking his hat clear off his shining pericranium—just as a well-bred man may honour a royal duke of his acquaintance.

Once or twice, indeed, it did fall out so mal apropos that the Doctor, in an anticipatory feeling, would give one of his nods familiar to a carriage



eyes immoveably fixed he passed along, unminneath his attention.

As soon, however, as and this part of his dut discuss with me the medi

Worthy man! with w had discovered the minu Difficult indeed is it to re Exquisite, in truth, though way in which he proved the sion in that city could he nent friend, Dr. Bubbleriurius, let me tell you, Sir," su eager to advance his frie Bubblerius, let me tell you and one of experience.

"Yes, Mr. Wortley, yes," ingenuously repeated Plausible; "he is, Sir, I assure you, very little inferior—a very wonderful man is Dr. Bubblerius!"

Humph! thought I;—I wonder what sort of a hand he is at breaking darning needles in old women's backs.

"To which of the waters does that old blockhead, Solid, belong?" demanded Plausible, interrupting my silence.

"Waters, Sir! Truly, I know not, unless it be to some of the distilled waters—or perhaps, it may be, to the strong waters."

"Ah, Sir, I see you don't understand me. And is it possible that you can have lived so long in Bath, without knowing that every medical man—that is, of any pretensions to practice—patronises one of the three great springs—the Old spring, the New spring, and the True spring? Is it possible you are so ignorant that what action is to eloquence, so with us are the waters to medicine? Waters—waters—waters. We eat the waters, Sir; we drink the waters,—swear by the waters!"

"Indeed, Sir! Well, now, I knew you lived



"Oh, Sir, we shoul waters."

"Ah!--indeed, Doc
say you use plenty of t
"Right, Mr. Wortley
Sir, make them drink
know, if it does nothi
we have here—nay, two
hypochondriaca, who
downright ill health from
do. Now, the swallow
salt-water, is an inesti
people!"

"And a little to youns

" Oh, Sir, you mistal gentleman, with an air of —iter—five and sixpence—that'll not be so bad on the road to Lady Hottentot's. Mother Wilson, Mr. Wortley, is as fine a case of hip-joint as you could wish to see; some day I hope to show it you,—I haven't time to look at it just now.—John, hold the reins." And in popped Dr. Plausible, followed close at his heels by Dr. Wortley.

Bouncing into a comfortable parlour, we found an old woman of sixty sitting by the fire. "Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Wilson," bawled Plausible in his loudest tones, and speaking very quickly. "How d'ye do to-day, eh?—No better, I suppose." "Oh dear no, Sir! No better, not at all!" "Ah, very well, that'll do then,—go on with the pill every night and the mixture every morning, and I'll see you again next week. Good morning, Mrs. Wilson." "A perfectly hopeless case that, Mr. Wortley," said Plausible, as the door closed and we drove off.

"What then, Sir," said I, affecting to put on a long face, "don't you think that she'll pay her bill?"

"Oh dear, yes! That old woman's bill, Sir,—and a fine long one 'tis by the by!—is as good as Bank

of England paper. The worst of it is, Mr. Wortley, I fear she can't hold out long."

"What, Sir, must the golden egged goose die?"

"I fear it, indeed.—Her long years of confinement have totally broken up her constitution beyond all powers of medicine to sustain."

"Then the daily mixture and pill you continue as a matter of conscience, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir," replied Plausible, never dreaming of any quiz. "Yes, Sir, it is our duty to soothe the decline of life. Moreover, it is only charitable to grant any little indulgence or luxury in our power to those whose cases are hopeless."

"The devil take your idea of a luxury, you rascal," muttered I.

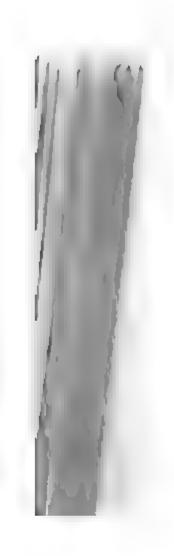
"But to return to the point from which we started," resumed Plausible after a pause. "I was about to tell you, Mr. Wortley, that in Bath all the eminent practitioners are divided into as many parties as there are principal springs;—that is, the True-water party, the New-water party, and the Old-water party. Now, I have no hesitation in saying, that the only men worth listening to—worth looking at—are the True-water men. The

rest, Sir, are a mere set of blockheads—illiterate asses.—Doctor Bubblerius and myself are, of course,"—" Of course," said I.—" the New-water party's leaders," resumed Bubblerius.

- "I understood as much, Sir."
- "Exactly so; and you'll have an opportunity of forming your own opinions on our various practice. I say nothing; I never descend to those low arts of puffing by which some people get on. If I were a vain man, I might perhaps enjoy opportunities of indulging my foible—but that, Sir, is a weakness I abhor. Bless me, if there isn't Dr. Bubblerius' carriage at Lady Hottentot's door already. To think if I should have kept him waiting!"

Lash after lash descended on his horse's back at the bare idea of such an atrocity; and on coming up, we found the great man just about to descend and enter.

Out sprang Plausible, proffering his arm in the very humblest manner, with many a hope and wish that his patron was himself this morning. Rendered into plain English, this meant to say, he hoped the Doctor had chanced to go to bed sober;



a few words in the gr introduced me as a y studying the profession general information. k blevius was certainly ve even kind; and I soon those favoured men with meet in the higher walls we have every just preju possess manners so fascia compel our perfect tolerand even our regard.

We were now shewn ar chamber. She was the wid who having settled at Bath, by his latter helf to c

herself, but perhaps complexion is catching, for hers looked as though her spouse in his love had made a curry of it, and only died before it could be served to table.

"The very ugliest woman, her ladyship, I ever saw in my life!" whispered Plausible aside to me as we entered.

"Ah, Dr. Bubblerius!" began the invalid, "this is really kind of you, to come so far out of your town beat; and you so busy as I know you always are.—Jenny, you stupid fool!" to her maid, "why don't you give the Doctor a chair?"

"Really, my lady," replied Bubblerius in his very blandest tones, and leaning over the settee as though his extreme politeness prevented his thinking of a seat until his respects were duly paid—"Really, my lady, you do me too much honour in making these apologies.—Believe me, Madam, I should be but too happy," placing his hand over his heart, "to come to any distance—were it fifty miles—to wait upon one whom I have had the pleasure of knowing so long and so intimately as your Ladyship!—Plausible," turning



tentot," resumed Bubbles
to his informant, "I feyou thus! — Permit me
pulse,"—sliding into the
perceptibly.—" Now tell
tentot, where do you feel
"All over, Doctor."

The doctor heaved a sig bottom of his heart; but, thing, only gave a shake o much to the purpose.

"All over? ch, my lady? after a pause.

"Yes, Doctor, — mine's case."

"So I perceive, Madan

- "I gave you the whole history of it last night. Don't you remember that case of monomania and supposed ascites."
- "Oh, ah! Well, my dear Lady Hottentot, we must see if we can't do something for you. Just be kind enough, now, to detail your case to me."
- "Ah, Doctor! mine is indeed a very delicate case."
- "Yes, your ladyship, we know that, but still to your medical adviser—"
- "True, Doctor, and it's a very important case,

 —I may say of national importance."
- "Exactly, Madam.—You see, Mr. Wortley," turning to me, "the only way with these patients is to humour them;—listen now, and I'll be sworn you'll hear some monstrous absurdity;"—then turning to his patient, "Well, my dear Lady Hottentot, proceed."
- "Well, Doctor, the fact is," lowering her voice to that whisper in which all important matters are generally communicated,—"the fact is, that just below here," placing her hand on her.



tor, you perceive I've as I hear that the Germa become the seat of war, time should be lost in of State; or my situation carious."

At this absurd jumble (
laughed outright. Plausi
was, felt compelled to his
curtains, while the gravity
sustained by his anger.

"Secretary of State! w is the old fool going to giv he to me; then addressing me leave to ascertain, Mad

After a slight pressure of

apprehension with regard to the German Ocean. No, Madam! no, Madam!—it is the Pacific which thus troubles you!"

"The Pacific! pshaw!—Doctor, you've got the Pacific yourself, I think; as to me, I'm sure you know nothing about the matter," exclaimed the 'dear Lady Hottentot,' suddenly pushing away her physician's hand, and replying with the ill-directed acuteness of a maniac—"Pacific, indeed! it can't be the Pacific; for I'm sure it's never quiet an hour in the day!"

"But, Madam!" began Plausible, coming to the aid of his chief—"Hold your tongue; what do you know about it?" interrupted the virago, cutting him as short as his master.—"Here, my friend," addressing herself to me, "do you come and give me your opinion on the matter. You're a young doctor, and have not had time yet to get as stupid as these old people."

"Why, Madam," replied I, after some deliberation, and patting with my fingers in the true scientific style,—" if I might give an opinion differing from that of my learned and experienced



sea ' -how did you know

This was a difficult que presence of mind; but to "Why, your Ladyship win question has no tid height, and always agitate exactly accords with your "What."

"What's your name?"
looking sharply up into my
dam."

"Well then, Dr. Wortley in physic that I've met w Dr. Bubblerius!"

" Madam."

". Give this gentleman yo

Now, Dr. Wortley, your consultation-fee is five guineas;—here's ten, then. I shall give those other fellows nothing."

I bowed, and having received the money which she offered, I contrived unseen to put it into the hand of Bubblerius. This learned physician, as if utterly unconscious of my part of the transaction, merely slipped the coin into his breeches' pocket without a word, and then secured it with a button, as if to say, Rest there in safety, my dear friends, you've met with sufficient dangers on the way.

Her ladyship now appeared pretty well satisfied, and asked my advice whether she should be tapped, to which, by Plausible's direction, I answered, yes. She then asked me to fix an hour for the operation, when, by the same suggestion, I named two o'clock on the ensuing day. To my horror and astonishment, she now told me that I must tap her in person. Then saying she had enjoyed quite enough of our company, very abruptly wished us good morning.

This last proposal of my operating, quite turned



trary, strenuously declarinduce me thus to tampe creature; and it was the the interim, to have some should be said, so serious as to render my playing the question. In this c Plausible should take the attempted to be forced on

As I don't intend again will suffice to say here, the Plausible operated on bet, died—of course.

CHAPTER XV.

Which treats of the different phases of the medical character.

On leaving the house of the esteemed and amiable Lady Hottentot, my instructors were called away by their duty to attend the Bath Hospital, to which, as medical officers, they both belonged.

Here, on our arrival, we found the élite of the medical world, and many others, whom Plausible informed me, could by no means come within that title. As during my residence in Plausible's house, I often attended at this emporium of the faculty, it naturally resulted that the characters of all became more or less known to me.

And truly, I may almost say, that I saw the medical character in every phasis which it can assume.

A very brief period, indeed, sufficed for me to observe that the professional attendants of this charity were, in their sentiments, divided into numerous parties. Of these, two were particularly prominent, and into the ranks either of the one or the other, the minores were content on all momentous struggles to glide.

Here, as in the medical world at large, it was no longer a question between True, New, and Old waters—but quite a different affair.

Opposed to the never sufficiently to be extolled Dr. Bubblerius, was Mr. Gregory. No two men could differ more. The one was straight as an arrow in his course—open, fearless, and true-hearted; the other, like a smooth, but deep and devious stream, the whole of whose existence was a sinuous meander, encroaching on all that was soft, and ever giving way to what was firm.

Dr. Bubblerius was the leading physician, Mr. Gregory the head-surgeon, of the hospital. No one could be more civil than Bubblerius to Gregory, and I am very safe in asserting, that no one

could hate the latter more. On the other hand it was impossible to exceed the calm indifference with which the surgeon viewed the physician, and, at times, it was truly ludicrous to hear the careless nonchalance with which the former would reply to the most studied addresses of the latter.

The first and greatest offence for which Mr. Gregory was never to be forgiven, was that he had come, ay, absolutely unsolicited, to Bath, and there, in a short space of time, had established a large practice, while, almost as atrocious, he made a point of never calling in a physician—prescribed rhubarb and antimony whenever he thought fit—laughed at apothecaries while he took their bread and butter from betwixt their fingers—and, after all this behaviour, actually styled himself a pure surgeon!

"His purity forsooth!" said they. His brother medicos proclaimed this a dose they could not swallow. "And after all this, Sir, what do you think he did?" said one of his opponents in describing his conduct to me, "would you believe it, Sir?—he actually set up his carriage!"

"Impudent rogue
"Sir, you're right
" you have just notic
of my kidney!—com

But to return; Min to compel success—of tion, and good sense; world, and could profit what is still more rare, the of industry.

At that time a pure a fined himself to operation cessary for his patient, p physician—was a practit rate occurrence, and and

They saw no reason why they should be inferior to the physician in point of education, for capability in their line of the profession required even more knowledge of the human frame than that which the mere practice of medicine demanded.

"In physic," said they, "a few blunders matter little; for, gentlemen, the results of the error are rarely traced home, and the cause therefore passes unsuspected. In surgery, the case is widely different. Here, gentlemen, your works are open, and liable to the judgement of all the world. In addition to this argument, they were paid for their attendance, and not by the odious method of how much medicine they could get their unhappy patients to swallow."

On the other hand, it was contended by the physicians, and often not without reason, that your pure surgery advocates were often carried away by the enthusiasm of carving, to neglect the sublimities of dosing.

Stand the truth as it might between these two factions of dosers and carvers, party spirit ran to the extreme. What a motley collection of individual peculiarities did I not see! Scarcely had I entered the hospital with Plausible and Bubblerius, when they were surrounded by a numerous and most obsequious staff of dependants and admirers.

Plausible immediately assumed the part of a great man, and gave himself innumerable airs, while Bubblerius, to whom the thing was a matter of too constant occurrence, received all their pretty little speeches with his usual suavity.

Stepping, however, out of the circle to an old gentleman of most antique costume and outré appearance, he seized his hand with such a shew of kindness that I set them down at once as the most cordial haters of each other. "My dear Sir, I am delighted to have the pleasure of seeing you still able to revisit the field of your former glories," exclaimed Bubblerius.

"Thank ye, Doctor, thank ye!" returned the other who had once been the head surgeon, and had now retired with a handsome fortune,—"thank ye," in the squeaking of a true Thersites, "how does the world wag with you, Doctor? D'ye think ye do much good, eh?"

" Why, at least, Sir, we try to alleviate the ills

of life, and as for good, you know, we do as much of that as we can."

" Devilish little that, I'm thinking, Doctor."

Then thrusting his tongue in his cheek, as soon as Bubblerius turned away,—" never could do much of that in your best of days!"

This joke was addressed to the young carvers, who seemed to relish it greatly. The dosers, on the contrary, returned it with sullen looks, and stalked away in the rear of their chief.

The whole assemblage now separated in two divisions to go round the wards of the hospital; the dosers on the physician's side; the carvers on the surgeon's.

"There they go to their triumphs," said the old surgeon as he saw them move off. The triumphs of David and Saul—and faith pretty much as usual, for though Saul may have slain his thousands, David's are the tens of thousands." This I soon found to be a hit at a young physician of the latter name, whose love of new medicines and perseverance in bad ones, contributed not a little to people the shades below.

When I attended the hospital, he had just vol. II.

taken a violent affection for quassia, and the more they tried to persuade him of its deleterious and poisonous qualities, the more he stack to it, no matter what the disease.

"Ah, poor fellow!" was his exclamation on getting hold of a new patient. "He wants tone, Mr. Snook," to the house apothecary, " see that this person gets my infusion quassize light." By and by the patient was reported much worse. "Mr. Snook!" said the physician.

"Sir," said Mr. Snook.

"See that the strength of that quassia is doubled." The patient proved as obstinate as his doctor, and took it into his head to die.

"Ah, poor man!" quoth Doctor David. "They always will delay coming in here till it's too late—a pity we couldn't have had that patient to strengthen a little sooner!"

Sometimes quassia was exchanged for columbaroot, and not unfrequently for laurel-water, and, generally, with the same happy result. If, on the contrary, his patients proved so iron of heart as to laugh at this, his never-failing stronghold was the liquor arsenicalis. His underlings, at last, felt their consciences pricked, and either left out his darling drugs, or greatly diluted them. But this he discovered, and to catch them at their tricks would frequently taste the medicine—though he never was known by any mistake to swallow it.

In direct opposition to David was Dr. Heavy-stern. This gentleman, under an unpromising exterior, concealed a great deal of fun. It was frequently his custom, to alight from his carriage, walk through the hospital, visit the bedside of every patient, just touch his hat to the attending medical officer of the day, and then drive away again without uttering a single syllable. Not unfrequently, some of his assistants would propose to administer certain remedies.

"You may as well leave these things alone, gentlemen," was his answer, "they do the patient no good—not in the least."

What might do the patient good, he rarely condescended to explain. When any one ventured to tell him of a new medicine, unless the informant was Dr. David, he always replied, "Pooh, pooh, Sir! give your patients a little

saw-dust—depend upon it 'twill do them much more benefit, and won't be half so nasty!"

To David, however, his conduct was quite different; nothing delighted him more than to go and ask the Israelitish physician, if there was any thing lately invented in medicine that was worth knowing.

"Oh, yes," the other would reply, giving a list of half-a-dozen new roots, extracts, oils, and salts.

"Have ye got any of them to spare, Dr. David?"

"No, I haven't just yet, but a particular friend of mine has promised to send me some down from London; I expect them in a day or two, for he's taking particular pains to get them good."

"That's right!" Heavystern would reply, "be sure you exhibit them in large doses—I'll be bound you live to see the effects—that is, if you don't take any yourself!"

The last was a gentle sort of aside, accompanied with a dignified nod, that left the other fully persuaded how greatly his style of practice was the admiration of his senior. That senior in turn, however, was fairly open to censure himself, since what we termed his "silent system," was merely prudence degenerated into neglect.

He was once known in private practice to have been called in to a whimsical lady. He chatted with her for half an hour, took a two-guinea fee, and was in the act of closing the drawing-room door, when she exclaimed—"But, Doctor Heavy-stern, you've forgotten the chief object of your vist—my ill health."

"Ah, Madam!" replied he, with infinite pathos, and looking at the gold, "that is such a very interesting subject, I could not think of discussing it at the end of a visit, so we'll reserve it for the beginning of my next—see you again to-morrow, Madam."

Some people enjoy a peculiar licence, and this, which would have ruined many men, was told as a good story of him. In truth, for a melancholy example of this position, I need not have wandered very far from the same room.

Among the many who came to the hospital to watch cases, was one who seemed really to study

his profession. We afterwards became acquainted, and I found I had not been deceived in him.

His whole heart and soul—and a noble soul it was—were devoted to the mastery of the science by which he had once hoped to procure affluence. Alas! he found it insufficient to insure him even bread!

He was born of a good English family, with a small patrimony. Being of a studious turn, his choice of a profession fell on medicine—and, when rightly exercised, surely none can be more dignified or more exalting. Determined to qualify himself to the utmost, he took a degree at Oxford, studied in London, spent some years abroad, and stored up a vast fund of information from almost every quarter to which it was possible to have access.

Ignorant, however, of the world, except from books, and sanguine as to the future, he entered on a marriage of affection, chose Bath as a place of residence, and imagined he had only to enter the field of practice to obtain that due share of its rewards to which his talents and acquirements justly entitled him.

Alas! he soon found how slightly estimated by mankind is mere desert. A thousand petty meannesses were daily disclosed to his view to which he could never condescend; or if, for the sake of his family, he could bring himself to their level, still he could not, despite himself, contrive to enter into them with that degree of art which was necessary to turn them to account.

In addition to this, he was cursed with that frequent failing of an elevated mind—timidity. Many an opportunity of pushing himself forward passed by him unimproved, from a diffidence and hesitation that should rather have commanded respect, than have brought ruin.

How often have I not seen him, walking through the wards, minutely inquiring into cases that the large practice of others had caused them to neglect, offering to the poor sufferers all the consolation and tenderness in his power, when, Heaven knows, the feelings of his own heart must have been such as no sickness could ever equal.

Painfully did I contrast his haggard cheek and shrunken form with the bloated carcasses of the numerous quacks that moved around him. Then, too, rose to my mind's eye, the weary vigil devoted to study and the sleepless pillow, where the rude cares of the morrow broke in to disturb a hardly-earned repose.

His young and beautiful wife, and the two prattling infants I had seen climbing on his knee, mingled in these reveries, for, though ignorant of the fact himself, it required but little scrutiny to perceive that their only protector was already advanced in a decline.

Such is the ignorance of the world! To presume to its favour is too often to win, while only to deserve is too frequently to lose it!

Poor Hebbert!—He was rarely seen in the society of any one, unless in that of an eccentric genius who was little calculated either by precept or example, to supply what in his friend was wanting. The gentleman to whom I allude was a Scotchman of considerable genius, great wit and humour, with more of the Irish character about him than the Scotch.

Perfect master of his profession, he chose to hold it in contempt, because it occasionally requires that a man should shut his eyes. To him

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it was more agreeable to live on a small independence, and occasionally tell a patient to go to the devil, than work steadily on, and with little labour to himself draw in a revenue of thousands.

Scarcely ever did it fall to the lot of one to have had so many opportunities of fortune as in a life of great vicissitude had chanced to him, and never were opportunities turned to such slight account. If a patient went to call on him, it was no unfrequent thing for his servant to tell you that his "master was in his painting-room, and couldn't be disturbed."

Perhaps your case was urgent, and you took the liberty of sending in your name—ten to one but you heard yourself referred, as I said before, to that dark practitioner below, with whom men are sometimes very much pleased to be on speaking, but rarely on visiting terms.

I was once in his studio, when some testy old officer raised the blockade, and forcing his way in, snappishly exclaimed, "Really Dr. Sanderson this is too bad!—you've taken my case in hand, and I have every right to expect that you'll see me to the end of it." "Oh," replied Sanderson, if that's

all you want, Dr. Bubblerius is your man. But come now, my dear colonel, I know you're so obliging as well as a reasonable fellow, so just take this "—giving him a rough brush filled with blue paint, with which he had been doing in the ground work of a sky—"sit ye down upon the first chair, and brush your hat with it, till I can tell you what you're to have next."

The patient flung a guinea on the carpet most indignantly, and strode to the door, just as he was elamming which, the doctor, without looking from his canvass, cried out "good morning, colonel!

—why you're rather in a hurry."

Then turning round to me—" now, young gentleman, I shan't be bothered with that friend very speedily again."—And truly, never did there live a man who had such a knack of getting rid of all his friends as the Doctor—no wonder—yet strange to say, few men were so much liked or admired.

After all, he was a most pleasant fellow, despite of his faults. He had visited each quarter of the globe, had travelled over the whole of Europe, spoke seven languages, and was conversant more or less with every branch of either science or philosophy —all that could either instruct or amuse. As for books, he almost equalled that Florentine walking library, whose name I have forgotten—but perhaps you will remember. You could scarcely name a book to the Doctor, of which he could not give you the history and particulars; yet, with all these acquirements, few men ever committed a greater number of silly, foolish actions.

Though the preceding was often his conduct to his richer patients, yet to the poor, to whom his advice was gratuitously given, together with means of following it, no being could be kinder, and by many of them he was adored. Strangely inconsistent is our nature at the best. Despising the practice of his profession as he did, the theory of it was his most unwearied study. He was the author of many works, medical and others, one of which, embracing an immense field of research, was dedicated to upholding the system of animate contagion, once prevalent among the ancients.

Yet all this knowledge lay by like idle lumber; of value to no one for want of use. Anything the most remote from his own duties, seemed to give him the greatest pleasure. I remember his em-

ploying weeks in ascertaining, by experiment, whether hemp could not be manufactured from hop bines;—at another period, indigo was to be got from the bean plant. One morning, also, he solemnly assured me that he had discovered the mode of realising a fortune of one or two millions, "if any one were desirous of such trash!"

I asked what his discovery might be—he assured me it was a machine for cutting down the aboriginal forests of the new world, at the rate of three trees a minute—that the wood of the trunks was next to be reduced to potash—and then, by a peculiar process—his, of course—to saltpetre—"Which you know, my dear Sir, to a warlike country like this, is a subject of great commerce and expensive price. But just excuse my saying more to you at present, for I see Hebbert coming up the street, and I hope he's bringing me a particular specimen of the scarabæus, which I want to paint for a plate in my new book."—So off went the genius at a tangent.

Such and so varied were many of the new profession in which I suddenly found myself engaged. I doubt not, in so large a city, there were many others with characters equally marked, but the above formed the most distinct of those with whom I came in contact, and though to a general view they all belonged to one class, yet how widely different was each from the rest.

To an idle man like myself, the observation of individual peculiarities has often proved most amusing. Nor is it altogether uninstructive. But my story demands I should proceed—and in my next chapter I think it not unlikely that I may comply with its request.

CHAPTER XVI.

Which shows how Dr. Phronitie painted in caustic, and the great effect produced by the same.

THE time in which I had amused myself with making the observations contained in the preceding chapter had passed away very pleasantly, when one of Plausible's pre-eminently happy cases so touched my conscience, that I began to think I had had enough of medicine.

To this prudent idea some other matters happened to give great additional weight.

It was on a Sunday morning, just as Plausible and myself were lounging over our breakfast, that a patient was announced in the surgery. On repairing thither we found a stout individual who,

if we might judge from the good casing of his outward man, was well to do in the world. Plausible immediately addressed him in one of his accustomed florid and periphrastic speeches, which being briefly rendered into the mother tongue, was as much as to say, "I'm the man that can cure anything."

"After a manner," mentally added I, "cum grano salis." However, the stout patient contented himself with saying, "He was glad to hear it—for that he was at present mighty bad."

"Oh! never mind that," returned Plausible.—
"So much the better; it is from such patients as you that I gain all my credit in practice." Encouraged by the Doctor's condescending kindness, the patient now said that his name was Smith, and that he had come to complain of a severe ulcerated sore throat.

"Ha! ha! and I doubt well deserving of complaint it is—we must send that fellow off with a mittimus—give him notice to quit," returned Plausible, carrying on the joke. "Sit down here, Sir, and let me examine the affected part. Ha! you're right, my friend, it is a very severe attack you've had. See, Mr. Wortley, this is as fine a case of the sort as you could wish to see."

Accordingly I looked, and certainly if anything of the sort could be fine, it was doubtless as fine as a moderate-minded man could desire.

After a few questions as to the manner in which it came on, Plausible assured the poor fellow that it would soon be remedied, touched up the edges of the part with a little caustic, for the sake of the patient, and gave him a mixture to stick down in the bill, for the sake of himself. These preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, he told him to take no trouble in stirring out of the house to-morrow, as he should be driving past the door, and would very kindly come and call upon him.

Having seen the stout patient wrap his throat well up in shawls, I opened the surgery door to let him out; strongly tempted at the moment to say—" If you have any sense in that thick head of yours, you'll forbear to thrust it into this trap again."

" Mr. Wortley," said Plausible, as soon as we

were alone—"remind me to get a camel-hair pencil, the first thing to-morrow morning; I want to use it for that man; I find the caustic holder is too clumsy a mode of dealing with so nice an affair. And while I think of it, just oblige me by preparing a small quantity of saturated solution of the nitrate of silver. For if a drachm or two of lunar caustic were to slip down that fellow's throat, it would not be so comfortable as his morning dram."

Monday morning came. I reminded Dr. Plausible of his stout patient, and the ingenious mode by which he proposed to torture him, and faithful to his intention, we sallied forth to the shop of a large print and drawing seller. Only one stranger was present besides ourselves, and his back was turned.

"Show me some camel-hair pencils," said Plausible, in the loud authoritative tone that was common to him.

At the sound of his voice, the stranger turned and presented the countenance of Mr. Gregory.

"Good morning, Dr. Plausible"—"Good morning, Mr. Gregory," were the salutations exchanged.

The brushes were now produced, and Plansible, with more fuss than was at all necessary, proceeded to choose one.

"What," said Gregory, "has Saunderson inoculated you with his rage for painting?"

"Hardly, Mr. Gregory, hardly!—No, Sir, I have at present a very—a very, a—a—a very remarkably fine case of a sort of cynanche tonsillaris,"—giving the disease a name that it by no means deserved.

" Indeed, Dr. Plausible!"

"Yes, Mr. Gregory; and in order to get a severe ulcer to close over, I want one of these fine camel-hair brushes, just to touch the extreme edges with caustic;"—making a flourish with the brush as he spoke. Gregory returned this with a smile of contempt, and while, as was his custom, he went on tapping the ground with his stick, he proceeded to put one or two questions as to the cause of the attack.

"Humph!" said he, looking down on the ground, as soon as these were answered, and evidently not a little amused at something.—
"Now does it not strike you, on reconsidering

the matter, Dr. Plausible, that this throat is of secondary importance?—not the cause, but merely the effect, and that it would be much wiser to attack the former, and for the present leave the latter to itself?"

"Oh no!—dear no!" replied Plausible, in a ready tone of over-confidence, as if he had Gregory at fault, and was now giving him some good advice, without in truth having had time fully to comprehend the very sensible objection that had been urged.

"Oh no, Mr. Gregory, I can assure you, Sir, from my experience, that you have only to touch the edges lightly,"—with another flourish of the pencil,—" the wound will quickly disappear, and the patient get quite well.—Perhaps you may not have such a case in your practice, and would like to observe this process of treatment?—if so, at any time I should be most happy to call with you!"

"Thank you, Sir," said Gregory, bowing to the ground, as if most deeply obliged, yet smiling still. "I suppose, Dr. Plausible, you are quite conversant with the anatomy of the part?" " Of course! of course! Mr. Gregory!"

"And the internal carotid, Dr. Plausible, that runs so close—a dangerous fellow, that, to have for a neighbour if anything goes wrong."

"Of course! of course!"

"Very well then," said the surgeon, "I wish you success—good morning, Dr. Plausible."

"Good morning, Mr. Gregory," and we parted.
In a few minutes we were in the little parlour
of Mr. Smith—a close confined cabin; the stout
patient himself leaning over the roasting fire, like
a huge cucumber stewing.

The usual compliments having passed, and Plausible having given one or two gentle notes upon his own horn in his accustomed mode—since the decease of Stronglungus, his worthy and regretted trumpeter—we proceeded to the examination of our happy patient.

Strange to say, we found his condition rather worse than better. Plausible looked wise, cautious, and puzzled by turns, but to have bought his brush and not to use it!—Cruel mortification!—he could not undergo it.—So after one or two flourishes, and a touch at each flourish, which en-

sured it as an item in said Smith's account, we ordered him another mixture, replaced him carefully over the fire, and told his nurse when he was done enough, to take him off and put him to bed.

Day after day this sort of thing continued, until from looking first at the throat and then at its doctor, I grew quite undecided as to which might prove the worst evil of the two to our friend Smith. Though I need not have doubted this after so long an acquaintance with the Doctor's practice. Very speedily I observed that Plausible always gave me the go by, with regard to this patient,—contriving to sneak off and see him alone,—he ceased to speak of "that splendid case of sore throat,"—and, what was more symptomatic—even to order "that Mr. Smith's mixture."

I now pretty well guessed how affairs were going, when Plausible one morning came home looking very pale, and after a little hesitation begged me to run quickly for Mr. Gregory, and entreat his attendance for a consultation on "that distressing case" of Mr. Smith.

Oh, he, thought I, you've changed your note! Taking up my hat, I set off without loss of time. Mr. Gregory was, as I feared, out of the way.— At last I managed to find him, and with great kindness he accompanied me on the instant, making no reply to my statement but a by melancholy shake of the head.

On arriving at Smith's, we found the patient up stairs in bed, and Plausible pacing to and fro the parlour, evidently much agitated—we moved up stairs, and at the sight of Mr. Smith I was inconceivably shocked.—He was very much wasted—exceedingly flushed, and with a hard, quick, small, jerking pulse.

As to the immediate evil, that had increased frightfully.—Gregory took a brief but cool and attentive survey of the case, and having slowly uttered the words "very well," quitted the room to speak with Plausible below.

"Well, Mr. Gregory, what do you think of him?" timidly enquired the Doctor.

"Exactly what I thought some days ago; you have been attacking and aggravating the result,

while the cause has been allowed to go unchecked. The only hope for your patient is, to have recourse, without delay, to alterative medicines."

"But, Mr. Gregory, he is now too weak to bear them."

"Yes, I fear he is; and in that case, nothing can save him—he must die."

Plausible seemed for an instant horror-stricken, and sinking into a chair, wiped the drops from his brow. "Don't take it so much to heart," said Gregory, very kindly, "we are all subject to errors in judgment occasionally; and to show you, that even the greatest men are not always exempt from misfortunes of this kind, I will give you a case that I witnessed in one of the great London hospitals.

"The surgeon to whom this occured, was confessedly the first of his day—one whose name will be long and deservedly a very high authority. A clerk in a banker's office came to him, and complained of a large tumour in the axilla or arm-pit. He stated his income to be some two hundred-and-fifty a-year, on which he supported with comfort, a wife and large family. He de-

sired to know if the tumour could be removed without danger; if it could, he would have it extracted; if it could not, it should remain, as it gave the clerk little or no pain, and had been growing since childhood.

The surgeon laughed at the danger; said there was none; and in order to lessen the expense, kindly offered, on the clerk's coming into the hospital, to operate gratis. I witnessed the operation; the tumour was far more deeply imbedded than was expected; it took three quarters of an hour to extract, and this from its surrounding the nerves so intimately, gave a severe shock to the frame. The patient was a strong hale man. On the ensuing morning, when the surgeon came to see him, the pulse was almost extinct—the man evidently sinking, and, in fact, nature had never made even an effort to rally. The patient looked up in the surgeon's face, and faintly said, 'Ah, Sir, I'm a dying man!'

"' Oh, I hope not, my good fellow!' replied the former.

"'Yes, but I am, Sir,' returned the clerk, 'and you knew it! How could you tell me there was

no danger? When I'm gone, what in the name of God is to become of my poor wife and children?' The surgeon looked at him for a moment—appeared very much shocked, then turned away his head, and walked down the ward-Poor fellow! the next day his sufferings were at an end.

"Every man, Dr. Plausible, who has an extensive practice, must bear his share of these trials; only the knowledge of their probability should make us doubly careful.

"I admit this is a melancholy case, and it is, perhaps, unfortunate that you did not think of revising your opinion before. However, you are master of my views of the subject, and if you will let me know when I can be of any further use to you, I shall be most happy.

"I see," drawing out his watch, "I am already late for an engagement, so perhaps you will excuse me for the present."

Plausible rose, and faltering out his thanks, we returned home without a word, and I must say this for Plausible, he felt that case, as he deserved, most severely.

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During the rest of the day, he remained silent and dejected; and scarcely had he got to bod, when with a violent ringing some one came, desiring his instant attendance on his patient.

As I knew all the circumstances, he, of course, felt no hesitation as to my witnessing the result, and preferring, perhaps, not to go alone, he called me up also. On arriving at Smith's, we found that the injured parts had extended more deeply than it was possible from mere external examination to discover. These had involved the outer coats of the large artery, palpitating close beside them, and to such a degree, that a sudden turn in bed had ruptured it completely.

I need not add, that frightful hemorrhage took place upon the instant, and death ensued without the possibility of averting it.

Long before our arrival all was over. The scene may be imagined. It was sufficiently dreadful, and we hurried home without exchanging a single word; no sooner, however, had we entered the surgery than, what with self-reproach, and what with horror at the late sight, Plausible fell into the first chair and fainted.

The trouble of bringing him to himself, perhaps, saved me from a similar fate. Having called his wife to my assistance, and seen him safely to his room, I retired to my own, swallowed a tumbler full of wine, and so got to sleep; but long, indeed was it, before the images of that night ceased to haunt my dreams.

CHAPTER XVII.

Which shows how and why the great Bubblerius gave grand parties.

On the evening ensuing the events described in the last chapter, Bubblerius gave a grand party. In one of these he was accustomed to indulge about every three months, and, in proportion to the rarity of the affair, so was its magnificence increased.

As he was in the habit of going out very much himself, he of course had a great number to invite in return. His rooms were always, therefore, well crowded, his society considerably mixed, and as the suppers were on a scale of liberality approaching to profusion, his lady's turns-out were thought very fine.

With respect to his own profession, though he had the bad taste to affect shyness of the cloth, you were still sure to meet every practitioner who had any opportunities of calling him in to a "good case;" and hence, among those who wished to laugh at him, his routs were termed medical spreads.

I must, however, do him the justice to say, that he always adhered most exclusively to his party; and that, among his medical guests, none beside the "true well set," were by any chance admitted; while for the "carvers,"—such rogues were excommunicated to a man. I need not say, Plausible was among the most punctual of the great man's attendants, and in this instance assured me that he made a point of going, to efface, if possible, certain feelings left upon his mind by the preceding night.

The great doctor, in his turn, remembered me, and I had in perspective the pleasure of handing in and handing out Mistress Plausible, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., triple accomplished, I took leave to stroll through

the well-lighted rooms of the " true water physician."

I had not proceeded far, however, when the beautiful figure of his wife caught my eye. My how to her was very graciously returned, and, admirer as I am of the charms of the fairer part of the creation, it would indeed have been very hard, had I not paused to gaze on this specimen of its loveliness. She was dancing with a Lord Somebody, said by every body to be one of her most devoted slaves. Be that as it may, few ever seemed more enraptured with a golden chain, and I thought, as I looked on, that any man might have been proud to wear it. The dance having concluded, I found my self following, as if perforce, the object of my admiration.

While gazing thus delighted, I heard the well-known voice of Bubblerius, proceeding in its loudest tones from a small study that opened off the room in which we were.

"Emily, love!" cried he, "have you any commands for the marquis?"

Emily, love, replied in her own sweet tones, "No, dear."

Presently Bubblerius cried out, "Emily, darling!
I'm writing to the Earl of Waterfield,—what shall
I say for you?"

- "Only say that I'm quite well, love," replied the blooming Emily. Once more the promenade was resumed, and after what would, in Ireland, be termed "a dacent," interval, the first voice was again heard.
- "Emily, pet, didn't you say that you would go to Osterton next week? If so I'd better mention it now in my letter to his lordship."
- "Oh yes, do!" said the pet, giving one of her brightest smiles to her handsome cavalier.

Ah, and such smiles!—any one of them might have given a man the heart-ache for a fortnight! So fearing I might commit some extravagance if I remained much longer in such dangerous society, I ventured to explore the little study whence all this vocal grandeur had proceeded.

There sat Bubblerius, in all the pride of letters!

—Paper strewed around, beneath, and above him, and he himself writing as though he had not another hour in the week in which to dispatch his noble and voluminous correspondence.

200 THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

Excellent quack! thought I, what an irreparable loss was sustained by Punch and Judy, when thou wert born above the sphere of a showman!

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Shows how one should be qualified to act as surgeon in a duel; and how the happiness of man may be disturbed by the powers of the air.

HAVING listened sufficiently to this amusing display of the great doctor, I turned to mingle once more with the dancers; in doing so I passed two gentlemen evidently speaking in anger. Their tones were not loud, but of that deep, earnest nature that still more powerfully denotes excited passion.

Their words were few, the last quite inaudible, and with looks of mutual defiance they separated. The whole of this transaction passed almost more quickly than it can be told.

They had been standing in a window, and doubtless deemed their conduct unnoticed, which I believe it was, except by myself. As soon as the disputants had departed their separate ways, I looked on at the gay beings, fluttering about in all the hues and appearances of joy, and after musing briefly on this little scene, I dismissed from my mind the conversation I had witnessed as a matter of no moment.

Scarcely had I done so, when, to my astonishment, Bubblerius himself came up, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

- "A very unpleasant affair has just occurred," said he.
- "I am sorry for it," said I, for, like the rest of the world, it cost me little to be sorry.
- "Yes, Mr. Wortley, so am I," rejoined Bubblerius, "but as you can be of use to us in this affair, I have ventured to trouble you."
 - " I of use, Dr. Bubblerius, you surprise me!"
- "A fact though, my dear Sir, as you shall hear. Two gentlemen guests of mine to-night, have just met, it seems, after a separation of some time abroad. Having a quarrel to adjust between

them, it would appear that common politeness forced them to do this in my house. Their kindness, upon my word, I feel to be excessive. They have even done me the honour of requesting my attendance in the field. That you see was forgetting a physician's sphere. I promised to get a surgeon for them. You have no stake in Bath; will you go?"

- "But, Dr. Bubblerius, I know nothing of practical surgery."
- "So much the better for you, since if either of them should get shot, you have only to shake your head and say, how sorry you are that your art cannot avail them."
- "But, Dr. Bubblerius, do consider, such conduct would be far from correct."
- "Oh, my dear fellow, as to correctness, you know, like beauty, it's all a matter of opinion. It may be this or it may be that; besides, my dear Sir, you don't understand the rule of these affairs. Men never shoot one another now—it's not etiquette. Fifty fellows go out in these days—fight and fire—miss, of course. Perhaps not even that; for lately we have seen 'gallant' captains



quite by accident you und distance—look very solem over-rush in to remonstra parties shaking hands—e to the skies—all step in drive home to a devilish trouble your head about in bullet forceps than you d latter's always the most a occasions. Oh, Sir, a goo always-mind, me-seell a of the best fetes champetres I hear there's to be claret as "Ay, ay, Doctor; but, the claret may indeed be do shammed at all. In

and really a young man's medical education has not received the last touch until he has seen one or two interesting cases of this sort. Oh, I see, Mr. Wortley, I may depend upon you; so I'll mention your name to the General."

The General, thought I, who is he? But Bublerius had departed, and like it or not, I now found that one of these "interesting cases" I must see. When a man is forced into what he knows is wrong, he always makes it a point of self-compensation to feel greatly relieved. This was my case; and so, thought I, as there is every probability of my soon seeing a man, or may be two, murdered, secundum artem, I had better go and learn how to get through my share in the business.

But then again, where was this "fair field to be foughten"? The appearance of Bubblerius announced a speedy solution of this question.

"I have mentioned your name, Mr. Wortley, to the gentlemen," said he, "and have only to request that you will be punctually upon the ground at six o'clock to-morrow morning." He then gave me the necessary instructions as to

Every thing looked processor conversations folks conversations folks conversations walked—the nimble from amorous were flirting to all were pleased, for the for which to hope—the second conversations are second conversations.

"The Doctor always 8 said one.

"And such a noble supp

" His wine is unexcepti

"I think it must be o marked a fourth; " for a ficlaret boasts—upon my did."—

"See!" added a fifth; cult as Burgundy is to

"for," said he, "the Doctor understands the thing completely—spares nothing at his suppers.—So sure, you know, his fees are to be trebled on the morrow."

What a happy dog I am, thought I; good supper, good wine, good physic—no, I mistake—I take a duel to-morrow morning instead. But when will the supper appear?

"It must be near supper-time now!" I heard some fellow cry en passant.

"Will you allow me, Lady Jane, the pleasure of dancing with you the first dance after supper?" demanded some one else of a fair young Venus.

Come, said I, that settles the matter. As the room is large, I suppose we can all sit down at once. Thank my stars! I've no one to care for; the chances are I may even get a good place.

Just at this instant something most villainous assailed my nose. Why what's this? thought I. Can I believe my senses?—I moved away—the change was for the worse—I looked around me. Every one seemed nursing their olfactory with a handkerchief.

- " I say! do you smell?" said one.
- "Yes; don't you?" was the reply.
 - " Oh, shocking /" exclaimed a third.
- "Shocking! shocking!" ran round the room.
 Had nobody fainted? No; several ladies had tried, experienced dames too in the art, but without success.

Such a horible effluvia, and no one able to faint: that made the matter worse.

Throw open the windows—no effect; throw open the doors—the offence remained. The dancing stopped, conversation was diverted, even the flirting arrested for a while. Bubblerius, and the fair Emily, were in despair. What could it be?

The servants were taxed; were they doing nothing below? nothing was doing. Nothing was known beyond the fact, that this odour was first perceived in the hall. Cloaks, bonnets, shawls, were demanded; carriages were ordered.

But the supper! the grand supper, the noble room, the exquisite wines! Who could think of these amid a pestilential atmosphere, that scarcely permitted one to breathe?

In ten minutes, every one had hurried away,

full of wonder, doubt, and dismay. In the process of wondering, some one had suggested the possibility of a sewer having given way beneath the house, perhaps from the oscillation of dancing. So far from this yielding consolation, the good people now dreaded lest the whole edifice might come tumbling on them.

A few seconds more, and the great doctor and the fair Emily, Dr. and Mrs. Plausible, and myself, were the only occupants of the large and lately crowded suite of rooms. The first walked up and down disconsolate, and the last three were vainly endeavouring to offer comfort to the second, who from sheer disappointment now felt herself under the necessity of giving way to an hysterical burst of tears, that not even the peril of a falling house could avert.

Seeing I could effect little good in such a group, I took my leave;—glad to get a little fresh air, I strolled on in the clear moonlight. As I advanced, I perceived two people carefully cloaked. They had been watching the house of Bubblerius, and in proportion as I advanced, they retired.



them to a conference—they
I followed—gained upon
they dropped something in t
to pick it up, and the knave

My prize was, however, fi ing of all doubts;—it was— Around the orifice that adm remains of some composition jected to the action of fire; o it might have been compound permit me to doubt—these has gum resin of assafætida, the powdered charcoal, and saltp

These being kneaded into on the inferior part of the bell with it When he

pregnated could at will be directed whithersoever the inventors pleased.

Coupling these facts with that of the hall of Bubblerius having been first attacked, I guessed on the instant that the rogues had fired at us through the keyhole,—the front door being shut, and neither carriages nor servants at the time outside. As to the players of this prank I had not the least hesitation in my own mind.—They were a couple of "young carvers," who had hit on this method of avenging their own omission from the party, and of showing to the world how potent were the drugs of the "dosers" when "exhibited" upon themselves.



EXIGO EGO ROOT

OF

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CHAPTER XIX.

Shows how a second should protect his principal upon the field; and how we hear something further of old Mother Brown.

THE morning broke, as bright, as beautiful, as if for a meeting of lovers. With a fluttering at my heart, that could not have been greater if I had been a principal party in the matter, I arose, dressed, and repaired to the ground. Both parties had arrived—the combatants were walking apart—the seconds conferring together.

Addressing myself to the latter, I gave them the compliments of the morning, and looked on. Between the two gentlemen thus about to adjust their wrongs, there was a considerable difference of



gus O'Flaherty Toole v General, and the other Dennison.

"Sir," said the former se ceed to toss for the choice has the mortification to 1 pleasure of giving the wor

"Oh, certainly, as you li the colonel.

"Very well, Sir—heads you lose."

"Stay, stay, Sir!" said t "you forget, that would me rate."

"Oh! by St. Patrick, so. thousand pardons; it was

- "Then this will be the way of it—whether will you choose to win or lose with heads."
- "Why, if it is the same to you, I'll win with head, and you will win by tails."
 - "Agreed, my dear fellow."

Up went the half-crown from the lrishman's hand, and as quickly fell; both stooped to look at it.

- "Mortal good luck!" exclaimed the Irishman.
 "Tails is uppermost! Now, Sir, I'll just thank you to place your friend in that nice, straight little rut, or gutter, in a line with the row of trees, beyond there," fronting to about six or eight poplars, that grew up close by, like a file of troops on a parade ground.
- "Mr. Toole," exclaimed the colonel, "you surely must be joking, Sir."
- "Joking, is it, my dear fellow? Faith, you will find it no joke when your friend's disposed of in five minutes' time, as I trust and hope he will be; for what charitable gentleman would wish a good-looking young fellow like your friend to linger unnecessarily in any awkward affair like the present."

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The English second fixed his syderitually on the Irishman, but before he bealifely the the thingsy reply he meditated, the General http://www.fand.said-----

"My dear Toole, I could not possibly televalues, tage of such ground as you have pointed entirely to be plainted and murder."

"Do you?" quoth Phelim O'Feneget O'Elektrical Toole, "you're mighty particular! What teleparties rians you must be—but have it as you like, General—only, in a small way, I always think it my duty to take the best care of my friend, and actile the matter as quickly as possible."

"Well, well," said the General, "you will arrange all that yet, I dare say; so just choose some other ground, and let us get it over before we're interrupted."

The Irishman, who really was a good-hearted fellow, and thought he had said nothing out of the way, now chose, but with some evident relactance, a different spot. The affair proceeded—at the first fire, down came the younger combatant.

All rushed up to him, and we found the blood bubbling over his right breast, from what we naturally supposed a wound immediately beneath.

"Doctor," said the General, much agitated, yet evidently using all the strength of a powerful mind to be calm,—" Is this wound mortal?" To every appearance there was reason to fear it was so. I looked up at him for a minute, said nothing, and resumed the employment of attempting to staunch the hæmorrhage."

"I understand you," said the General, "but we must try all that skill can do for him. My carriage shall convey him back to Bath, for I think it will be more easy on its springs than his own."

So accordingly back we all drove; and sad and melancholy enough we were. Even the Irishman's humour only enabled him to exclaim—"O, mortal ill luck! had he only fallen a little more merrily, you might have sworn there was little the matter!"

Is this, thought I, the fête champetre, champagne, and claret breakfast which Bubblerius prophesied for us?

On getting the poor fellow to his rooms and

to render all hopes of life most should like a some contribute and been despatched to Bubblehius and we found him and Plausible in attendities.

Both were aghast, and consulted the "to White hould be done. It was now that it is a standard to the should be done. It was now that it is a standard to the standard to the

should be done. It was now that the tilest showed itself. The physician took has made, and said, "My dear Plausible, between ourselves, the only man who can save this patient is Gregory!"

- "Do you think so, Doctor?"
- "I'm sure of it—think of his long services in the army, with these cases constantly occurring."
- "But I hate even his very name—besides he's too much practice already. That is, to do it as I conceive it should be done—as I should do it myself—and I really feel it my duty to the public, to save them from such a state of things. Indeed I do, Dr. Bubblerius."
- "As to that, my dear fellow, this is no time to stand discussing such a point; whatever is done, must be without an instant's delay."
- "Well, then, my dear Sir, I would advise you to be content to regret this young man's fate. As

a clever friend remarked to me the day before yesterday, such things must happen sometimes; and, depend upon it, Sir, there is ever a good end in the workings of that Hand where life and death are worn but as a signet-ring, to seal our destinies. Besides, Sir, this practice of duelling is a pernitious evil, which, for the good of civilization, ought to be put down. We are bound not to pass over a good moral check to it. Properly speaking, I consider that all duels should be fatal to both parties: if the seconds could be included, so much the more satisfactory. Let us," continued Plausible, warming greatly in his zeal, "contribute our quota. This unfortunate young -man, you see, will die; the General, it is to be hoped, will be hung, and the participators have to fly the country!"

- "Thank you, Sir, the General's my particular friend!"
- "Oh, is he?—I beg pardon, I had forgotten that. After all, I have heard he's an amiable man and deserving officer."
 - "You happened to forget that also, I presume,

tinguish the very surred days and arranged the continued by

Accordingly, being luckily found in information a toN

While Bubblerius and Plansible had been apprenging the wound, clearing away such particles; at determine had entered it and were within my manifestable administering a small dose of laudtermination though sensibility was to a certain degree restorable, the sufferer neither spoke nor noticed any thing. To see the meeting of Gregory, called in by Bubblerius and Plausible, was indeed fanny, though it would have been wrong to have indulged feelings such as these at a moment like the present.

Their bow, their looks, their words breathed with that instinctive antipathy which might easily be supposed to reign between the pure surgeon and the chief of the "Dosers."

Having given the necessary explanations as rapidly as possible, they departed, muttering many "a lamentable case!" and not at all forgetting

those expressive nods of the head, which distinguish the very varied and respectable tribe of the empirici.

Not a moment was now lost. The ball, as far as it could be traced, had passed from its point of entrance in the right breast, directly over the parietes of the chest to the left side, wounding the lungs very slightly, and lodging, it was supposed, immediately over the pericardium, a comfortable tenement to yield to a bullet, within half an inch or so, outside one's heart.

This of course contributed very greatly to accelerate the pulse, and brought on besides extreme nervous irritation. The patient was therefore bled on the moment, to an extent I had hardly imagined possible, and even then scarcely a hope could be given of life.

In this state of affairs the General's person was detained, and the usual process was extended to him of refusing bail while the wounded person was in danger; consequently, for ten days, during which this lasted, the attending surgeon was called upon officially by the civil powers to issue a daily bulletin of his patient's progress.

Puring this time he had direct to state the little of the said to the had to large bloodings reported.

Recourse was had to large bloodings reported.

I was left to sit with him in constant itself.

and any complaint of pain was the light be putting on a dozen additional leether.

This trouble was at length crowned with the light, and it deserved in the recovery of the putting, and certainly was as practical a proof of the putting, and certainly was as practical a proof of the putting.

While the town was yet ringing with the success of this case, and Plausible was inventing to me as many of those little drawbacks as his genius could suggest, he was suddenly summoned, late at night, to one who called herself an old patient, and who was now violently ill.

He went, and his consternation reached its height, when he recognized in the complainant, old Mother Brown of darning-needle memory.

She complained of most violent pain, fever, thirst, &c., and as I was the only one in his confidence, I went with him to see her. A needle when once in the human body travels in so ex-

traordinary a manner, that it was scarcely possible to say what mischief it was doing. To make our perplexities the greater, it is but very rarely that they work much evil; oftener finding their way out harmlessly by themselves.

However, we bled her, and treated her by the general symptoms, which could not be wrong; yet still she grew worse, and poor Plausible was in despair. I advised him once more to have recourse to Gregory, which he felt much inclined to do; but said he, "He will laugh at me so terribly, I really cannot stand it." In vain I assured him to the contrary, and that nothing so inclined another to befriend us, as receiving a benefit from him.

No, he could not agree with me in this piece of reasoning, and determined that the chances should be taken by him,—saying nothing of Mother Brown. Suddenly the symptoms changed into peritonitis, and, despite of the most active treatment we could adopt, in twenty-four hours, Mother Brown was gathered to her fathers. The old woman had never known the fact of the

needle's hreaking, but she simply asserted it for

Egad, she got so meet the truth middle and be more so. On examining, into the appropriate that most delicate membrane, the political political out and gave it him. He put it in his people and at once took measures for the committee of a political at once took measures for the committee of a place of the committee of the committ

This was managed; but, unfortunately, the old lady was not like Mr. Smith,—she had friends, such as they were, and very particularly tormenting ones they proved. Having never done any thing for her during life, they felt themselves bound, of course, to raise every clamour at her death, and so without hesitation swore roundly as to the cause of her decease, insisted upon having her exhumed, and subjected to a coroner's inquest.

In this extremity, Plausible came to me, prefacing that he had a great favour to ask; I promised it to him at once, without further consideration. "It is simply, then," said he, "that you will leave Bath in twenty-four hours, and not be found for this confounded coroner's inquest, and all will go well. The medical men, from appearances, will at once pronounce her to have died of inflammation of the peritoneum. I can say that I never removed any needle from the body. They may not think to ask for my assistant, and the fuss will die away."

Now, notwithstanding all Plausible's faults as a medical man, he had many good qualities in private life; besides, his character tickled and amused me, and I confess, inconsistent as it was, I liked him.

"Poor devil," thought 1, "he's got into a scrape, and who, if all their doings were narrowly watched, would not?" I consented. The post-chaise drew up at the door early next morning; our luggage was soon packed, and Jeremy and I departed.

As we passed the door of Solid, "There," said I, "lives one for whom I shall always feel respect." A little further on we met a funeral; on enquiring whose it might be, I learned, with unDr. Hebbert: thus 'jettineying his like the best one of the many mansions, which his like the outrage. As I thought of those his like the the contrage. As I thought of those his like the the contrage. I gave way to many bittle the like the contrage of the undeserving possible of the protect one of the undeserving possible of the merit of its due; and, with one tenth of this sible's assurance, this man might have hiver to the happiness of himself and all who justly loved him.

- "How greatly thankful," said I, "should those men be, to whom nature has given that which no art can ever attain,—an iron nerve of frame that will work its way in any station."
- "That is, your honour means," quoth Jeremy, what men usually call impudence."
 - " True, Jeremy."
- "Ay, true enough, Sir? and there, I must say, that you and I, your worship, have, as you say, great reason to be thankful."

A tear was trembling on my eye-lid, when this folly of Jeremy's brought me back to that happy

insensibility termed propriety. Extremes over meet, and thus it is, in this world, a jest and a funeral jostle each other.

Jeremy, however, seeing me ready to give way, as he thought, too much, took the liberty of lecturing me by saying, "Don't learn, your worship, to be over-sentimental; it sometimes leads to great evils. My young damsel, who went off with me from the dean's, carried it to such an extent, that I found her one bright morning weeping over a wheelbarrow—because it wanted a leg!"

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tion the jaws of the house. When manut to say that while all the greater we have a respectful picking at each others here.

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CHAPTER XX. Partient these

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Which treats of the medical profession, and the employments required for matrimony.

AFTER driving on some few miles, we came to the house of a gentleman, who had often shewn me occasional kindness, and on whom, therefore, I took this opportunity of calling before I left Bath.

He had been a navy surgeon; and few folks knew better the art of getting on in the world than he.

"I'm only an unimportant fellow," he used to say, when coming in from the sphere of his own practice, to "pick a bone or two occasionally from the jaws of the lions;" which meant to say, that while all the greater bodies were busy with picking at each other's bones, he was accustomed to slip in quietly, and get here a patient and there a patient, until he managed to add to his country cases a very comfortable little town practice.

While I sat at breakfast with him, we discussed such matters as had lately occurred to us, and among other things, touching on his own success.

"The secret of this, Sir, is very simple, and as you may find it useful, I mention it. Let Nature always be the physician—do you be content to act only under her orders—watch the moment when to deplete and when to strengthen, and don't attempt to do too much, nor let laziness urge you to do too little; your practice will, under these restrictions, almost always be successful. Never fuss your head about complicating your cases, but act on the broad principle I mention to you, and Nature will soon straighten all the rest."

Thanking my good friend for his hints, so likely



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to prove useful in a yambondising life like which I once more got into the chains, and drove analysis.

I had now time to reconsider all that I had seen. It was motley enough truly; but I had been amused, and something meetal bad had been gained. As for the profession, I could not had seeing, that a number of ill-qualified men, got into it; for it requires, naturally, fine parts; but where these are applied to it, nothing equil be more noble in its aim and scope, and applied more to be valued and prized.

On the public lies the blame of patronizing a race of pretenders, instead of seeking out and encouraging plain, unpretending practitioners, who have really studied their profession with a wish to excel, and whose power to do good is guaranteed by the appearance of ability on the general points, of life. Moreover the prejudice against young men, I also observed, to be too great though natural.

There cannot, it is true, be a better tutor for a surgeon than experience, but very often a young man will pay a share of attention which an old hand cannot from pre-occupation; while, again, if the energy of youth decays in a surgeon, nothing can make up for it.

"Well, well," thought I, "in conclusion, some day I'll go and doctor the Yahoos; in the mean-time what mischief shall we be at next, Jeremy?" uttering the last sentence aloud, and slapping my servant on the shoulder.

"Tis impossible to say," replied the honest valet."

"Jeremy," returned I, "the horses' heads are turned towards London, and I want to ask counsel of you. I've tried two professions and I think that must suffice me. I haven't much idea of the law, they tell me 'tis such a dry affair. In short, I think for the present I've rambled sufficiently; in truth, I've long had a strange itch to be or do something respectable."

"Beware of that, Sir! I tried it myself—once—and never knew any one who found it answer. It always ends in something exactly the reverse."

" I think of marrying?"

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sir. I'm likely to lose my position."

" Oh, no!"

"Quite, Sir! Leave the consic and that you may make as handso in the meantime, Sir, I'll go to sle give the matter every advantage."

Accordingly to sleep the rascal due course of time we arrived in L

I pass over the lecture my mo on my going to see her; for most sufficient familiarity with procee interesting nature. Suffice it to sa the first person I met in her house, image of her I had lost,—poor Mar

For the whole of that night her in session of my brain, and as usual v touched me, the better principles prevailed, and once more I really be some very serious reflections.

CHAPTER XXI.

Shows how I married an heiress, but no wife.—In contradistinction to many of my disappointed friends, who marry wives but no heiresses.

AFTER some considerable family jars, which, unfortunately, are not so good as to be worth relating, I was now, through the influence of a worthy friend and tutor, once more reconciled to my father.

He expressed his anxiety that I should take some part in public life, as the employment most suited to my station. In order to qualify me for the intended path, he procured me a situation in the treasury.

Feeling that I might here obtain knowledge,

not casily to be acquired chewharm I shausthe months applied myself; having becomes the thech initiated as I was likely to be indicated as I was likely to be indicated as for the case and dignity of pluisted gentleman.

Here, in justice to myself I musti easy, the lifer some time, even according to the strictest notions. I behaved very decently. Hazard became my new object of idolatry, and, with the enceptions a few excesses in the gaming line, not the most sober could have found fault with me.

This my good father naturally considered as a great improvement, and the influence of his wealth being very considerable, he had little difficulty in procuring me to be elected member for Huntingdonshire.

Thinking, I suppose, that so much wit and experience ought not selfishly to be confined to his only son, but contribute to enlighten the nation.

Being so admirably placed in my due station in one way, my father took it into his head to complete my business by a marriage. Having him-

self more money than any reasonable mortal could desire, he wished me, of course, to marry an heiress; being pretty generally supposed worth eight or nine hundred thousand pounds, he very naturally perceived how greatly this would be augmented by my wife's possessing fifty.

Convinced how unimpeachable was this argument, I at once gave in to it, and went to wooing the lady. The old father was a city banker and delighted to have me, while the daughter also would have been delighted to have—nothing to do with me.

I saw this, though she never said it. In fact, her heart was given to another—a barrister of some years' standing. Now this barrister was a clever fellow, and very duly qualified for the bar—this means to say, he had not a penny to spare. His practice was small, nor could he reasonably expect to enlarge it for some time.

As I like doing a selfish thing in my own way occasionally, the only favour I ever asked for my many silent votes, was a good fat colonial judgeship.

With this I posted off to the barrieter's chambers, where I found the dog gnawing a bone in the shape of a five guinea brief.

I told him, I thought I had discovered his secret, and that if he wished to marry the fady, here was an appointment that would enable him to do it; and further, if he chose to accept of my services, I would go to the father and gain his consent.

He took me at my word with much surprise and many thanks. The old banker was easily gained over, while the daughter, who was a pretty creature, declared only by her tears how much she was obliged to me.

I asked her, why she had not at once thrown herself upon my generosity, and disclosed that secret?

She told me that she would have done so; but for the character I bore of a quiz and a satirlat. Despite of all my levity, this answer gave me pain. The tendency to which she alluded was, I knew, in my own case, to be merely the frequent result of too sensitive a disposition, which, crushed in

its own disappointed affections, turned inward on itself and sought forgetfulness of wounded kindness in that quickness of speech, whose bitterness had never reached the heart.

They married and sailed,—the banker having given his daughter such a portion of her fortune as put all the luxuries of affluence within their reach.

Some days after the completion of this affair, my father asked me how I came on with my intended bride.

- "Most admirably," I replied, "I have married her!"
- "Why, Wortley, that is very abrupt, and very sudden indeed, not to say improper—her father cannot be aware of it—why have you not brought her home, that we might pay her proper respect?"
- "For the best of reasons, Sir; because I have given her hand to a worthy fellow who has long possessed her heart, and is now bearing her away to the station of a lucrative but distant appointment."

The old gentleman gave utterance to no further

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remark, but, as I supposed, made enquiries of the banker concerning the truth of what had happened, for on the next morning, a note was enclosed to me within a blank envelope, containing a cheque on his banker for a thousand pounds.

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CHAPTER XXII.

Shows how soon a man may make a fool of himself, and how long he may be before he confesses it.

THE act of generosity recorded in the last chapter, touched me to the heart! What would I not have given to have realised all a parent's hopes and wishes? Alas! the demoniacal spirit of gambling had so possessed me, that this munificent token of my father's approbation would have fallen but as a mite into the treasury, when applied to my debts. As I could not, of course, draw from my parent anything like sufficient supplies for the course I had been pursuing, recourse had been had to the Jews.

These wretches already held in their clutches a vol. II.



I feared it was impossible. I de ever, to make one effort—the only effect the end in view; - in short, dissipated life I led had naturally tent confounded—to use a mild ten as to the sex. Above everything, with a perfect aversion of any un rank of life. I will not at this peri was not a mistaken feeling, but it and the more entirely, that I had 1 to banish from my mind, the reme fair young creature whom I have tioned as resembling Mary Plaine Her name was Lucy Egerton—she irreproachable in character, ver beautiful, and not without some ther I conceived, that in my own h be moulded to anything.

girl was only the waiting-maid of my mother, yet the similarity of her features were held by me as a sufficient warranty that her mind also would resemble that of my lost Mary.

Wealth I knew would be mine in abundance—rank I was content to leave to minds weak enough to be charmed with it—such rank at least as that of my own birth, sufficed for me.

In short, I determined, without further delay, to marry, educate my wife with great care, and place her in such a position as she had a right to claim. It was a hazardous step I knew, but having formed my determination I would not go from it, as I thought it was the surest way of tempting myself to relinquish the follies of a vagrant fancy, and become a husband worthy of the woman that I believed Lucy would be rendered by education.

With my characteristic impetuosity, the necessary steps were taken, and we were united. On looking back at this affair, I have never been able to account for the sort of fatality with which I was hurried into it—even at the time I had some misgivings that I was going too fast.

However, to show on what slight grounds the

unhappiness of life is founded, I shall here only state, that after the marriage we were driving home together, when, just as I was about to imprint a kiss upon the cheek of my young bride, she gently withheld me, and said, "Stay, Edward, there is a soot-drop on your nose!"

This might have been very natural—I am sorry it was so correct, since it gaze me the first impression of her coldness of character, which nothing ever after removed.

My mother was furious on learning our marriage, but this was futile—I persisted in my plan, had every recourse to education, but nothing removed an iciness of heart in my wife. This effectually told me that my matrimonial hopes and happiness were at an end. I now knew myself to be more completely wrecked than ever, so I resigned myself to the disappointment as philosophically as I could—settled upon her an adequate annuity, took for her accommodation a house in a retired part of Devon, and we separated for ever.

I hurry over this part of my career, for even at this distance of time, reflection is productive of such shame and self-detestation, that all levity of spirits, either assumed or natural, forsakes me.—Woe is me! How different was the end, to attain which I first set out in life!

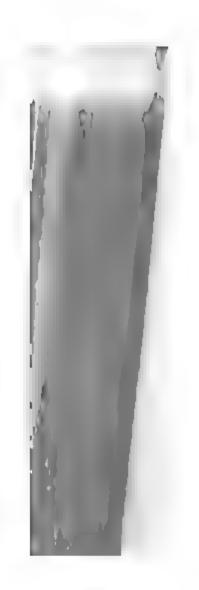
Taking what remained of the thousand pounds which my father must have destined to a very different purpose, I at once embarked for the continent unaccompanied by any one, save Jeremy.

Strange as it may appear, this faithful fellow never ceased to give me the best advice in his own quaint manner; and, still more strange, that it was only from his lips I could brook it. I never gave him any wages, but my purse was as open to him as his own. I never found him guilty of any extravagance, nor ever felt that he was a weight upon me.

From Calais we journeyed to Paris, leaving behind us the most curious assemblage of the worthless and dishonourable that it would have been possible to have found among the continental English.

On arriving at Paris, ill fortune directed me into the company of a Lord Southwell, who in-

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journed, if I recollect rig Southwell.

Here we took to high lost, in the course of the dred pounds. A day or out any attempt being ma of this money, or the rea our party went to the Jew's insolent, and not at all incl that he was about to fly fix

A great deal of imprudes played by our party, who e detain some pledge for the Jew on this, sent to the polis nishment, when an officer walked into my room

ber; that is, I was hurried from a warm comfortable bed-room and thrown into one of the vilest dungeons in the place. A little straw was the only excuse for a bed, the walls hung with damp, were scribbled over with the names of various convicts and felons who had been my predecessors in this abode.

I immediately wrote off to the ambassador at Paris, and was at length liberated on giving bail. Several trials and re-trials now followed one another. At first we gained the advantage completely, and the wretched Jew was not only sentenced to make a public recantation, but was severely fined. This again was neutralized.

I published a whole account of the transaction both in England and France; and, disgusted with that mockery of justice which decided one day for this party, and for the other on the next, I left the country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Which shows how the arts were cultivated by Wortley Montague, together with Jeremy, surnamed " the Honest".

TRAVELLING into the Low Countries, I now determined to pay some attention to an art that had ever possessed more than ordinary charms for me—painting.

Having taken up my abode at Amsterdam, I managed to run against a Scotch gentleman. He had obtained some celebrity for his heads of the Dutch burgomasters, and the faithful copies he made of the interiors of their houses. I had determined, in my own mind, to get into the family

of some native Fleming, and there make my observations at full leisure, as well as acquire their language and their mode of painting.

On reconsidering the matter, I thought, however, that the language would be more quickly acquired from one who also knew my own; while a great additional weight was added to this line of reasoning from the fact of the Scotchman possessing a very pretty daughter.

The way in which we became acquainted was somewhat singular. It was evening when we arrived in the Dutch city, and going out from our inn to take a stroll, it so happened that in one of the suburbs through which we passed, our attention was attracted towards a small house; from this we heard something very like a psalm in our mother tongue. We listened, the psalm concluded, and a female voice, of great softness, began to read. As there was a considerable chink in the shutter of the room where these ceremonies were proceeding, we took leave to examine the interior through the same. A portly individual, whom I' conjectured to be of Dutch build, and who certainly had on the Dutch habit, was seated apart, with his hands crossed before him, his still

recking meerschaum laid by upon a chair beside him, and his eyes solemnly bent upon the ground. Near him—I almost took it for his shadow—sat a second self, exactly similar in all his postures and positions, only a little less in size. At a table in the centre of the room was seated the reader—a most entrancing vision—a fair, blue-eyed, light-haired girl, delivering aloud, in English, the evening portion from the Bible.

I could scarcely believe either my eyes or ears. However, having waited till all was over, we then ventured to demand admission. This being granted, we modestly begged pardon for intrusion, urging in excuse, that we were fellow-countrymen whom the sound of our native language in a foreign land had emboldened to cultivate, if they would permit it, the pleasure of their acquaintance.

An exclamation in High Dutch was the first sound with which the stout one first greeted us, after which came as kind a welcome as ever was delivered by English language, mingled with a Scottish accent.

If a transitory glance of the fair evening reader had before imparted to me a high feeling of her beauty, that feeling was now doubled; and it was a beauty as rare as it was engaging, a beauty that went at once to the heart, and there, like the nursling of the thunder-cloud, dwelt in its day of flame till all was fired around it!

The supper very quickly made its appearance. It consisted of a dish that might be either Dutch or Scotch, for the matter of that, being a descendant of the bergoo clan. This was flanked by cold beef and ale. No slight modicum of eau de vie, and an immeasurable jar of true Dutch schnaps.

The daughter having seen every thing on table, arranging them with her own hands, requested her father to give his blessing; and while we all sat down, four in number, she waited with her hands crossed behind his chair.

The gallantry of Jeremy and myself, were at this, greatly called in question. We entreated her again and again to take her place at the board, but in vain. Her father at length came to her relief, by declaring that such was her usual custom. This left us no resource but that of applying very industriously to the good cheer which was before us. Having handsomely

achieved our tasks in this respect, the concluding portions of the evening devotions were performed, and the father of the family perceiving that we were comfortably gathered round the fire, gave us to understand our remaining duties, with the most grave countenance.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it's time we should set in to serious drink." Jeremy and I looked at one another rather alarmed, but we prudently said nothing. The daughter, on hearing this preparatory hint, retired, and poor Jeremy then lifting his hands, mumbled to me, "I hope your worship will be good enough to see that I am laid decent, when these savages and their fluids have bereft me of my senses."

But this was going too fast—we were not so badly served—the old gentleman, without any unnecessary loss of time, took a considerable jorum, it is true, and incontinently thereafter gave loose to the flow of words.

His second self proved to be his only son, an artist of no mean eminence. This worthy, in proportion to the quantity of spirit he imbibed, took a longer time to incorporate himself with it. So

that by the time his father was quite settled, he had only commenced being fuddled.

Now this family compact had an odd effect. Up to a certain point of the evening the old gentleman was uproarious—calling upon his son to speak—sometimes to sing. At last when his son was mellowing into the speaking point, the old gentleman had reached that pitch that made his dignity insist, not only upon the last word, but upon the whole of them.

Having called for a bowl that might have served the dying Seneca for a bath, they brewed a sufficiency of punch to have inebriated Amsterdam. It was weak, in truth, but up to the last drop of the first bowl, the old gentleman kept describing to me some splendid scenery of swamp and dyke. From this he would every now and then look up at his son, who filled the room with the smoke from his meerschaum, in proportion as he silently emptied the bowl.

"Man," quoth the father, "will ye take your liquor as silent as a sow?" "Eh! feyther?" in turn demanded the son.

"I say, Sir, will ye take your drink and no

speak? ye're as silent as a sow. D'ye no make ony remark, Sir?"

" Eh! feyther?"

"Oh, man! ye're as deaf as a door-stane.

D'ye no think, Sir, it's gae fine this description

I am just giving this gentleman?"

"Eh! feyther! gae fine! braw, braw!" and here came two or three immense whiffs of smoke.

The old gentleman looked at me, and said, as he addressed himself to his own pipe, "There'll be a great change for the better when we get him to the second bowl, I'm thinking?"

Jeremy groaned aloud. The old gentleman thought as much of the groan as he did of Ben Cruach, but went on talking at a rate that left competition far behind. There I sat dead beat, considerably confused by the punch, of which we had nearly exhausted the second bowl, and sincerely wishing myself in bed, though utterly unaware how to effect such a happy issue.

I soon found that my sorrows were only half begun. The son now sprang to life. The double spirit of his father's conversation seemed added to five of his own. The old gentleman was now heard to exclaim, "The de'il be wi' ye, the Lord forgie me for saying so; will ye no let me have ae word to say, will ye no hear your ain father speak, Sir?" speaking at the same time at such a rate he could scarcely hear himself.

The son made a thousand protestations that he was all attention; and the father, to prove it, not content with his own powers of language, must needs take down a heavy volume of Shakspeare, and proceed to read the self-reproaches of Cassius on recovering from his intoxication. I know not whether the son thought with me, that this choice of a subject was rather premature, but he gently opened the door and slipped out. The father, much too far gone to know that he had lost nearly half his auditory, went on through the soliloquy of Hamlet on suicide, passed from thence to the grave of Ophelia, then to the speech of Antony, and started with delight into the thickest of Macbeth, and only awoke from his ecstasy when exclaiming "Hear it not, Duncan, 'tis a knell." Here, very unfortunately, Jeremy, who was napping on his chair, gave a snore so loud, that the



must fling it at thee," sent th Jeremy's head, in such a w turbed his slumbers. Of what order, truly I know nothing.

On awakening next momi some unaccountable magic, Je provided with beds on the couches, I grant, were but rue on the floor, yet such as they uncomfortable.

Having quitted these for ti a walk, with our extraordinar, to a most grave and sedate per the house, and found a breakft origin. At this the painter's and sweetened our cheer by p

there were on all of

pose it will be solved in time. Several hints that had dropped from my new acquaintance prepared me to expect that he was an artist, and thinking myself fortunate in having so fallen on my feet, I seized the first fitting opportunity after breakfast, to express my wishes as to residing in the family of one of this pursuit. Our mutual feelings were soon explained, and the agreement decided, by which Jeremy and myself were to be "taken in and done for." This being settled, Mynheer Van Dick, for so he delighted to be called, took Jeremy and myself to his painting-room.

"Sir," said he, as we entered it, "this is the small spot, 'Parva sed' aptus mihi,' in which the happiest part of my life has passed, and, for aught I ken, here will pass such few of my future hours as may be gilded by that transitory hallucination. But sit ye down.

"Before ye, Sir, stands a half-finished canvas. It appears but an easy profession, this, of us painters—a piece of cloth, a few brushes, and three colours, may make as fine a painting as Michael Angelo's easel picture. But all the question lies in this—How will ye do it?

"You have but to throw up the window, and your eye takes in ninety degrees at a single view. Before you lies the truest of perspective—Nature herself is authority for colouring; light, shade, and form appear the same as earth has always witnessed them—put but these few things down, and you are the first of your art.

"The same small question only arises, how will you do it? To be brief, then, Sir, respect a profession at once so simple and profound; life may be devoted to its studies, but rarely do we get our reward, till death has glazed the varnish of our paintings!"

The old man sighed as he spoke these words, and with trembling hand, began to scrape the pallet that seemed to have been too hastily put away on the preceding evening. As I was anxious to commence my studies under the old gentleman, the first few days were devoted to the study of perspective, in all its branches and details. Next to this, Mynheer Van Dick lectured me well on light and shadow; and the principles of the chiar oscuro, which no man better understood.

For the first grand point of bringing the greatest

light, and darkest shade, in juxta position, he referred me to the pictures of Rembrandt, of whom he always told with great glee, the story of his painting a monarch, by putting the king into a dark room, with a tallow candle in his hand, and then taking his likeness through the key-hole.

To these practical illustrations of the theory of his art, he added a plan of his own, which I found most useful. It was his habit to make me every morning parse, as he termed it, a print or drawing, from one of the first masters, compelling me go over it with him most minutely, and give a reason why such objects were in shadow, and others were in light, throughout the various gradations of both.

In addition to this, the old gentleman insisted on my studying four hours in the day, the writings of Leonardo da Vinci; as for the drawings of casts, legs, arms, and other parts of the human frame, there was no end to them.

One morning, however, I was informed by Mynheer, that he should that evening take me to see something, without an attentive study of which no man could hope to be a thorough painter.

"Now then," thought I, "the old gentleman will open to me the whole light of his knowledge on colouring,—some beautiful prismatic spectacle is intended to delight me." All expectation, I hastened off with my tutor, to the house of a brother of the brush. We were shown into a room well lighted; a cloth was withdrawn from some long object on a table, and I beheld, with much surprise, and a slight shudder, a human subject, with the whole of the superficial muscles beautifully dissected, and laid open to view.

It was sometime before I could overcome my disgust, but determined not to take my hand from the plough, I persisted in my visits with the old artist, and by the time that the state of our subject forbade their continuance, Mynheer announced to me, that my anatomy as an artist might pass current, and "if," he used to add, "you wish to know the value of what you have acquired, consult the works of the great Buonarotti."

This course of study, so different from what might have been expected from the opening supper scene, naturally raised my opinion of the painter. Like the rest of mankind, however, he was not free from his foibles.

Clever as his own works undoubtedly were, the high opinion he entertained of them was grotesque in the extreme.

"Look at that, Sir!" he would often exclaim, "Talk of Claude? what is he, more than a good landscape painter? D'ye no ca' that a good landscape? I conceive now," a favourite expression, "that it will stand beside the pastrycook's works any day in the week."

At another time he would point to a portrait, saying, "There, Sir, ca' ye that nothing? Rembrandt might have owned such a head without blushing. Ah, Sir," he would conclude, "it's a glorious art, and a lucky chiel art thou to hae gotten so gude a master."

Meanwhile these sober doings were enlivened, I cannot say by the smiles, but, certainly, by the beauty, of the daughter. Her grief seemed to lighten, but a clouded tone of mind appeared to be her natural temperament.

This did not at all suit Jeremy; he vowed she

reminded him too much of the lady that wept over the wheelbarrow leg.

Infinitely more to his taste was a weekly meeting of five artists, and a poet; they assembled at one another's houses, in rotation, and after a tremendous dinner, and a Dutchman's sitting, such as were able, proceeded to chat, and draw humourous sketches; the which were left behind them as the property of their host, for the time being: while the different anomalies of character thus put into collision, added in no slight degree to the spirit of our meetings.

WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

What this chapter contains I scarcely know myself; so I am clearly of opinion, that if you take the trouble to read it, you will be much wiser than he who wrote it. But this I beg you will not mention to everybody—for fear I should lose my character!

HAVING now been some weeks with this odd mixture of Dutchman and North Briton, my love for his art seemed to cause his bosom to expand towards me. Often, when the evening was fine, he would take me by the arm, and securely reposing on my shoulders the weight of his person, enter into the discussion of such topics as were most dear to him.

By degrees, he gradually approached his own affairs, and it was then with surprise, I learned his own singular history. This, indeed, produced

old gentleman seemed to feel relief by pouring out, those hopes and fears that weighed upon his breast.

This sentiment was increased by the fact of his only son possessing a close, reserved, and moody temper—the very opposite to his father's, and the very last to induce confidence in any one.

The subject which seemed to weigh most upon the old man's mind, was concern for his daughter, and from him I now learned the cause of that melancholy in her conduct, which had before seemed to me so inexplicable.

In the humble and contented painter, where happiness and existence seemed alike to depend upon his palette, I found that I was to venerate a descendant of a long and valiant line of ancestors. The Dutch figure and red note of my colouring friend, belonged to a Scottish chieftain originally born to high condition and extensive estates.

A Jacobite to the heart's core, youthful blood had urged him to a participation in the rebellion in 1715. Attainder and banishment followed. His son and a beloved wife were the only sharers of his flight. The hardships of the last having brought on a premature labour, the partner of his sorrows was for ever lost to him, in the act of giving birth to a daughter.

The advantages of early travel had cultivated a taste for painting. To this he now had recourse both as a refuge from present distress of mind as well as a means of subsistence. Fortune favoured his industry, and reflection soon taught him the necessity of contentment.

His daughter speedily occupied all his care; a nephew, who had found out their retreat, and whose family were in their original prosperity, had formed an attachment to the fair girl I so much admired.

The connexions of both parties were moving all their interest to obtain a reversion of the confiscation and attainder, in which it was expected they would soon succeed.

Helen, the old man said, had led an anxious and agitating life, while matters so deeply affecting her contemplated union with her cousin, were still in abeyance.

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He was now, however, he told me, daily expecting his nephew's arrival from Scotland with the important news of their success. It was the second evening after this conversation, on the change of the moon, that a strong north-west gale—the beginning of the equinox—set in. Poor Helen had, with more than usual anxiety, been watching the weather.

This rude beginning of a season; generally violent, seemed to overcome all her fortitude. It was in vain that we endeavoured to offer her consolation or assuage her fears. With a feeling peculiarly Scottish, some superstitious presentiment had fixed itself upon her mind, and all our endeavours to set her free from its influence were futile. As the only relief which she seemed capable of appreciating, her brother, Jeremy, and myself rode down, by her particular desire, to the small sea port of H * * *. Here, her lover had written her, that he should arrive.

CHAPTER XXV.

Which describes the stranding of the Earl of W * *.

On reaching the sea-coast, we found the gale was indeed awful. The shore was strewed with wrecks, but no intelligence could be gained of the arrival or loss of the Scotch sloop in which the lover was expected—the Earl of W * *.

We had arrived at H—— very late, and after our anxious enquiries, retired wearied to rest in a low change house, intended only for the accommodation of Dutch sea-faring men.

At four in the morning, while it was still quite dark, we were roused from our wretched quarters,

with guides to the spot ind was raging with the utmost conceive, and it was with we traversed the distance na skin with the showers of s upon the gale.

Fearfully did we walk alc strong enough to support us occasionally mounted to our trembling hearts already too for which our ingenuity could

The moon's faint light had struggling with the darkness now shed a misty and uncert tended to aggravate surroundi advanced, the distant shriek-

In a few minutes our guides halted, and we distinctly beheld the form of a fine large cutter, over which the sea was breaking with resistless impetuosity. She lay only a few hundred yards from the shore, and as the light of the moon occasionally brightened amid the scud, we could perceive all that was going on upon her deck.

The topmast and bowsprit were carried away, but the mainmast and its rigging still remained secure. On the lee-side of the latter were crowded a number of human beings; a few also were crouching down on the forecastle, to shelfer themselves behind the bitts and bulwarks. From these, as each sea broke over them with terrific fury, we heard a dull cry of agony, as if men, worn out in a vain contention with death, could not yet fall its victim without the involuntary utterance of horror.

For a while the objects of our fears became obscured from view in the mass of towering foam, and this as suddenly falling back to the sea, streamed off frem their unhappy bodies, and exposed them to the piercing blasts of the bitter wintry wind.

"As this herrid spectacle was presented to our tyes; it was in vain that we consulted us to say means of saving them; that any boat could have lived in such a surf was utterly impossible: I proposed that we should make a raft, and try and push off to them on that, but courageous us Dutch seemen 'are, they assured me the project 'was equally futile.

haveer out to the vessel. This, in the teeth of a gale of wind, was found utterly impracticable. The only hope then that remained, was to hail them, and desire them to bend a rope round an empty cask, fling it over board, and let it drift on shore. By this means, a hawser might have been hauled from them, although one could not she speaking trumpet with us, and each in turn now hailed the unfortunate vessel, endeavouring to make them comprehend our plan.

And we received no answer to our call, but the short and awful wail that decreased in strength match successive ses poured over them.

Thus, then, we were compelled to stand silent and helpless spectators. It was suggested among us that the tide would soon begin to fall, and gradually leave the vessel dry. This appeared our only hope, and all that was left for us was to watch in horror and await the result.

We had been standing on the shore thus planning and debating half an hour, when we observed the doors of the after companion hatch open, and one or two gentlemen, seemingly passengers, make their way upon deck.

The moon had been gradually brightening, and we could now observe far more minutely all that took place on board the wreck. Scarcely had these men emerged from the hatchway, when a terrific sea poured full upon the decks of the devoted vessel with a dull heavy beating sound, that reached us even where we stood.

At first we imagined that the passengers must inevitably have been washed over board, but as the sea swept across the slant of her deck, we perceived them breasting the serge, and manfully maintaining their hold. The force of the water at one blow demolished and carried off the whole

deal faction of the faction of the control of the c

heard it, was now being altingthed that between male voice ever could have given attached that a stand, and the whole of the stransferable with the whole of the stransferable passed our lips, when the inside of the stransferable, and overflowing with this tremendous food, it jet of water burst from the cabin sky-light sufficiently strong in volume to bear up a small trusk which floated overboard, and was gradually washed to our feet.

The three or four men who had issued from the companion hastened forward to find protection in the rigging or on the forecastle, while one of the seamen made his way aft and looked down into the cabin skylight, as if to enquire whether anything could be done to save those whom we supposed had perished below.

Nothing, however, was to be seen but the dark waters bubbling up and swelling over on the

deck, as if in mockery of the many lives they had just swallowed. After gazing in despair for a few moments, the man crept back to the forecastle; ""

Thus did we watch this spectacle of horror while the tide gradually abated. In the mountime, we examined the trunk which the waves had thrown up at our feet, and our fears were at once realized by finding among the first of the articles, a packet of papers directed for the father of Helen.

Leaving his son to take out the contents and dry them, as far as was practicable by a rude fire we had kindled, I passed the time with Jeremy, sadly contemplating the misery that might be in store for the family with whom we had been residing, and more especially for Helen, if our fears for the safety of her lover should prove true. That he was on board the wreck not a doubt remained on our minds.

The tide now began to fall, and, at length, left the stranded vessel so dry, that the seamen, who had collected in great numbers, could wade out and offer their assistance.

Piteous was indeed the scene the wreck presented. The sufferers were all so weak as to



that could be done, the that could be done, the the rigging above and vey the unhappy wrete the shore with the ropes among his limbs, and state frost.

The first enquiry we me that reached the beach, wessel's having possessed name of Holen's cousin. the affirmative.

"Where was he? Wa
A melancholy shake of
firmed our worst suspicion
the particulars of his deat
ness came over me. and I

melancholy story, but if you have any interest in the gentleman, and will give mertime to regain some power of utterance, I will relate to you all the particulars. The only trunk that he postested was washed to your feet some hours since, and his remains will be found on board that ill-fated vessel."

Such of the passengers and crew as still lived were now all landed. They were carefully conveyed to the neighbouring port, and every means used for their restoration and comfort.

At length the stranger felt himself sufficiently recovered to supply by his narration such parts of the history of the wreck as were unknown to us. "An accident at first starting, Sir," said he, "may fairly be accounted as the source of all our misfortunes. That ship which we left a few hours since a miserable wreck upon the sands was at our first sailing a fine new vessel. The captain of her is a man universally respected for his talents and abilities. Such was the high opinion entertained of him by the owners, that wishing to serve a young person who had claims upon them, they promoted the latter to be his mate,

porarily fulfilled by the captain the employment of the same co

"This man was exactly the succeeded; he was incompet from age and natural infirmitered the company, and until him they supplied his defects in putting under his command energetic officer. On moving command of our vessel, he had more youngster. To this all or be attributed.

"Having got on this coast duri and not being fortunate enough our own knowledge proved inathing that happened to us was but dashed us upon the bank not one had been left alive to tell the tale; for it was many miles distant from land.

"We next tried to anchor, but dragged our cable, and finally went on shore on the spot where the hull now lies.

"At this time there seemed to be scatcely twenty yards of water between us and the beach; the wind had gone down considerably, and the surface was comparatively smooth. Every one was impatient to go on shore, but to this the captain objected, saying, that we were only on a bank—that there was deep water in-shore of us—and that the tide was ebbing, and would soon leave us quite dry.

"Then we might have walked on shore with ease. Unfortunately for us, no one among the passengers happened to be a sea-faring man, or to be possessed of such experience as might warrant a contradiction of the captain's statement.

"Time soon proved, however, what a mistake had been made—the hour of tide had been greatly miscalculated. Owing to the strong gale then blowing, it not only rose much earlier, but with a rapidity that at once secured us for its

"Merrily did we laugh and One young girl in particular, of no ordinary description, be our raillery as to the appearanc on the following day bereft of for the ensuing morning was that a happy evening, in which the our anticipated escape were new uttered, we returned on deck.

"The sounding lead was in over the side, and where but a there was only three feet of w indicated seven. With the more we turned to the captain, but a seemed to have seized upon I neither explain that which alar

time slipped on, every one proposing something, no one effecting anything, while our state became every moment more critical. The tide had now well set in, and with it we had to stand all the violence of the heaviest seas the gale could urge against us.

"The unfortunate women, who had so lately been rejoicing at the prospect of safety, screamed and clamoured round the captain for protection, which he had neither skill to devise nor means to afford. As the tide rose outside the vessel, the various leaks which she had made gained so fast upon her, that the water was soon knee deep in the cabin.

"We then demanded of the captain which was the greatest place of safety for those who were so unable to help themselves—the women and children. He at once said that nowhere would they be so secure from danger as in their berths; accordingly, the mate, being present, lifted in all such as were not already in their sleeping quarters, and then departed with his superior, as we supposed, to perform the doubly increased duties of the vessel.

of Oppositions since atomitent publication of the material state of the material state of the st

cabin stairs; I was the third from the bittoits fig.; gentleman below me was a fine young Scotclinean, the same indeed as the one for whom you have been enquiring; we were talking to the ladies, endeavouring to allay their fears, when suddenly the water rose nearly two feet in the cabin, and consequently on the stairs.—' Gentleman,' said the passenger next above me, 'you may remain here if you think fit; I can stand it no longer;' and requesting some one who stood first to draw back the hatch of the companion which confined the doors, every one above me moved on deck.

At this instant the vessel was thrown on her beam ends. The water in the cabin rushing round, came in contact with the door, shutting open it. A cry of fear from the unfortunate women thus shut in was at this moment heard; and while the Scotch gentleman, and the one below him, were vainly endeavouring to remedy the mischief by bursting the pannels, a more tremendous wave than any which had yet struck us, now poured its full fury upon the centre of our decks.

"The cabin skylights, left unprotected by any tarpaulin or other defence, at once gave way; every atom of their structure, glass, frame and woodwork were dashed into the cabin before the volume of resistless water which followed. At the same time, to consummate our catastrophe, a great portion of the keel was wrenched away, and part of the timbers from the quarter, while the sea getting into the vessel from this aperture, combined with the reaction of that which had swept in the cabin windows, mounted in a solid jet through the defenceless skylight, until it reached many feet above the deck, bearing on its crest a small trunk that was instantly washed to leeward.

"In less than a second of time from this awful



wave that filled the cabin, of the companion stairs; and fe I had to mount, I was so c on reaching the deck, that the water swept me to leeward, a warks, would have carried me

"But what," said I, inten "what became of the Scot stood below you?"

"Alas Sir! whether he got broken door, or whether the ea strong for him, I know not, but deck, and all were so put to it lives, that none of the passeng in their power to assist him. met our eyes on the subsiding ception of one man, the carpenter, who rushing as he best could, to where the water still formed up through the ruined skylight, watched if he could see any of the bodies of the female passengers.

"But his efforts were in vain; after that one awful shrick nothing more was heard,—nothing more remained for us, but the sad supposition, that when the waters rushed in they perished as they lay. We tried also to recover the bodies of the unfortunate gentlemen at the bottom of the companion ladder, but here we were equally unsuccessful; and as the sea continued breaking over us, we were only able to find our way to the forecastle, the highest part of the vessel, and there either shelter ourselves under the bulwarks or in the rigging with the rest of the crew.

"In this unfortunate condition we remained; the waves breaking over us every few minutes; the piercing cold of the weather, aggravated by the bitter blast that swept across us, and the evaporation of the wet from our bodies. How in this situation we maintained life until the ebbing of the tide; I know not!

and oh! that shrick, if I co might be happy!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Which describes a wreck of a different description.

AFTER a short consultation with my companions, it was agreed that nothing remained for us, but that Jeremy should take under his protection the trunk that so lately belonged to the relative of my host; and that as soon as the bodies had been brought from the vessel, and its unfortunate owner recognized, we proposed to return, and seek the best mode of communicating our disastrous intelligence.

Appalling, indeed, was the spectacle presented by the wreck; every thing was in ruins. The

wood: world lentirely matteriated lowids sistable, named the bodies of those who had thus misterially positions edi; covered with a conting of sprided bash and

expected, lying at the bottom of the companished ladder; their hands were idly but thenly allatabut on portions of the stair railing; lively figure Albir faces being turned in a different disection; sit wants supposed they had fallen victims; formation of the stairs of the stairs.

On bursting through the pannelled door, a still more saddening sight presented itself.—
There lay the dead in their berths, just in the state in which they had passed from the repose of life to the slumber of death.—Their clothes still wrapped around them, some of their hands even still hanging from their bed-places. Their countenances composed and calm,—one unhappy mother with her two babes lying beside her.

But for the drops that still fell from the beams, or slowly trickled down, together with the unnatural scene of havoc surrounding them, you might, for a moment, have believed that the in-

mates of this desolated chamber would yet again awake to the busy world around them.

The dead having been all removed from the vessel, were conveyed to the church of the neighbouring port, and there laid out for the purposes of recognition and interment.

Having performed the last sad duty that for the present devolved on us, we now set off on our return home.

Gently as we endeavoured to communicate our tidings, they came but too suddenly upon the fair girl, the object of whose love was for ever lost to her. She seemed by intuition to draw the sad conclusion from the very beginning of our tale,—she breathed no word of sorrow, but taking herself to her chamber, we considered that the wisest course was to forbear interruption.

The servant, however, who slept next to her was aroused in the night by strange sounds issuing from her room. Bursting open the door they found her raving in a wild delirium, that, ere the morning dawned, terminated in fever. Day and night she was watched with the ten-

ladder; their hands were idly on portions of the stair raili faces being turned in a differ supposed they had fallen vi mistaken in the confusion, the the stair.

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On bursting through the still more saddening sight. There lay the dead in their state in which they had pass of life to the slumber of de still wrapped around them, a even still hanging from their countenances composed and countenances composed and countenances that still a But for the drops that still a

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mankind. Little availed it, t things saved out of the wrec the pardon and title deeds, the father his estate; all that n him had passed away.

END OF VOL.

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

VOL. III.



G. WOODFALL, ANDRE

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE:

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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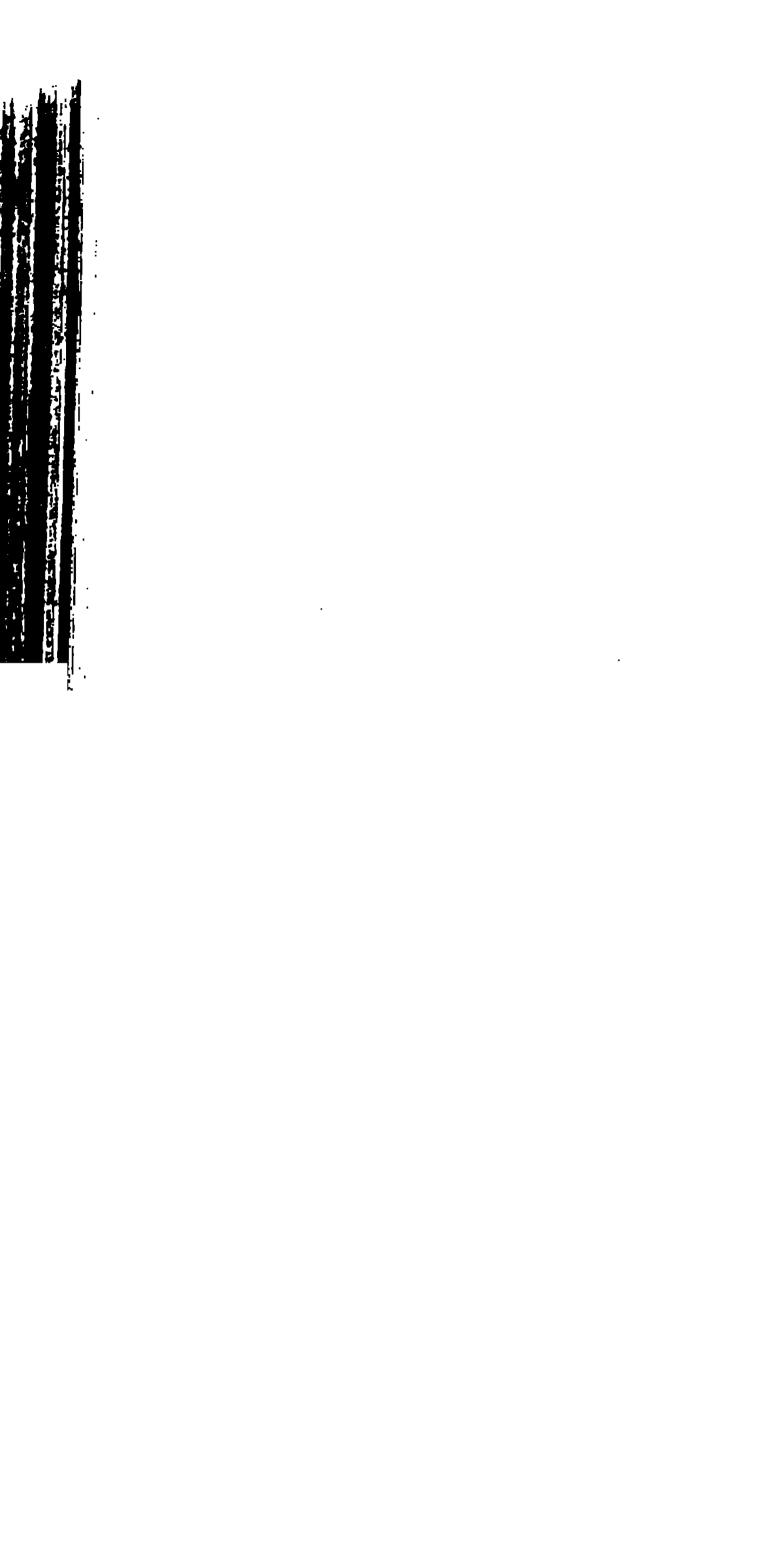
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BOOK THE FIRST

OF

VOLUME III.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Shows what is a sufficient cause of quarrel in Germany, and 'bow an Irishman can remedy a mistake.

It was some weeks before my mind was enabled entirely to shake off the depression resulting from the scenes of distress I had so recently witnessed. The simple manners of the old man, and the quiet beauty of the daughter, attached me to them with an affection which could not but grieve at the entire blight which their happiness had received.

As a stranger, however, I felt that my presence was but a slight consolation. Taking my adieus, Jeremy and myself set off once more upon our wanderings.



ticence of George II. founded

Having spent a few days in its library, and other literary—a thing very unusual with ha quarrel with one of the stron pushing it to a duel. Hyoung man, and, in redundar up for the loss of one eye.

The fellow had the most beheld, and was altogether on cultivators of learning that co even in Gottingen. Jeremy attention to his unique app stranger happening to observe thereupon joined issue. A cit of the robe soon formed about

on entisfaction

tion, that no one can differ from you, in believing blood alone can wash away its effects." The students, one and all, uttered a sound of assent.

"Jeremy," said I, "can you fight much with the small sword?"

"Not much, your worship," said Jeremy; "but I will do my best to pin that cock-eyed gentleman; and if fortune should go against me, why, we must make up our minds to part a little sooner than we expected. Hem!" thought I, I can't afford to lose you just yet. Addressing myself, therefore, once more to the students—"Gentlemen, as the insult has been offered by my servant, his best performances consist rather in playing upon the pistol than the small sword, but if you will direct me to the proper ground, I shall be happy to do what is needful in his behalf. Turning aside into a small court, overlooked by some buildings, devoted doubtless to a very different pursuit, we entered a long chamber, which, whatever was its original purpose, was now empty.

Our swords were drawn and measured in a few seconds, and at the third lunge, mine caught my .. accer to broceen to tile



The bystanders now rus that, as the first blood was was at an end. Slipping my bard, and making a bow to n his friends, I turned upon me at their leisure to bind up the

"Jeremy," said I, "this is place to be pleasant, so con will see at once about our de

The conveyance by which proceed was, in sooth, none of description also were the receiver were we to avail ourselves of ting that assemblage of amiable a look was sufficient cause of in the course of my progress.

of the singular character of the German with-

After proceeding some way, and being so far jolted to pieces as to entertain serious doubts of every man getting his own again at the end of the journey, we stopped about eight o'clock, and a passenger, the last that we could carry, was added to our number.

A few oaths and exclamations as my gentleman settled himself down in his seat, proved our new acquaintance to be an Irishman. Jeremy and myself were seated opposite to him, and my servant being able to speak French, it was always in this language that we carried on our conversation; for I had no idea that every one should have it in their power to talk of "the two Englishmen."

Soon after entering, the Irishman trod on Jeremy's toe, and on hearing his exclamation of pain begged pardon in a sulky manner that did not prepossess me in his favour. We had not travelled together above an hour when some extraordinary fancy put it into the man's head to

believe that he was in the wrong vehicle, and that to red to the total to that bound for Leipzig. where the fair was then about to be held, he by some mistake imagined that we were bound for Gottingen. After sundry consultations with himself, which revealed to us the subject of his alarm, he addressed himself to the other passengers to ascertain the fact, but being unable to speak any language but his own, became only the more rooted in his delusion.

Conceiving from our looks that we were not friendly to him, he did not attempt to put any questions either to Jeremy or to me; while, on the other hand, we were laughing in our sleeves and enjoying the joke beyond measure, determined neither to acknowledge our being of the same country, or to assist him in his dilemma.

In a few minutes we stopped to water the horses and allow their driver to take a slight sip of a more cordial nature. Out got the Irishman, just as we were about to start once more, and bullying the driver most bandsomely, tore down his portmanteau, and finally swore that

he would neither go on any further nor pay for the distance he had ridden.

The driver attempted to bring him to reason, and was threatened with being brought to the ground. So finding that this strong language was the only one in common between them, he was obliged to content himself with wishing the Irishman at the bottom of the sea, and then driving on his road.

The Irishman (this I learnt afterwards) no sooner found himself at liberty, than going to the house of the government director of post-horses,—for this happened to be one of the stations,—he dragged the unfortunate German out of bed, and declared he had been most infamously treated, inasmuch as he was obliged to hurry on to Leipzic to make good an appointment at the approaching fair; and that, although he had paid money for this purpose, the rascally people had popped him into a conveyance, which, so far from bringing him nearer, was, he found out, taking him away from the object of his journey.



road, there was no vengean could visit them that they :

Ambassadors, consuls, p tions were invoked. The G and confessed the conveyan only a few miles in advance, hard driving they would a him into it.

They were as good as the and after belabouring the pufortable rate, they at lengt chase.

With all joy the Irishmen to stop, jumped out, bid him proceeded to ensconce himsel lumber van. Having brough he opened the dans at 12

companions whom but a short space of stime before, he had left under circumstances of sopies sant a description.

The man's astonishment was so great; that it at once divulged his story. So a good laughtwas not to be lost, and contriving to find an English tongue, I drew from him the particulars of his adventure, and took the liberty of turning them into German for the diversion of the worthy burghers of Hamburgh.

Many men in the situation of the Irishman would have thought it necessary once more to have lost their temper, but with a good nature that raised him many degrees in our estimation, he joined heartily in the laugh against himself, and for the rest of our journey, proved a most entertaining and amusing companion.

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CHAPTER II.

Which shows how I once more went forward, and yet again went back.

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My thoughts now began to return towards. England, when taking up a newspaper, containing a list of the members of the new parliament, then about to meet, I perceived, much to my astonishment, I was elected for the borough of Bossiney. This determined me to start for London. "Come," said I, "though I do not think I can be accused of much taste for variety, suppose I have another trial at becoming what is termed a respectable member of society."

Since leaving Leipzig a long lapse of time had passed away in idleness and vagabondizing of various descriptions. I had paid one or two visits to a few Hungarian nobles, with whom I had some years since contracted an acquaintance in London. I had wandered into Switzerland, and so far made practical inquiry into the condition of a labourer, as even to earn my bread by becoming one myself. Jeremy and myself once went so far as to turn postillions, and drove a rich English booby and an ugly wife from Milan to Turin. I forget how many times we upset them on the road. In the midst of these and many other follies, I was, however, arrested by the knowledge of my being returned for the new parliament.

I had thought that the senate and myself had closed our acquaintance for ever, but when my country called upon me for my services, of course I was too much a patriot to refuse them so slight a favour. For, thought I, if there is no one in the family with more urgent claims than myself to our snug little borough, I'll e'en go home and face my creditors, since I have still a sena-

ny nobility.

Whis predent resolution being settled, the netold me once more in the British metropolis!

It seemed strange, again to stand in the midst of my old haunts, changed in feelings, altered in appearance, many of the friends with whom I had before associated lost to me by death or estranged in affection.

My father received me kindly as ever, but when I spoke of my intentions of reformation, the only shook his head and asked me my ages. Singular old gentleman! He could perceive the faults of others—no one more clearly—but when the chiminal was in presence he never had the heart to the buke him for his errors.

How frequently, when the servants had been guilty of some gross neglect, have I seen him ring the bell, vowing vengeance on the offender. Presently the footman made his appearance. John, John! Is that you?

[&]quot; Yes, Sir."

put some coals on the fire?"

So it fared with me. A mutual friend, whom I saw before I waited on the old boy, told me that the governor was resolved on giving me a severe lecture.

The severity of the matter consisted in his asking me to dimer, and on my informing him that I was short of money, he came down with a very handsome cheque upon his banker. As he put this in my hands, he took the liberty of suggesting the propriety of my adhering to the good intentions I had formed; he then alluded to the state of the continent, the probability of the rupture of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; he then adverted to my own prospects, the property which he possessed, and the necessity that the man who became the owner of this wealth should take some standing in society.

In short, he said that if I would lay myself out for a parliamentary life, he would exert himself among our connexions to rally round me such a party of support as would get me a fair hearing, which he naturally wished for his son.

This was to me a new vein of ambition, of rether an old one more extensively reopened, and for a while it bled freely. While member for Huntingdon, I had to a degree contented myself with a slient sy or no on any important question, and when these did not happen to be passing through the House, it was rarely troubled by my presence.

more contemptible, than such extreme neglect of duty, is true, but the truth only appears when no longer available;—and in most instances man defers thinking of wisdom till it is too late to practise it. To proceed, I now gave myself up to the dream of oratorical ambition—but by hir the greatest pleasure it afforded me was received from thinking that my present pursuits for once gave pleasure to my parent. With all my superlative plans, I could not but feel that I had acted like in egregious fool, and with regard to my father, that I had too often thwarted him in the pursuit of my best interests; while the great virtues of his dis-

position were no slight reproaches to me, for the past.

For the first two sessions no one could behave better than myself:—constant in my attendance in the house—ever ready to encounter the bare of a committee—moderate in my amusements, to an extent that surprised myself even more than it did Jeremy and my father. The old gentleman at last really began to have some hopes that I should turn out, as he expressed it,—"A rational creature!"

But still I ought not to omit mentioning, that my sister having been married to the Earl of Bute, my father had thought fit to bestow upon her a much larger share of the family estates than I either admired or deemed requisite. I therefore made up my mind to use the utmost dispatch in hating the Earl most cordially, and in this you may believe I easily succeeded to my heart's content.

Though I confess that my plan of self-education was not that in general use among mankind, yet still it was no part of it to lose any of my patri-

the receiving of my expected goods, and obstacle denoted as an offence never to be forgivent and obstacle when my oratorical fit first seized me proof hearing it, my ardour considerably cooled, and at last modified itself into a species of ague fit;—when I first swoke, nothing could be more palpable than the folly of such an ambition. No sooner, however, was my breakfast finished, than my day dreams of power and place once more residened their old dominion.

In order to convince the world that I really had more pretensions to the character of a state man than they—dull rogues!—were aware of a lambw published a book—nay, even more than this I wrote it.

Of course the ill-natured part of mankind—for there is such a part—attributed the work to my old tutor;—while I flattered mysalf—being armodent, massuming gentleman—that he could never have written anything like it.

was said by a critic.—I hate those critics who cannot let an author have it all his own ways:—This fellow said that Mr. Montague, foreouth, after running through all the grades of low life, and being even a link-boy, had now generously held up the torch to his enlightened country.

Here, however, the variet was mistaken,—I had never thought of being a link-boy—I was only a sweep.—But such is the envy that invariably pursues merit.

Now I, who ought to know best, here deliberately assert, on the contrary, that my book was a very learned affair, and classical to boot, it being no less than a history of the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics; instituting some sort of comparison, I believe, between them and the British constitution.

If I recollect aright—for I scorned to read it after it was printed—there was something about a militia question in the argument, which very much agitated the minds of the people at the time; but which, as a true philosopher, moved me about as much as whether my cook should put salt into his soup before or after boiling. Now this, I

pont, is a very delicate question; but still it perget disturbed my sleep:—few things dos—ton topt, indeed, my—conscience. It was this over:

**Moreous sensibility which so peculiarly qualified up, for being member of parliament.

historical, logical, and what not, together with and immeasurable quantity of private spouting, I downtham all the assurances of success from various quantity that the assurances of success from various quantity that I was about to addressed when I considered that I was about to addressed many hundred of the first men of my country, its felt convinced that the first cough of disapproximation must silence me for ever.

The night came, and my father, punctificator his word, packed all the friends, contentions, and relations, over whom he had any interest, to hear and applaud me, their brother tenatore. In order to facilitate my success, I was to see cond a motion of some importance, brought for ward by a member well known on the liberal side of the house.

When it came to my turn to speak, all sense

seemed to leave me. Mechanically I stood tip, and heard the Speaker pronounce my name. Scarcely knowing whether I stood upon my bond or my heels, I began something of which I did not understand three syllables. Time was not given me to utter a sentence, before I heard the friendly cheers from the benches on either side of me.

I went on: the cheers increased, and soon, to my infinite surprise, I actually came to comprehend some part of my own meaning. From this time all went smoothly,—I gradually launched upon the current of my own feelings, and borne strongly onwards, forgot the listening hundreds, or indeed anything but Mr. Speaker and myself.

How I got home I never very clearly ascertained, but can remember extremely well the dream-like effect of half a dezen friends, coming to breakfast with me next morning; to inform me that I had made the best maiden speech that the walls of St. Stephen's had, &c., &c., &c., &c.

This, as is usual with my indolent habit, con-

siderably tooled my thirst for further parliaments are honoure. — If they are not worth having, — why should I plague myself with politics? Are the number of the votaries of that grave insanity not sufficient that I, a scorner of place, an adorer of case, a worshipper of freedom, should enchain myself in its fetters?—Cui bono? was the question for ever rising to my lips.

really the good of his countrymen at heart, does step forward, what, I demand, is the fate generally awarded to him? He enters Parliament with an honest abhorrence of intrigue and place-hunting.—At the first step, he finds that no man has influence to be scarcely even heard, unless he owns a party.—The possession of property gives him weight. The men who perceive a congeniality in his sentiments seek him out.—
He becomes allied to them, and by degrees is one of a party, despite himself.

Too soon he finds his conduct must be fettered by theirs, - their own he now persuives to be

ent from his.—Does he pursue his own course?

They smile on and thwart him at the same moment. Does he refuse to join their intrigues?

He is mistrusted. Does a great question arise, endangering the places of his friends, or those of their immediate allies, all your differences are on the instant to be forgotten.

Your vote and influence are necessary, and you therefore are become one of the most delightful, amiable creatures upon earth.— If you are a dult speaker, a splendid hearing is promised for your longest effusion. Are you a good speaker? and that you must be, you are pressed to figure in the very van.

At length the battle is won!—You now wish to carry some measure of real practical benefit to the country,—your friends would be most happy—would be delighted to go hand in hand with you—but Mr. So-and-so unfortunately is pledged against it—can't possibly insult Mr. So-and-so.

But supposing all difficulties surmounted, and you at length become a leading member of the

cabinet, the views which you have electibled throughout a long life are now realised, and after the endurance of every opposition and immeasurable calumny, your plans are put in action.

But the very spirit of your measures has, in all probability, been crushed out of them—as a natural consequence, they fail. Your labours—your sufferings, all are forgotten—the measure of ingratitude is filled up for you to the brim. The public voice rewards you with the title of Charlatan, and the feeding of your own sheep is, perhapt; proclaimed to be the highest capacity for which your intellect was suited.

As these feelings gained strength in thy mind; my attendance in the house became less constant; once more the committees were shirked, and nothing of the member seemed likely to be retained by me, except the franking. This falling-off was not unmarked by my father, and, I believe, occasioned him no slight regret.

As often as he chanced to meet such of my friends as were also in his confidence, he took them aside, and, with the gravity of Néstor, èn-

quired: if the reports of my backsliding were really true?

A shake of the head was, in general, the only answer. Then came the wrath of the old gentleman.—

"Ah! I see I must!—yes, I see I must—Nothing less than a severe expostulation will do with him."

Perchance, the same day, I might be dining with him. Some allusion would be made to my parliamentary prospects—the answer on my part became, of course, evasive.

"Ah, Edward!" the old gentleman would exclaim—and the severe expostulation ended in a sigh. Too soon were my father's fears terminated, and even my own aroused.

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CHAPTER III.

Shows host our dearest interests are watched by our friends.

"Jeremy," said I one morning, as he was on the point of removing breakfast, "what packet was that which arrived half an hour since?"

"Committee report from the House, Sir,—where shall I put it?"

"On the fire;—and now go down and see whose carriage that is drawing up. If it's the old gentleman come to talk to me, just say I went out four hours ago to consult—to consult——

"Who, Sir?"

"Oh, any body—my surgeon—no, that will alarm him; say to consult my lawyer—that looks as if I had some prudence."

"Asking your pardon, Sir—that may be a matter of opinion;—I hold it to be just the reverse." Jeremy made his bow.

In a few seconds, he came running back with a grin of peculiar intelligence.

"A lady, Sir, is at the door, and insists on seeing you. I said, your toilette was not finally arranged; but she told me, that was of no consequence."

Hurrying down to the door, I found a lady nearly connected with myself, who insisted on my taking a seat beside her.

Having given orders to the coachman to drive slowly to the park, she turned to me, and said, "I am come to beg your assistance in a little plot of mine, and I am sure you cannot refuse me."

This was uttered in that way which admitted of no refusal; the proposal coming, as it did, from a young married woman of acknowledged beauty and wit. Having professed all readiness to obey



you are an oddity
Mr. C——?"

"Certainly," sai and as one of the a but nothing more."

"Did you ever se

"Never."

Being connected with her husband being a of course very intimate that a only been marrial match was promoted her hopes of withd where, immense as his to dissipate it.

that her husband begins to neglect her, and though naturally a gentle-minded woman, her spirit in this point runs so high, that she talks to her friends of a separation. Indeed, unless his conduct towards her becomes altered, she will certainly have recourse to this remedy."

- "And the wisest plan, is it not?"
- "No, it is not. As circumstances stand, it would only prove most detrimental to both. He would be given up entirely to jockeying, and her lot equally wretched, though not culpable."
- "Now, to tell you the truth,"—here the fair speaker hesitated for a moment,—"C—— and I were attached. It was the first time I ever knew, by experience, those feelings which have such an influence on our destiny. Our union was prevented by considerations into which I need not enter, but I still feel I should not like to see his happiness destroyed, if it were at all in my power to prevent it."
 - "But how," said I, "is that possible?"
- "Why, I think by a little innocent stratagem, we might bring him back to his senses, and there-

fore I have known you too long, and I think too well, to doubt that I may trust you. But I dee you are anxious to hear the details of my strategem, and you shall have them.

by old experience that he is exceedingly jealous. Even as it is, he does not half admire his wife's celebrity as a woman of beauty and taste; but the large fortune which he still possesses, and indeed the fortune which she brought to him, rendered it a matter of course that she should mix largely in the world, as well abroad as at home.

"His sporting pursuits and companions prevent his seeing a great deal of this, but of what he sees he by no means approves. Now my plan is, to get some friend, on whom I can perfectly depend, to pretend a violent passion for Frances, and by being seen constantly with her in public, as well as at her own house, rouse him to such a degree of jea-lowsy as may be sufficient to "—

. Shoot the intruder?"

Olymo, my:dear Wortley, nothing of that sort,

They neither of them care, much for a London life; and perhaps when he sees how matters are apparently going, he may break up his town establishment, and content himself with his forhounds and C—— park. Then again, their union may be bound by a tie that it has not yet received; and children, while they diverted her attention into a better channel, might call forth in him emotions not as yet discernible."

- "Well," said I, "this is very funny."
- "Is that all you have to say to it? I am disappointed in you; I had thought you would have taken it up with more spirit."
- "Wait, perhaps I may yet; but you seem equally strange and out of character to my eyes. Why this plan of yours, I hardly know whether to call it most sentimental or romantic. Yet who would have expected this from you, the beauty and the wit. My modern mother, once more restored to youth, apparently taken up more with the brilliant and the frivolous than aught beside!"
 - "Come, thou wandering Turk, no more ba-

there is a tender spot in every bosom, and that those who have once called forth our best affections, can never be wholly indifferent to us, or fade away into that after forgetfulness which awaits more acquaintance."

"Too well do I even now feel the truth of what you have uttered, my dear friend," replied I, taking her hand in mine; "and problematical as the success of your scheme appears with regard to your friend, and dangerous as I feel it may prove to me, still you may command my sincere, efforts, under your more able instruction. What part and I to act?"

"There is only one required; surely you manderstood me that it was yourself whom Ldesigned for the pretence of admiring my fair cousin. As for the danger—you, who have gone through the many, can surely never fear the trivial abulition of C. 's temper."

Alea that was a danger of which I neger thought to my eyes a danger of a far deeper and

more fatal nature lurked in the proposal T had heard. What, thought I, if the simulated love of a beautiful woman should strengthen into a reality? I was about to mention this doubt, but the words died away upon my lips, and promising to play my part to the best of my abilities, I accepted my friend's invitation to repair to her house that night, there to meet Mrs. C——.

"Tell me," said I, as the carriage turned to set me down—" surely Mrs. C—— has no knowledge of this pretty little scheme of yours." For an instant her dark eyes sought mine as if to read the inmost secret of my heart. Whether she was satisfied, I know not, but the smile which for a moment had been banished, now resumed its place around lips that were made to win whatever cause they pleaded.

"You are right," said she; "Frances has no knowledge of my little plot, though I am persuaded that it can be productive of no harm and may bring about much good." As she said this she put me down once more at my lodgings, reminding me not to forget the hour of appointment.

forming gentleman, thought I, as I flung myself upon a self...

A thousand thoughts crowded upon me, and seemed to urge a retractation from the perilous office I had taken upon me, but with this sense of peril arose also that wayward desire to encounter it, which has got me into more scrapes than all the other intractabilities of my disposition put together.

After a long consideration of the subject, I determined to accede to this conspiracy in love. This, as it was the most foolish thing I could do, I might have expected from the first. "Come," said I, springing up to dress—" at least it will break the monotony of this vile membership, and so while I pay my pretended devoirs to Mrs. C——, the devil may look after my constituents—more especially as they've thought fit to pop me in for a borough instead of retaining me for Huntingdon."

I used to feel there did attach to me some respectability; for on this point I was always very particular;—as I strutted down to St. Stephen's a county member—but now a more common-place borbugh body! Egad it's a very fair cause of quarrel with them. The more severely aggravated, that I never thought of it before.

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CHAPTER IV.

Shows how I, the self-reforming Wortley Montagne, pro-

Punctual to a moment, I drove to my friend's house. On arriving at the door of the saloon, I heard some one singing with a pathos and feeling that went thrilling to the inmost chords of my heart. Entering so gently that no one either heard or noticed me, I found, as I had been led to expect, only a few friends, the whole of whose attention was absorbed by a fair young creature at the further end of the room.

She was bending lightly over her harp, and sang a wild Irish air that breathed the very

spirit of that enchanting liberty so dear to the sons of Old Erin.

Forgotten was the object for which I came, —the remembrance even of the house in which I stood had passed away—the being whom I now saw before me, surpassing even the creations of my own fancy, filled every thought and feeling.

The song ended, but the spell was not dissolved. As she rose from her seat, I saw that her colour was heightened, and that her limbs trembled—her hostess came forward to cover her retreat—and, after a few exclamations of admiration, the buzz of general conversation succeeded to the late quiet.

Thank heaven, said I to myself, that I have run against that fair girl, her memory will be a shield and buckler for me, and I may now safely enter on my pretended flirtation. Going up to my friend without further delay, I announced myself.

"How punctual, Wortley! and for you?—
Come, I don't despair of your reformation yet.
Allow me to present you to my relative, Mrs.
C——."

"Wollowing the direction of her eyes as she wid this, I thought I should have sank on the ground as they rested on the light figure of the enchanting Songstress.

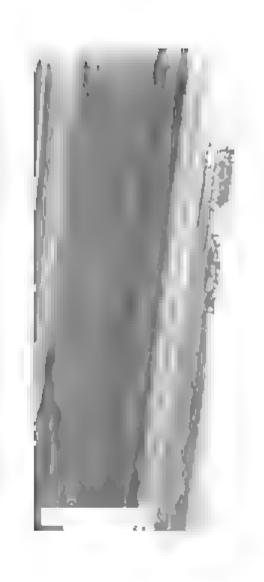
For some moments I stood transfixed, unable to say anything, and only thinking that I never had appeared less at ease in my life. I felt that all was over with me—that some sad turn of Fate awaited me, and that I had no energy left to avaid, or even attempt its avoidance.

Nothing is more epidemic than this distrait manner, and from me it quickly communicated itself to Mrs. C——. This was some slight relief, but still from the knowledge of the purpose for which we had met, there was naturally a constraint between us which might not have existed under other circumstances.

As the evening drew on, this gradually diminished, and by the time her carriage had arrived, we seemed to be on a tolerable understanding. At this time my friend came up and said,

"Wortley, I hope you've no engagement for tomorrow." I paused to remember. "Come, come! even if you have you must give it up, for I have invitation to bring you with me to-morrow to a nice little dinner party, at Mrs. C——'s, where you will have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Monsieur; be sure, therefore, to get up all your knowledge of dogs and horses, and woe betide you if not here at six. Good night, Frances!"—and off went the thoughtless being, little knowing what kind of net her fingers were weaving around her friends, and busily engaged for the moment in playing the hospitable to some of her other guests.

That night I slept but little.—The charming figure, the intelligent face of Mrs. C—— were constantly before me.—What an insensate lump of clay must her husband be, thought I, to neglect such a creature.—But where will this blind scheme end?—Can it terminate in any good?—If it has the effect expected by her cousin—what will be in store for me, after weeks perhaps of the greatest intimacy,—I, who so acutely feel the witchery of her beauty and gentleness even already?



I started from n moning Jeremy the carriage, an least to London,did I faller-wo courage to execute that face, those eye " Let me but see more, and then_" " Then you will science whispered; ! of wine, I sank one dream of Frances, and bosom had not known With the earliest m the only prudent hour

Jeremy, thrusting his nose between the curtains—
"You forget that you're still a member. Your creditors can't take your body, whatever they"

"Member!—the devil fly away with the membership and the creditors both, and you at their tail; you, Sir Jeremy, the honest, what man of experience ever talks of his creditors?—Talking about it, you blockhead, is their business, not mine—go away and bring me a cup of coffee."

Another slumber succeeded, the sensible interval passed away, and I arose a lost man.—The hour of six arrived, and soon afterwards I found myself seated at the right hand of Mrs. C——.

Next to herself her husband was of course the object of my greatest curiosity. He might be termed a fine man, but coarse in his manner, and wearing a look of ordinary common-place, not quite amounting to vulgarity, but from which it is difficult for men wholly to escape who mix much in the worshipful society of jockeys and grooms.

His conduct to me, however, was gracious in the extreme, and the cloth being removed, I details of the German boar knits, and having done my best to display all my knowledge relating to his four-footed favourites, as soon as an opportunity afforded, I withdrew.

To make up for the usual stupidity of dinner, the rest of the evening seemed to fly. My sequaintance with Mrs. C—— came on as if by intuition, and ere I rose to go, her cousin made an appointment for the following evening, by which we were to dine with her;—then repair to see Garrick, and afterwards sup together.

Thus day after day glided past—every hour revealing to me how dangerous was the enjoyment of the society of Frances, yet every moment proving how dear, how necessary to my happiness it had become.

Often have I sat looking at her in mute investedible anguish, and asking myself whitt fürther of
self respect or honour I could ever feel again in
life, if I allowed a creature se young, so amiable,
so fair, to meet the ruin that impended over her,

myself to save her.

Again, at these moments, that fatal-beauty came before me lovelier than ever, and the natural sophistry of the heart painted in too convincing colours, the possibility of my remaining near her, without allowing our passions to betray us into

Ah, treacherous guide!—Let him who would be truly happy—who would avoid the worst of evils, a remorseful memory—let him beware of listening to a sophistry that pleads in favour of his prejudices or his passions;—so many and so various a host are these, Truth has no voice sufficiently loud to be heard among them.

anything that was wrong.

Again and again in the course of our intimacy did I give the orders for quitting London—once I got as far as Blackheath, and then unable to contend with the grief that strove within me, I returned—yet knowing—fully knowing, as I did, that my only safety was to be found in instant flight.

Another day—only another day,—let me see her

ing let me hearthose tones again, and to-morrow Lucally will be gone.—The morrow came—the trunks were unpacked, the carriage quietly reposing at the livery stables, and Jeremy lengthing at his master.

These emotions, so powerfully developed in my own mind, seemed as yet to slumber in the bosom of Frances,—she had loved her husband deeply—devotedly—and notwithstanding all his neglect, it was long ere this affection knew either change of decay.

Our friendship, however, was very far from not being shared by her, but so recently taken from her father's home, she was little versed in the knowledge of the human heart, or the observation of aught that lay beneath the surface.

It was true that the reserve first evident in her manner had given way to a confidence as open and frank. She entrusted to my ear all her little seriows, nor ever seemed for a moment to think that the slightest peril could accrue to her from such a proceeding.

In proportion as we grew better acquainted; her cousin had no longer any necessity to give me those invitations, which never at first would have come from herself. Very soon it became a question, whether out of the twenty-four hours most were passed at my house or hers. Seem together as we were thus constantly in public, that good-natured set of people were not slow in making their own comments—of course as leniently as possible, the more so, that most of my friends were of opinion, that I was, as the phrase goes, "somewhat eccentric."

I never heard that any one took any great pains to keep these matters from the husband; and in proportion as my friendship increased with Frances, it waned with the jockey. In the meanwhile, I had many visits from the cousin, who seemed to be highly delighted with what she termed the success of her plot.

Surely thought I, she can never be making a mere tool and dupe of me for purposes of her own. Surely she can have no views on this better kind of brute. But when these suspicions crossed

my mind, a look at her own frank countenance at once dispelled them.

Such treachery was of too hellish a description ever to enter into a mind not thoroughly abandoned, or to be entertained by one who was affluently and comfortably, if not happily, married.

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CHAPTER V.

Which shews how admirably our love conspiracy succeeded.

WHILE affairs were thus proceeding, I used not unfrequently to debate with Lady —— the eligibility of the course she had chosen; but, high-spirited and sanguine, some witty answer was but too often the only reply I received to what she termed my sermons.

At length she came to call on me very early one morning, and in high glee announced that a successful issue to her manœuvres had at length arrived. She had met C—— on the preceding

evening at some party, and he had taken her aside to complain, with great indignation, of the conduct of his wife, in flirting with a man of Mr. Wortley Montague's character.

"Character!" said I, "did the rescal attempt to take away my character?"

"No, Edward," replied she, tapping me with her fan, "I wish he had. You must have been the gainer by that, whoever got it." She then went on to say, that she had taken the opportunity of telling C——, that his wife's conduct was nothing more than what he might expect—descring her as he did.

My gentleman, however, did not appear to relish this advice, and went away very sulky, protesting that the perception of such conduct was the last thing to bring back his affection.

Telling my fair visitant that I was rather of the same opinion, and that, in short, I could not in this instance perceive that presage of success she had led me to expect, I stated at once my regret that she had not spoken more persuasively to the husband; and added my conviction, that the ex-

periment had now far better be brought to a conclusion.

This she would by no means allow, and with a strange mixture of inclination and reluctance, I at last consented to the prosecution of my attendance, inwardly cursing myself as a fool for the risk I ran of involving a woman I loved, and yet delighted at the extension of the time, during which I was still to be permitted the joy of her society.

It had lately been usual for us to take a drive together at noon in Hyde Park. An appointment had been made for the day on which this conversation took place, but having been kept beyond my time, I was told on calling, that Mrs. C——had already driven out.

Concluding that she had gone on to our accustomed drive, I walked that way and soon discovered the carriage. As it was driving slowly, I speedily overtook it.

The door was opened, and as Mrs. C——endeavoured to see who was coming, I presented vol. III.

myself. On seeing me the slight colour, on her cheek faded away, and the hand that was warmly pressed in mine became of a chilly coldness, while her blue eyes filling with tears, rendered her faint silence more cloquent than language ever yet became.

I moment she looked at me but spoke not—then as the tell-tale drops slowly coursed their way, she said, or "We must never meet again! Would that we had never met!"

Would indeed, for your sake, thought I.

"I am sure," she resumed,—" I am sure I saw no harm in cultivating the acquaintance of a distant connection of a part of my own family, lonely and forsaken as I was, or never would I have done so."

She paused for a moment, for with the remembrance of her sorrows, the grief that oppressed her increased ten-fold. "But it is of little avail to lament, my dear friend—for such you have ever proved yourself to me. There is only

one path of duty left for my pursuit. My husband, who has remained at variance with me for the last week, came abroptly into 'my sitting-room this morning. After a scene which I shall never remember but with the greatest horror, he told me that I must at once decide whether to discontinue my friendship with you or my union with him. You cannot, Edward, doubt that ill treated as I have been, I, of course, obey my husband's com-This note," drawing my attention to one mands. in her hand, "contains my resolution. I left my house early this morning, on purpose that you might not run the risk of encountering him, and judging that you might be coming here to ride, I brought it with me."

She gave the note to me as she spoke, and I gladly seized and pressed it to my lips as the last token of her friendship that I might ever receive. I tried to speak, but my thoughts, confused and agonized, refused to find relief in utterance.

She saw all that was struggling in my heart, and her head, sinking upon my shoulder, she whispered, "Oh, Wortley! I did not think you could have felt thus for me !- For me, the lonely—
the deserted—the unhappy !".

Alos! those words!—They seemed to glide to my heart like some subtle and searching firs. Awaking me at once to a sense of how deeply I loved—and whispering how tender in return was the interest that love excited for me in the breast of her who now, for the first time, discovered that she was the idolized object of my own fatal attachment.

Scarcely knowing, in the anguish of the moment, what I did, my arm drew her towards me, and my grief involuntarily mingled itself with hers. At this moment a horseman dashed up alongside the carriage, a hand was laid on the open window-sill. At the same time the rider stooping, looked in upon us, and then started back as if doubting what he saw,—it was no other than C—— himself.

Frances was sitting on his side, but her head resting on my shoulder she had neither seen nor heard him. The latter, however, she was soon destined to do.

In a voice, furious with rage, and eyes that seemed starting from his head, he grasped her arm, and exclaimed,—"Madam, is this you?" Taking his wrist in a gripe that nearly made the blood start from the finger-nails, I thrust it hack through the window. For a moment he tottered on his saddle; then once more regaining his position; he looked sternly at me, saying, "This, Sir, shall not be forgotten in the settling of our accounts."

"As soon as you please," I replied, and was about to add more, when Frances, springing up between us, her husband demanded, with bitter irony, whither she was driving.

"Hear me, Henry, calmly, I beseech you!" said she, "I came but to bid adieu to Mr. Montague—to break off the friendship which has given you so much offence, and then return home."

"Home! madam," replied he, putting his head within the carriage, so that the servants could not hear him, "it is in vain you seek my door, it is for ever closed against you! As for you, Sir," turning to me, "we shall meet again."

"I sincerely hope so," I rejoined; when, dash-

ing his spurs fate his horse's flanks, he left us as though the furies were pursuing him. As for Frances she sank beside me alike senseless and included.

- Beautiful, but hapless being! thought I, well will it be for thee if death has arrived to close thy sorrows. Taking her gently in my arms, I wetched her pallid countenance, and shedding a torrent of tears, began, too late, to accuse my will with the deepest removes of the ruin L. had occasioned.
- Slowly, and to all appearance with much pain, she revived. While the fit lasted, I had in vain endeavoured to decide what would be the most proper course to be taken. The conclusion to which I came was, that everything depended on her own inclination, and in order that these might be strictly followed, I was prepared for every extremity.

It is for me she is thus plunged into this vortex, and when I desert her may I perish by the vilest end. The first question on her recovering was, where she would wish to go. At this question all her griefs were doubled; she could only clasp her hands like one utterly forlorn, and give herself up to a fresh access of woe.

At first I offered to drive to her cousin's, then to her father's, and afterwards to the houses of one or two other relations who were then in town, but a sense of horror at presenting herself before them, an outcast from her husband, overcame every other consideration. She could only, therefore, wring her hands and utter the wildest supplications to heaven for instant death.

After considering a moment the exigence of the case, I came to a decision which no man can call prudent, but which few in my situation would not have taken. Directing the carriage to be driven to my lodgings, I there found Jeremy.

Giving him his instructions, I next resumed my seat beside Frances, having previously told the coachman to drive to Greenwich. On our arrival I sent the servant back with the horses to London, and ordering four post-horses in their place, set off for Dover.

An apathy bordering on madness had taken

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possession of Frances, and to nothing that occurred could I draw forth any thing that resembled a coherent reply. It was not yet noon when we drove from the park, and by dint of urging the postillions, we managed to arrive at Dover soon after four o'clock in the morning. Here having seen that Frances was duly tended by the hostess of the hotel, I hastened to take what slight repose yet remained for me.

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Which shows what preparations the husband made, towards showing me his gratitude for the able manner in which I conducted the process of restoring his wife to his affections.

I know not whether it is in contempt of such a weak creature as man, or from any other equally probable cause, but certainly fortune, even in the midst of our deepest distresses, generally takes leave to throw in something of a ridiculous and absurd character.

Tired and harassed as I was, my rest was far from unbroken, and the consciousness that I had not the good fortune to be sleeping alone, was soon forced upon me by the irritating dispositions of my companions. "Ah!" thought I, "would to heaven, my Agile Tormentors, I could skip like you,—how soon would I hop out of my present dilemma."

As the good luck of having such an apartment had been owing to the night waiter, I no sooner caught a sight of the rascal, than I demanded how he dared play me such a trick.

"Why, your honour," replied the fellow, creatching his head, "I was afraid that them creatures might disturb you a little, but seeing we had a gentleman here the whole of last summer, Mr. Edwards, who was never no ways put out by them, I thought, as your name was Edward too, Sir, that you and them might 'gree equally well."

Dismissing this acute reasoner, I went up to Frances' door to inquire whether she could come down. From the description of the landledy, however, I forbore to put the question, and walking out to skake off, if possible, the extreme melancholy of my thoughts, I left the unhappy invalid to sleep on till noon.

Sleep, thou blessing beyond all on earth, when every care is stayed, and even the unquiet mind of man is withheld from preying on itself—trunquil type of death!—could we only lead the kives we should, how bearable would be existence and how sweet the grave!

Those who have followed me through all the windings of a mad career, must often have been tempted to look with contempt and disgust on a being of such weakness; but it is not from a want of heart that I have erred, but from a wretched absence of that firm principle which can alone make any of our good qualities available.

Never did I feel this more bitterly than on this very morning, but what could I do? I had taken that first fatal step which is everything, while the rest are mere sequents of course.

On returning to the hotel I found Jeremy. The rogue had finished breakfast, and was now taking a nap in the corner of his box, from which a fine-toned snore resounded through the coffeeroom.

Rousing him once more to a sense of this world,

Large-him out to find some vessel, great eromall, to sail with us to Calain—the regular sailing packet not proving as soon as I could wish.

If to-morrow finds me here, thought I, we shall have the foxhunter down, and the scene with him had better take place over the water.

and, tempted by an extra fee, the skipper agreed to take the over that afternoon. By two o'clock every thing was ready, and taking Frances in my arms, seemingly insensible and indifferent to all around her, I carried her on board, having previously engaged a female attendant for the voyage, and made everything as comfortable for her reception as possible.

The wind was fair and the sea not very high. Having watched the white cliffs of Kent fade fairly beneath the blue horizon, I retired below to seek some object of interest less dejecting. The skipper, who was a rough kind-hearted body, had accompanied me, perhaps to proffer, but more certainly to take, a little matter which he styled "a good stiff glass of grog."

Having only two men and a boy on board Besides himself, the boy of course attended disches wants in the cabin, and assisted on emergencies in the other duties of the vessel.

Unfortunately the lad had a habit of stammering; which, when he got a fright, amounted almost to loss of speech. Strange to say, in these exigences, by taking to singing, which he did very well, he at once became enabled to express all that he sould wish to say.

This curious specimen of the cantatory art had nearly cost me dear, for the lad having been sent on deck with a message to the man at the helen; we suddenly heard some confusion above; and down rushed the boy with every emotion of terror in his countenance, while his mouth shut and opened in silence as he endeavoured in vain to communicate the cause of alarm.

"Sing, you rascal, sing!" said the Captain, making a motion as if to fling a jug at his head. At once starting off into a true Tyburn singsong, the boy went on—

"Jeremiah's fell overboard bucket and all!"

the Captain rush upon deck I followed him.

For once there was truth in a song. Jeremish had been asked to fill a bucket with salt water to being to wash the deck, and anxious to be useful, without being very expert, he lost his hold, and taking a bath of rather an unpleasant nature, was now some few yards astern. The vessel being hove-to, we soon managed to pick up my gentheman, and consign him to a warm bed, and by the time of our arrival at Calais, he was fully table to rise and resume his duties.

That evening was the first on which Frances showed any signs of rousing from the deep despondency in which she had hitherto been plunged. But it was only a change of sorrow that she experienced—that of waking from the torpor of woe to its acute reality. I did not attempt to comfort her, for what comfort could I offer?

Too well, too dearly did I love her, to utter any thing that might convey the harrowing truth of the position in which she stood in the world's eye, and though guilty of nothing more criminal than that of having allowed our affections to wander towards each other, still every moment that my eye rested on her beauty, I thought only of the anguish I had caused her.

I did not curse, as I well might, the folly of my relative, Lady ——, though at first some suspicion of her sincerity did again cross me—no, it was myself. It was my own mental blindness, or rather weakness, that I accused, and oh! how truly!—for ever permitting myself to be embarked in such a mad career.

Conversing on topics as distant from our own thoughts as possible, I endeavoured to lead her mind from dwelling on that which distressed it, and had the satisfaction of seeing her retire to her room with less of that alarming depression of spirits than I had before witnessed.

On the following morning, as is usual with me when suffering under any annoyance, I slept till late, and was just in the act of taking breakfast in my own room, when one of the waiters brought me up a card of the Honourable Colonel Rugby.

Ah, thought I immediately, so he comes at

tell the Colonel if he will do me the favour to wait till I am dressed, I shell be happy to see him, or if he will excuse my room and take a cup of chocolate with me, it will give me so much the more pleasure."—In a few minutes the Colonel made his appearance.

He was a fine handsome-looking fellow, and though, by his looks, he could not yet have passed thirty, still his countenance bespoke him already to have reached that necessary, but not very common attainment, when a young man skakes off the puppy and becomes a rational creature. For this I am convinced, is as distinct an epoch in our lives, as the yearly casting of the skin in that of a snake.

- "Colonel Rugby, I am happy to see you-I conclude you call on me from Mr. C--- ?"
- "I do," said the Colonel, seating himself; "and sorry though I am that circumstances have rendered my services necessary to my friend, still I may hope——"

[&]quot;Do you take milk and sugar, Colonel?" said I,

sparing him the rest of the usual common places; launching at once into the topics of the day, we waited till the waiter removed the breakfast things, and then entered on the business of the moment. The Colonel, I found, as I had expected, was simply charged with an inquiry as to the place, time, and weapons that would suit me for rendering that satisfaction—and so on.

To this I replied—that as Mr. C——appeared to be the injured party, his choice in all these matters would be mine.

"Now, Colonel Rugby," I concluded, "having' premised that I am perfectly ready to meet your friend on any terms, I must, in bare justice to Mrs. C—— and to myself, state to you, without enlargement or suppression, the whole of the facts connected with this case." Accordingly I related to him the exact truth.

"Now," said I, "you will communicate these facts to Mr. C——. He may pretend to discredit, or it is possible he may have the good sense to believe them. Let him, however, act as he will—I pledge my honour to the veracity of every word

I have related to you; and if he determines on a meeting, I am at home waiting your instructions."

With some flattering expressions of civility, the colonel took his leave, and in two hours I received a note from him stating the resolution of Mr. C—to meet me that night at eight o'clock, on the sands to the westward of Calais Harbour.

The length of my gentleman's sword was enclosed for my consideration, together with a notification that the colonel would bring his one pistols, so that I need not trouble myself on that score.

"A most formidable affair this is to be, your worship," said Jeremy as he read the note aloud to me.—" It reminds me of one through which I once had the honour of passing with a half-pay midshipman."

"Ay, indeed?—Come, then, let us have the whole history of it.—Lucky am I to get such consolation on my sea of troubles.—I suppose, Master Jeremy, this is one among the many of your 'suppressed' episodes?"

" Why, your worship, we'll say nothing about

those, but touching the duel of which I spoke, that fell out thus.—Having met in mixed society, —your worship understands the phrase—with a gentleman who called himself a half-pay midshipman, he began to narrate his adventures to a select party of strangers, while we were all sitting over our cups at one of those liberal houses where a man is obliged to nothing but his purse. Being one of the party by accident, and also by accident somewhat fuddled, I listened with great pleasure to the worthy officer's narrative, which, if it boasted of no other adornment, had such a felicitous smack of the marvellous as warranted a most excellent vein of fancy in the detailer.

"Among other happy subjects on which he touched, was that of his great skill in diplomacy—and this, as it seems to unravel the heart of that great skein, of petty winding, I would recommend to the attention of your worship in particular, and all high plenipotentiaries and ambassadors in general.

"It seems the midshipman had at one period of his service been doing duty on board a small

sel having got involved in a quarrel with the British Consul of some little port in which he was lying; sent the said midshipman on shore to attribute the dispute; the commander, who was a lieutenant, choosing to think it beneath his dignity to negociate, save through an inferior.

his envoy aside before starting, and after a long lecture on the grandeur of his new profession, he concluded his discourse by saying that everything depended on his getting the weather-gage of the consul; and that, finally, above all things, somethow or other, the envoy was 'to do him' if he could.

- " The midshipman departed, and soon returned.
- "'Well,' said the lieutenant, 'how have you managed the rascal?'
- "'O, Sir,' replied the midshipman, 'of course —I've done him!—as you desired.'
- "'Ah!' returned the lieutenant, overjoyed, how did you manage that?'

- "'Why, I couldn't come over him in any other way, and so, Sir, I—stole his watch!'
- "Well, your worship, at this specimen of the half-pay midshipman's powers in diplomacy we all fell a laughing, of course—I most heartily among the rest.
- "'What do you mean, Sir, by laughing?' demanded he very angrily. 'What may that be at?'
- "'Why,' returned I, 'at the extraordinary powers of metamorphosis, in a calling which can send a gentleman forward on an expedition as an ambassador to make him return a thief!'
- "On this, your worship, issue was joined forthwith. Mr. Midshipman had the kindness to propose a turn out and a mill in the middle of the
 room; but seeing that he was twice my stature, I
 told him he was very kind, but that gentlemen
 should settle their little discrepancies in a far
 different mode. A meeting, therefore, was
 arranged for the following morning, and the
 seconds being duly chosen, we separated to retire
 to rest.

with me. What think you?" said he, "I met our adversaries but just this instant. What have you got there? said I to the second, who was carrying a large bag.—A brace of ship's pistols, was the reply. Next to him, up came the midshipman, with a couple of old muskets in his hands, and his hat stuffed so full of something that it would scarcely remain on his head. Muskets! exclaimed I, what may those be for!—In case the pistols won't go off. Then what's that stuffed into your hat?—Oh, that?—that's only eighty rounds of ball cartridge!"

"Faith, Jeremy, it's well you live to tell the tale
—but how did you manage to get out of it?"

"Simply by going through twelve fires without effect, Sir; after which we flung away our tools, shook hands, and went to breakfast."

"Ah, Jeremy, this must prove a somewhat different affair; but as a man need not neglect his health in the interim, get the horses to the door."

CHAPTER VII.

Which contains the narrative of a duel, generally supposed to have been fought in earnest.

- "JEREMY," said I, as we rode along, "I am glad you are in some degree acquainted with the forms of honourable manslaughter called the duel, for now I come to think of it, you must stand as my second."
- "With all my heart, your worship, but I hope in this case we shall have no revival of that heathenish custom of bloodshed passing between any but the principals. As your worship's valet, I have no right to pretend to a contention with the

thews and muscle of the Honourable Columb Rogby."

"Fear nothing—thy hide shall remain as peaceably whole as my Lord Mayor's—for saving him who rubbed Wat Tyler down, their wars have been principally levied on the natives of Ascension.

yourself the honour of my squire at arms, you are henceforth my secretary. So take heed in your conversations with this said colonel, that be espies nothing amiss in thee, or to the felicity of fighting with his friend, I shall be compelled to add the happiness of trying to put a ball through himself. Listen, therefore, while I put thee through the paces of a modern murder of honour."

Chatting thus, we completed our ride, and returning to dinner, the time appointed drew nigh. As
I was preparing to set off, it came on to rain hard,
while the wind, setting in a stiff gale from the
south-west, promised a continuance of bad weather.

This is nice for fighting, thought I, and having waited till within a quarter of an hour of the time.

I was about to set off for the place of meeting, when I received a second note from the Colonel, putting off our rendezvous till day-break on the ensuing day.

Having sent a reply in the affirmative, I gave instructions to Jeremy to alter, as might be requisite, the arrangements which he had made in case a sudden departure should become necessary, and then went to bed.

Scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow, when I remembered that the ensuing day was the Sabbath. To what a pitch then have I arrived, was my natural soliloquy, when such a morning is appointed for such a purpose, and in such a cause?

Starting from my couch, I went to the window. The weather had slightly moderated, and I sent a message to Rugby, expressing my wish to meet C— within an hour. Rugby himself at once agreed, but his principal refused. I had now nearly declined the affair in toto, but knowing that my motives would be misconstrued, I was weak enough to yield acquiescence.

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At an hour before day-break Jeremy was at my bed-side, and rising with a heavy heart and a repreachful conscience, we took our way towards the ground. The rain had ceased for some hours, and the wind having veered to the northward, blew coldly and piercing as we hurried along.

Having passed the gate and bent our steps towords the left of the harbour, the air grew more fresh and inspiriting as it came directly from the sea, whose hourse roat now sounded in our ears. For some time we pursued our way over the little sandhills which form the ground in this direction, and at last arrived near the beach. Almost at the same moment we discerned, approaching from behind, the two figures of the opposite party.

Quickly descrying us, they advanced within thirty paces, and then the Colonel came forward alone. Taking him aside, I asked if he had narrated the facts I had communicated to him.

He replied that he had done so exactly, but that they had been received with the utmost disbelief and rage—so much so, that C—— had expressed his determination that no effort of his should be spared to prevent my ever quitting the ground alive. To this end he wished to know if I had sufficient courage to consent that our seconds should not interfere, but stand at a distance till the combat was in one way or another decided.

Shocked and angry at the blood-thirsty disposition displayed in such a message, I replied, with some warmth, that it was indifferent to me how we fought, and that if it would particularly please the savage, it should be with a pair of ragged razors, or if this was not sufficiently brutal, why then with our teeth.

The Colonel replied, that he shared my sentiments on this point, and to dissuade his principal from indulging in such feelings, had done everything in his power short of returning home, which he hardly liked to do after coming from such a distance. He added, that the provocation C—supposed himself to have received, could alone excuse his revengeful sentiments.

Desiring the Colonel to hasten on his arrangements, as daylight seemed soon about to break, he went up to C——, and having repeated my con-

sent to his proposition, Jeremy measured out the ground, under the Colonel's superintendence, while the latter was to give the word for firing.

The order of the duel was to be thus:—we were to fire at ten paces, holding our naked swords in our left hands, and if the shots took no effect, we were then to rush on one another with cold steel.

While the ground was measuring, I turned away to take what I thought was, in all probability, my last look of the fair universe. How transcendantly bright appeared the sky on which I had so often gazed with rapture, and where already the starry host grew pale at the approach of day. The fresh and glorious ocean which had ever excited the deepest emotions in my bosom, rolled its deep, heavy waves not far from my feet—never again might they bear me exulting on their surface;—a touch on the shoulder from Jeremy, reminded me that the ground was ready.

Turning round, I perceived that C--- had taken up his position, and, to my astonishment, stood stripped of his coat and waistcoat.

The only level spot fit for our purpose, was between two little ridges of sand running down towards the sea, and this being rather marshy, I observed also, that C—— was standing up to his ankles in water.

I was advancing to take my position, dressed, of course, as I was, when, more to my surprise than anything that had yet occurred, Jeremy stepped up to me and said, with the tone of a man accustomed to move among equals of no mean rank—"Mr. Montague, unless you put yourself on an equality with an antagonist who thinks fit to disencumber himself to the utmost, I cannot act as your second."

In compliance with this observation, I also drew off my coat and waistcoat, and receiving my weapons, took up my ground. The seconds having retired to some distance, I heard the word "Prepare," and then—"Fire."

The discharge of my adversary's weapon took place—I felt myself unhurt, and turning towards the sea, fired my ball over its surface, flung the pistol on the ground, and waited the onset of my

epperent. I had not long to complain of his tardiness; seeing that I would not advance, in made a couple of springs, and then, entangled with the marshy weeds, fell.

Looking at me as if he feared I would take advantage of this accident, he struggled hastily, but in vain, to rise, when, finding I still remained on my own ground, he recovered himself—came more slowly forward, and then, as if the prey were at once within his group, made a sudden hunge at my breast.

This I parried, at the same time keeping down my anger to the utmost, for I felt that I was already wounded in the sword arm. As my object was only to guard myself and tire out my adversary, I made no attacks in return for his, and after the continuance of the contest for some time, with the most determined fury and hatred on his part, I began to watch an opportunity to disarm him.

Suddenly my foot slipped, and I felt the cold steel of his sword pass through my right side the hilt coming against my ribs. This put the finishing stroke to my moderation of temper; imagining myself to be mortally wounded, I drew back my sword arm, now stiffening from loss of blood, and made a thrust at his throat.

His left hand being still at liberty, he beat down my blow, and, in turn, my sword became locked in his grasp. We now struggled desperately for some minutes, the mud and water splashing around us, and already not a little discoloured by the sanguine streams that both our various wounds had contributed to it.

Seeing that this must end in the defeat of one of us, I made a desperate spring forward, and then as sudden a retreat, at the same time drawing my sword with all my remaining strength through his left hand, which it cut horribly.—My own weapon was now free, while I still retained the mastery of his.

- " Ask your life!" said I.
- " Never!" was his reply.
- "Then yield your sword!"
- " I will do neither."
- "Think of it again!"
- " Never!"

"If I allow you to draw your rupler but of my body what will you do?"

"My best to run it through your heart."

Sanguinary, wretched creature!" I exclaimed, raising my arm to terminate this scene—then pausing once more—"Tell me," said I, "if you are allowed again to commence the duel on equal terms—will you acknowledge your belief in all I have narrated to your second—and when Liams gone, assert your wife to be as innocest as she is?"

"Innocent!" repeated he, "as soon assert

He said no more—every drop of blood remaining in my body rallied to my heart.—Passing my sword twice through his body, he sank upon his knees exclaiming "I am slain."

Something there was in this brief ejaculation which even then drew largely on my pity.—At those low, melancholy, dying tones I looked down upon the collapsed features of the bleeding body;—rage was succeeded by remorse, and apprehension for my own life by despair for his.

Turning with a shudder of horror and dis

gust from the contemplation of my own deed—
my eyes rested on the sea.—There rose the sun,
all pure and glorious, from its rolling bed, now
crimsoned by its early rays.—The breeze swept
past my cheek as swiftly as when, in days of
yore, it only brought joy and healthfulness to
cheer my youth!

And this was the Sabbath—the day of rest for Him, at whose bidding Creation had arisen, and, first of all its wonders—Man!—And was this the day I had chosen for his destruction?—The curse of my Maker seemed at that moment to descend upon me. Dimness of vision came over me, the little strength remaining appeared to desert the, and my conscious heart to acknowledge the withering feelings of a second Cain.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which treats of some of the results of " Pleasure ! "

On coming to my senses, I found myself in the arms of Jeremy, who, by dint of pouring brandy down my throat, brought me once more back to life, and assured me that I had considerable chance of still retaining my vitality, since my wounds, which he had hastily bound up, were mostly superficial.

Thanking him from my heart, I cast my eyes around, and beheld the Colonel at a little distance, doing the last kind offices for his friend.

—I would have advanced toward them, but this

Jeremy positively prevented, saying that it was much more reasonable for me to save myself, than trouble by my presence a dying man, who already had too good reason to hate me to the utmost.

Acquiescing in this sad truth, I turned my steps once more towards the town, and finding on our way a donkey that had apparently strayed from its tether, I took leave to mount it, and supported by Jeremy, who urged the beast forward, we quickened our pace.

Since the days of my wild adoption of the chimney sweep's character, I had never mounted the back of poor Dobbin, until now—I recalled, with regret, the morning in which I had first made my escape in that capacity, and would have given much, indeed, to have leaped back to such trivial errors.

On arriving at the hotel, we found every thing ready for our instant departure, except the fair and unfortunate Frances—the "teterrima causa."

Writing her a note that her presence was im-

mediately required below, I got her into the carriage, and as we drove on, proceeded to explain, that having lost a considerable sum of money on the preceding evening at cards, I had been so foolish, as under the influence of wine, to give a bond for immediate payment; but that since anfair play had been used, I had called the offender out, and leaving him wounded on the field, was obliged to fly into the neighbouring state of Flanders.

My wounded arm, my whole appearance, and the circumstantial air with which this was told, completely passed on the belief of one so inexperienced. Absorbed with what she conceived to be my danger, she enquired no further, and it was with as much surprise as relief that I at length found myself within an unoffended territory.

Having knowledge enough of surgery to distrust my own opinion in my own case, I lost no time in placing myself under the care of one from whom I should find justice. The wound on the right side was the only one which now gave me any concern, and had it not been for the quantity of blood lost on the field, I should have fared but poorly.

The inflammation was by this means kept down greatly, and a close examination of the lacerated parts leading to the discovery of no injured organ, I found I had only to remain quiet, in order to regain my health.

The surgeon having given his instructions, left me to my meditations, which naturally reverted to the melancholy scene of the duel.—In truth, I had been utterly unable to banish it even for the shortest period from my mind.

This repose, disturbed and uneasy as it was, soon became doomed to even more embittered in terruption.

Jeremy having gone out of my room with the surgeon, returned after some time with a countenance announcing some fresh misfortune. His story was soon told—exaggerated reports of the late duel had suddenly arrived, and some of the people of the hotel, ignorant of her connection with the parties concerned, had communicated

all the particulars to Frances as a mere matter of gossip.

On a mind already predisposed to sink bemath the state of tension in which it had long been kept, these rumours produced the worst effects, and her servants having in vain endeavoured to manage her, now sent to me in alarm at the state in which their mistress remained.

Hurrying to her side, I found her relapsed into the miserable state in which she arrived at Dover, alternately agitated by the most frightful convulsions, or seemingly sinking into the arms of death from the depression consequent.

With what indescribable anguish did I gaze on those features, and consider that all this suffering was caused by mc.—Alas, where could I seek either succour for my victim, or comfort for her destroyer.

On one side of her bed stood the physician and surgeon I had called in;—all their arts had failed—before them lay the unhappy girl,—muttering in a tongue they knew not, words that went to my very soul—for they called on her husband

in the fondest accents of love, to forgive and pardon her, and to spare—me!—

Had she said aught beside—had she heaped the most withering curses on my head, I could have borne my lot—but her intercessions for my safety!—these were indeed the burning coals of Scripture.

If I looked into my own heart—there was hell.

—Heaven itself was no longer Heaven to me.—A murderer and an adulterer—I had no portion there.—In silent agony and remorse I seated myself beside her couch to wait the event, which to all appearance was to send into a future state another soul, unrepentant, unannealed, to witness against me.

By degrees her complaint assumed another form—the colour once more revisited her cheek, the eye was again lit up with a dazzling lustre.—The muttering grew more distinct—eagerly I watched the change, and breathlessly stooped to catch her slightest wish—but it was only a change of sorrow into horror, when I perceived that she could no longer recognize me—when I heard that her

tongue was only loosed to give utterance to the wildest delirium.

Before midnight it required the strength of two servants to keep her in her bed, as she raved of a thousand madnesses, beneath the burning influence of a brain fever.

WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

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CHAPTER 1X.

Shows how one error paves the way for another.

As I sat by the bedside of the unfortunate Frances, night after night, and day after day, thus listening to all the horrors which by turns assailed her disordered imagination, I had full leisure to exercise those faculties of reasoning which had too long slept within me.

To the idle, the frivolous, and the superficial—the man who had succeeded in winning the affections, of a woman at once amiable, lovely, accomplished, and high born—who had succeeded in carrying off her person, and even more, of

escaping from the revenge of her husband,—such a man, in the heartless cant of "the world," would be termed lucky, fortunate, and happy.

Contrasting such a description with my own situation, I had indeed a bitter proof of how little either term was borne out by the reality!

To be relieved of the sorrow and the removes then pressing on me, what would I not have been? The humblest lot, the direct slavery would have been repose and blessed quiet, so that it restored to my bosom, that upholding spirit of self-approval which passeth show, and defies even the whirlwind of man's evil passions to disturb its tranquillity.

But in proportion as I sighed for that which I felt I could never more possess, so did my perturbation and dejection increase.

To attend the dying victim of my mingled folly and weakness,—to proffer from my own hand all that it was necessary for her to take,—and sleep-lessly to listen to every fevered accent, was my only occupation. My own wounds were forgotten, or if remembered, it was only with a

silent prayer, that they might be the means of yielding me a passport from that life, which in the very hour of security and possession was rendered a burden too heavy to support.

In addition to all the other subjects of sorrowful contemplation, was added, that of the apparent inevitability of the death of Frances. Having been bled to a great extent, we now feared lest she should sink into that low typhoid state, which so frequently proves fatal to those whom even the acute form of the disease has spared.

The hour that was to dispel or verify my fears drew nigh; by degrees sensibility of external objects returned to the poor sufferer, and in the faintest accents she whispered to me her conviction that she was dying. Too truly I feared it—I was her murderer!—but endeavouring my best to comfort her, I said something—though hardly conscious what—of life being as uncertain in its ebb as flow.

Gazing up with an expression of tenderness, that death itself can scarcely efface from my remembrance—she faintly shook her head, and turning upon her pillow, burst into tears. As soon as she regained sufficient composure, she whispered her wishes for a clergyman of the Protestant religion, to administer to her the last consoling rites of Christianity.

Having sent Jeremy, on the instant, to procure, if possible, a compliance with her wishes, I demanded if there were no other point on which it was possible to gratify any feelings she might, at this awful moment, entertain.

She spoke not; but from the fixed nature of her glance, I at once perceived that something still remained upon her mind. I pressed her to disclose it to me, and feeble as she was, she made the effort, then, as if checking herself, she once more turned away from me, and once more found relief in weeping.

She now sunk into a state of repose. Whether this arose from over-excitement, whether it was sleep, or whether—for her lips moved—she was engaged in prayer, I know not; but intensely absorbed as I was in my own dark reveries, a considerable time clapsed, interrupted only by the return of Jeremy.

Success had attended his efforts, and he an-

nounced the speedy coming of the pastor of a small flock of the Protestant faith. In a few minutes afterwards this gentleman was announced to be below.

Having descended to meet the clergyman, I explained to him the wishes of his intended communicant, and begging him to be careful that she might be as little excited as the sacred nature of his duty permitted, I ushered him into the sick chamber, and withdrew.

Again and again, in moments of horror and despair, I have recurred to that space during which I listened for the return of the good priest. Nothing can equal, in the mere sufferings of imagination—those which I then underwent. In the times—how uncertain and how rare, in which some glimpses of happiness have still, by stealth, revisited me—the recollection of that pause—of all that followed—all that preceded it—these have ever returned to envenom the few fair moments of existence that have since been left to me.

A crowd of horrible images, imaginary and real, forced themselves upon me—yet nothing plain or

palpable relieved my mind from the rack that my own folly had so long and so sedulously prepared for its torture. A touch on the shoulder aroused me from my trance. I turned, and the venerable figure of the clergyman stood before me.

"My son," said he, in accents of true kindness, as he took my hand, and led me towards the window; "pardon me for seeming to pry into your affairs; but, unless the whole of my duty shall be discharged, it were better that I had staid away."

"Speak on, speak quickly —fear not but that I will hear. Alas! wretchedness has brought to me a humility that can brook the truth, however unpalatable."

"Heartily do I rejoice to hear these words—unpalatable, if my words must be, they shall at least be few—your unhappy lady is, I too truly fear, dying."

" Alas, too true!"

"At your hands then, my son, has she nothing of which to complain?"

" Of much-too much-of everything! Ob,

would I could repair the mischief I have done—repair even the hundredth part of it!"

- "Heaven be praised that you have the wish: for of the opportunity I was even now about to speak to you."
- "Speak on, then, and be it what it may, I will consider that I stand already pledged. To what, my kind friend, do you allude?"
- "To the sanction which the rites of the church can yet confer upon that unhappy lady's love. This alone is wanting to soothe the last moments of her whose untimeous end has been brought upon her by——"
- "My crimes—True! True—all too true! Heaven, I am justly stricken!"

A new gulf of horror seemed to open before my failing vision as I sank upon the nearest chair.

- "Dear Sir, you are greatly moved," said the clergyman, seating himself near me—" surely more so than the matter demands; for what mind possessing aught that is right in principle, would refuse to acknowledge the justice of the claim?"
 - "I do, I do acknowledge it!"

"Then, wherefore hesitate?"

"Give me but time—in pity, but a moments
time—to consider a step so momentous—I may
say, so swful!"

Strange—mad—impossible as it may appearance until that moment had I remembered that I myself was married!—Now, when too late, the recollection of the fact returned to me with damaing accuracy, while the small restless monitor proclaimed within me—" What a wretch art thou!"

"Hesitate no more!" said the clergyman, interrupting me amid the thoughts under which I was then writhing, "it is but a slight atonement, and for a short time—a few brief hours at the most—perchance a few fleeting minutes, and Death will claim the bride."

"Be it so, then," said I, giving him my hand with an inward shudder, and following him to the chamber of the dying Frances.

How little did I once think of such a climax was my soliloquy; but since the ceremony and belief of our marriage was to smooth and lighten the dark passage to the grave -mine in future be

the suffering and the guilt. For surely enough of both had been brought upon her by my means.

Deliberate as was the crime I was about to commit, strange to say it relieved me in own mind of no slight self-reproach. I was glad to prove, even to myself, that there still existed within me something to mitigate the selfish course which for the last few months I was conscious of having pursued.

The consideration also of the clergyman's last argument helped to drown my own misgivings.

Life in my victim was to all appearance ebbing fast, and to-morrow I might be——

A shudder, which I could not suppress, interrupted the conclusion, and looking up I became sensible that the clergyman had already commenced that solemn ceremony which I was about to desecrate.

Strange anomaly of that most anomalous of all created objects—the human heart! How often do we not blindly rush on that which every feeling of our better nature tells us to abhor. A kind vol. III.

of stupor came over me from the first of the ceremonial until its conclusion.

A thousand feelings prompted me to pause, but, as though the strength to do so was denied me, I sat beside the bed writhing like one under the oppression of night-mare, and half expectant that I was still to wake from such a feverish dream.

But stern reality had, indeed, fixed its seel upon the deeds of that hour.

Bewildered, and scarcely conscious of what I had done, I arose—the marriage was concluded, and imprinting a trembling kiss upon the cold and pallid brow of my dying bride, I rushed from the room to curse myself—my destiny—and more than all, that mad and reckless want of principle, which had lost me—friends—fortune—fame—happiness—yes! and, dearer than all, the latest and the last—my peace of mind, and self esteem.

BOOK THE RECORD

OF

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CHAPTER X.

Narrates our punishment.

Having retired into my own sitting-room, I remained waiting a considerable time for the return of the clergyman. He, at length, made his appearance to tell me that the mind of his communicant appeared greatly relieved, and that having taken two glasses of port wine, she had fallen asleep.

Consigning him with many thanks to the attendance of Jeremy, I returned to my post, there to watch and weep—to watch that which no longer needed watching, and to weep for actions that could never be recalled.

At their usual hour in the evening, the physicians made their appearance, but their patient still slept, and I would not allow her to be distribed. We could only perceive, that the skin lately so parched and burning, now exhibited a more moist and soft appearance.

'As we turned from the room, one of the oldest of the medical attendants remarked to me, that I might at length entertain some slight hopes of the final recovery.

Recovery! -that word alone sank to my soul with an icy chilf. A few days since, and I could not have believed that my heart had trusted in the death of her I loved. Turning from them with a feeling of self-disgust that nothing could surpass, I stretched myself along the temporary couch that I had caused to be made in Frances' room, and there watched for dawn, in all that anguish of mind which I had so studiously been preparing for myself.

The morning came at last, and with it Frances at length awoke—no longer beneath the shadow of death's funereal wing, but as one to whom the freshly blooming vale of health and youth is still open to tread in joyousness and beauty. Weakness alone now remained of her late severe illness; but strength soon returned, the colour once more revisited her pallid cheek, while eyes that had so nearly slept for ever in the tomb, were again permitted to shine in all the loveliness which had distinguished them at our first meeting.

The clasticity of her spirit alone was wanting; that, alas, had flown never to return. But I will not prolong her hapless story. Deeply as I felt the hourly reproach which her presence cast upon me, I could not prevent myself from feeling the liveliest interest in her. The more so as time promised to add a link to our union, which had unfortunately been denied to that with her hashand.

Some weakness which we could not explain still seemed to linger round her, and a warmer residence was recommended in the south of France or Italy. The seaport of Salerno was the spot

on which she fixed, and thither, with the loss of as little time as possible, we now repaired.

At this time travelling was by no means either as safe or amusing as we could desire. The seven years' war had just burst out in Germany, while Italy had for some time been desolated by the same burning breath.

But there had fixed upon my spirit a low and restless fever, that craved for change as the only semblance of happiness that was left to me. After much trouble and some adventures of a more threatening aspect, we at length arrived at Salerno.

Change of climate and the consciousness of a greater distance from the scene of her sorrows, soon gave to Frances every appearance of a perfect restoration to health. Had I still been able to command the light-heartedness of former days, we might yet have been most happy.

This, however, I could not do—now when I least wished it, the scales had fallen from my eyes—a constant and unceasing melancholy preyed upon

me, and the curse of my own deeds fell back upon my spirit too heavy for endurance.

At first, the efforts of Frances were directed to dissipate the gloom, and finding these to be ineffectual she could only share, and thereby increased it. Thus passed some months, the darkest and most sad that I have ever known.

Letters had more than once or twice arrived for me from England, but as I was not in want of money—thanks to my friends, Levi and Moshes—I had not courage to explore their contents, and flung them by for a daring mood;—despair and courage sometimes prompt to the same deed, and having waited in vain for the latter, it was the former alone which led me one morning to break the fatal seals.

Among much miscellaneous nonsense, I now learnt with the utmost astonishment that the husband of Frances had not only survived the duel, but that notwithstanding the serious effects of his wound, which had considerably affected his health, he was on the point of obtaining a divorce. My

feelings on reading this paragraph I know not how to describe.

 My relief at finding myself no longer under the ban of murder, was immeasurably great; while on the other band, I had married another man's wife, even while my own was living.

The more I thought of it, the more it festered in my mind. Scruples that hitherto had slept. now sprang into life, and with all the wish to be apathetic, I grew to be what was most the reverse.

In proportion as Frances observed this disposition on my part, her efforts to amuse me became greater, but her powers less. My gloom grew to be contagious, and her health declined. The fact of her husband's existence I still kept a profound secret; but the catastrophe was not to be retarded.

As the time approached that was to call into life the fond and anxious feelings of a mother in her bosom, my fears took a new direction, and never did I look at the wasted form of the heartbroken girl beside me, without anticipating the doom that hung over us.

Too quickly did the hour of its fulfilment arrive—the final penalty of broken vows was not to be evaded, and the morning that gave a son to my arms, took from them the hapless mother.

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CHAPTER XI.

I resolve to close the scene with what little credit camy be left to the.

For some time after the death of Frances, I remained in lethargic stupor, caring for nothing, scarcely conscious whether I lived or not, and utterly without thought on any one subject.

Having, on the morning after her decease, given orders that she might be embalmed with such skill and care as the neighbouring city of Naples enabled Jeremy to obtain, it was only on the week after her death that I woke up to the life around me, and demanded to see my child.

At this request, Jeremy grew pale, and without

attempting to move from his seat, hesitated in his answer.

- "Is it so?—I understand," said I, at once comprehending what I had observed—"The child is with its mother then?" Jeremy made a motion of assent.
 - "Since when?" I demanded.
 - "The fourth day after its birth."
 - "Then they are both embalmed together?"
- "I thought that would please you, and so it has been done."

The sense of loneliness that then came over me, was indeed dreadful—well will those remember who have felt it! Mother and child—both gone! —both taken from me! The possession of the mother was guilt, and to her loss I could bow in acknowledged justice of the sentence. Her presence and her living anguish was a reproach to me, for I had caused it—but her babe—my help-less, innocent, little boy!

Neither of these feelings attached to him, and in the deep and long-enduring grief of future years to have gazed on him—to have traced in

fatally loved—to this I had indeed looked forward with the strong hope of a wounded and repentant spirit; and when these thoughts came over, and with them the remembrance of her toucling beauty, and the still dearer qualities of her mind, I felt it as a torrest utterly too strong for resistance, and falling back upon my pillow, burst into a participant of tours.

Our duties to the dead are soon performed. To commit the bodies of Frances and her child to the repose of some sacred resting-place was all that remained for me, and then to die! I could not bear that they should moulder in the looth-some tomb, exposed to the slimy worm, and every thing most abhorrent to human feelings; I determined therefore to build a place of sepulture, to which I intended that my own remains should be carried. At the bottom of the grounds belonging to our villa was a little hill, or tumulus, just outside our walls.

One or two trees, and a few shrubs, grew on its summit, and it had been the remark of Frances

and myself, that the sunlight seemed to linger there with a sacred and a secret pleasure, while the thrush and the nightingale were heard in alternate and eternal harmony, the choristers of the spot.

Having purchased this piece of ground, I had a cemetery built upon its crest, in the form of a small doric temple. The roof was arched and cut into open work to admit light and air. Within were three niches. In two I placed the stone coffins of those, Death had already taken; the one remained vacant for myself.

As the sunlight streamed in from the fretwork above, it produced a strange effect—at once beautiful and melancholy in the extreme—to watch the shadows cast by the foliage of the surrounding trees, quivering in contrast with the bright light upon the marble floor, while the branches yielded to the sweet breath of the south that sighed amongst them, a chorus and a requiem for the departed.

It was some time before I could summon re

almost subsided into a pleasure; but when I looked into the world beyond—I felt disgust alone. In the whirlwind of passion the same scenes might yet remain to be enacted—and what was the worth?

Sometimes I determined to remain where I was —to seek in books the only solace that was left to me, and to sink down into the grave in sloth and apathy. But there was a restless fire within me that forbade this. The cowardice of suicide I despised life was loathsome to me, if only from the memory of all I had sacrificed—fortune, ability, opportunity, and happiness. It is time, thought I, to gather my mantle around me, and to fall with decency.

After some deliberation, I turned my attention to the armies of Prussia. The sovereign of that country had already proved himself one of the greatest generals of the day. A mean and dastardly conspiracy had been formed against himself and empire, by the Northern cormorant of

Russia, and scarcely less satiable vulture of Austria. In his ranks, thought I, there is at least some chivalry in being found to fight, and an honourable death for all who perish.

CHAPTER XII.

We arrive at Dresden, and observe the court and camp of the great Frederick.

"— Your worship may at last offer up your thanks to Squire Mercury for a safe arrival at the first stage of our murderous journey," said Jeremy, as we put up at last in that most beautiful of the cities of Germany—Dresden.

Our coming was timed in the most happy manner. On our way from Italy, we had found quite enough of interruption to please any ordinary mortal, and a few days after our arrival came the news that France, Sweden, and Russia had declared war with Frederick, and ranged themselves on the side of the Austrian vulture, to say nothing of the army of the empire, and that of the defeated King of Saxony and Poland.

Preparations: such as these, and the avowed intention of confederated Europe to annihilate one little kingdom, like that of Prussia, the sovereigns of which had, not many generations since, been mere electors of Brandenburgh, was enough to dismay one man.

But nature supports the victim for his suffering, and to judge from the balls, routs, and other gaieties with which Frederick entertained the Saxon court, apprehension from his enemies troubled him but slightly. At the time of our arrival, Augustus, the monarch de jure, had flown to shelter himself with his troops, then shut up in the fortified, but, also! strictly blockaded camp of Pirna.

His anniable wife—a very fine specimen of the royal-shrew kind, lost no opportunity, in the mean time, of intriguing, right and left, in what she very pleasantly denominated, his favour; and in truth, I must say, from the exhibition of her talents in the art of annoyance, I do pronounce his majesty

a lucky fellow, that she chanced to turn for, instead of against him.

It was her royal custom—Heaven bless her!—
to send her chamberlain every morning to compliment Frederick, while the rest of her day was spent
in writing to the various courts of Europe, to inflame the minds of their sovereigns against him for
his conduct to an innocent and deserving woman.

The fulness of her claim to this unassuming appellation, be it understood, she made out by numerous little innocencies, including the corruption of one of Frederick's favourite servants, who was detected in offering his master a cup of poisoned chocolate, as well as sending black puddings to her own royal spouse, well seasoned with a spicy correspondence—notes, letters, and what not; thus betraying to the Austrian generals whatever she could glean of the intended movements of the Prussian army.

However, it was her husband whose kingdom was subjugated under the hostile hoof of the invaders, and as—God help us!—we are no angels, we must not too narrowly scrutinize each other.

Few monarchs have been so accessible as the great man of whom I am now writing. On our passing into the city through the gates, I stated, in answer to the interrogatories put to us, that I had come to Dresden, for an interview with the king.

Thinking nothing further of the matter, I had taken up my quarters at the best hotel I could find, proposing as soon as I had satisfied my curiosity in going over the palaces and picture galleries, the manufactories of porcelain, jewellery, musical instruments, and other matters, to present myself in due form to the warlike sovereign.

Greatly to my surprise I had hardly arisen on the ensuing morning, when an aide de camp attached to some general officer about the king's person, made his appearance. He came to inform me that my arrival and anxiety for presentation, had been made known to his majesty, and that he now waited upon me by order, to do me that favour with the Prussian monarch.

To a free Briton, this specimen of universal knowledge, would have been insulting beyond



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the respectable and well worn wrinkles of which, fell down about his ankles, and were of a dingy brown colour, most innocent of lamp-black.

On his head he wore the large cavalry hat of Prussia, cocked nearly across, or athwartship. His hair hung behind in a queue, with a carelessness of powder which bespoke a total abandonment of the dandyism that had distinguished his youth.

In one hand he held a gold snuff-box studded with diamonds, from which with the other he took large pinches of snuff, while the refuse falling on the shoulders of his secretary, greatly diversified his dark regimentals with its light brown colour.

Upon the ground were sporting three Italian greyhounds, two of them were playing with some of the torn leather balls that lay scattered about the room for their accommodation, while the third was very properly absorbed in the duty of gnawing a hole in the great Frederick's brown boots.

The mother of this sportive progeny was stretch-

ed at length on a crimson damask sofs, that how substantial proofs of the paws and testh of her family.

The despatch being finished and the officer dismissed, the king turned round to chase the deg from his heels, when catching a sight of myself and guide, he politely made a motion as if to the lute his hat, and advanced towards us.

"The English traveller?" said he, looking to the aide de camp, and speaking in one of the sweetest voices I think I ever heard.

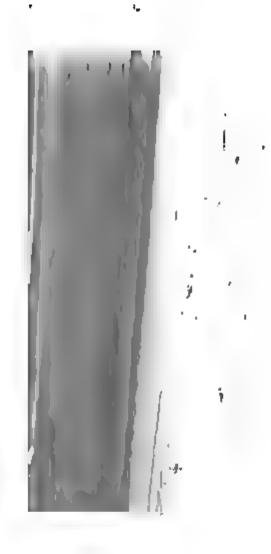
The officer bowed.

"We are happy, Mr. Wortley," said his Majesty, turning to me, "to see you at Dresden—you have expressed, I believe, a wish to be presented to us. May I ask in what way I can serve a subject of our royal brother and ally?"

"Your Majesty," said I, with a low bow, "can best serve me by allowing me to serve you Sire; I am travelling for my pleasure, and wishing to take a lesson in the art of war, I was anxious, however remote from his person, to become a pupil of the greatest master of my time."

The king smiled. "This is the language of a court, Mr. Wortley; but you see," brushing some of the snuff from his yellow waistcoat, "that I am but a very plain soldier; and if you are really in earnest in your wish for fighting, we can indulge it very shortly to the utmost. In which of the English counties does your family reside?"

- "Yorkshire, Sire, principally—for my name by rights is Montague. I never use all my names except when travelling with my retinue, or, as they say in the Scottish highlands, with my tail on."
- "A Montague!—what, then we have a rival of the Capulets come to fight with us! I think, if I mistake not, there was a lady of that name not long since at the English court, celebrated for her wit and beauty, a Lady Montague—a daughter of the Duke of Kingston."
- "I believe, Sire, you now allude to my mother."
- "Is it possible?—I hope you left her ladyship quite well."
- "Quite, your Majesty—for anything I know to vol. III.



tion, I adde Sire, have 1 downwards." " How! ; langhing, "1 remarks; pe ourselves in y " Nay, in th l should have " Fairly tar derick, "and . you, for what v friends, and pre our enemies, the if you will do F supping with hi

allow me to order you a corner. The gentleman who accompanied you hither, will put you in the way of seeing all that is worth observation, and while we remain at Dresden, I hope you will be well amused."

The king then made another motion towards his huge cocked hat, which I returned with my best salaam; and while he took his departure by one door, I backed out by another.

Prepared as I naturally had been to behold in the Prussian conqueror something beyond the ordinary mark of men, I was, I own, agreeably surprised to find him so gentle in his manners; for despite of being better informed, we no sooner hear of one of warlike deeds, than vulgar rumour assists our imagination to conjure up some ogre of a creature with tusks and fangs—very different indeed from the reality.

On repairing to my appointment with royalty, the king introduced me to a fellow countryman, Field Marshal Keith, of whom he expressed himself in the warmest terms of admiration and regard. Our party consisted of not more than night or nine, and the conversation flowed on in that easy strain which is so indispensable to the enjoyment of society.

My seat was on the king's right hand, and having discussed literature and the arts, their progress and encouragement in England, he asked mb whether circumstances had made me much acquainted with the fiscal regulations of my country.

Knowing that this was a point to which in his own kingdom he had given considerable attention, I did my best to concentrate all the information I possessed on the subject, at the same time apologizing for not being more au-fait since I had served in the treasury.

"Ah," replied the king quickly, "a very sufficient reason then for being in perfect ignorance of all its details—'tis a pity to find you already a statesman in petto, a man of business in embryo. I am afraid you must be somewhat given to laziness—a failing which I assure you finds no

quarter among us.—Surely this must be a sin of English growth, or you would not be troubled with those talkative gentry—your parliament.—In this quarter of the world we manage a state single-handed, with as much ease as you who have nine hundred or a thousand councillors specially employed for the purpose."

"What then, your Majesty, you only admire the absolute case—members of the British parliament should, I see, be very careful of showing themselves before you, Sire."

"Nay, on the contrary, could I meet with one wandering so far afield, I should be very glad to discuss some points between us, as the superiority of an absolute government over the representative.—Besides, you forget that the amiable little custom of subsidizing is a wonderful tie of affection on all allies."

"Thank your majesty for the hint," said I, "the next time that the Prussian subsidy comes on, you may rely, Sire, on my being present, if possible, to swell the majority in your favour."

"What," said the king, "do you mean?"

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- "Simply that I have promised your Majesty a
 - "Are you then a member?"
 - "Yes, Sire, and have been for years."
- "And what may your constituency say to your absence?"
- *Why, Sire, I hardly know, never having troubled myself to enquire, though, I believe, it weeps exceedingly over my loss."
- "Weeps exceedingly! I had thought the English corporations were more given to eating than weeping."
- "True, Sire, considerably more, but I allude to the town fountain in the market place, which is all the constituency that I have the honour to represent."

To this succeeded a discussion on the advantages resulting from rotten borough property.— The king maintaining it to be a violation of all decency, and I upholding the contrary.

In conclusion, I received an invitation for the ensuing evening, to a grand concert, where the king was, in person, to perform a long concerto on

WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

the flute.—As I went home, my mind was filled with the picture of this extraordinary man—a striking example as he was, of what a necessary, and often what a painful farce is royalty.

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CHAPTER XIII.

All that can be said of which is, that it is a chapter—but nothing more.

On the ensuing morning Marshal Keith called upon me. A more pleasant gentlemanlike companion could not be desired. He brought with him a young Scotchman of the name of Strachan, who, by his own abilities and the marshal's favour, had gained a captaincy in the Prussian service.

I found his excellency full of anecdote, and anxious to be of all the use I could desire. Indeed, through him I was at once enabled to gain any request I could make, for no man stood higher in the estimation and experienced more of the personal favour of the king. But this, and the glory of his death in the full career of victory and honour, was all that he received, I believe, for his eminent services.

On expressing my surprise at the difference between Frederick as he appeared, and Frederick as he was painted, the marshal gave a knowing motion of his eye, and agreed with me that the comparison was greatly in his favour. I tried to find out whether the king's conduct was not somewhat assumed on the preceding evening, but he retained too much of the Scotchman to betray his real thoughts, if they were other than those of his lips.

On going away, he promised to introduce me to his friend, General Warnery, whom he styled one of the first officers in the Prussian service, and than whom no one could prove a better master in all that related to the profession of a soldier, provided I could only persuade him to take me as a pupil.

"For," said the marshal, "you will find that he has a bee in his bonnet as well as the best of us,

would that these weary eyes might see its shores again,—' Let every herring hang by its air tail.'" Two very significant node followed this adage, and the kind-hearted marshal departed. In the evening we met again at the concert, where the great Frederick having fluted all the old women into convulsions of applause, retired to sup and ponder upon schemes that comprehended in their grasp, the flagellation of the most powerful empires of the world.

"Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er."

The marshal was as good as his word, and taking me up to General Warnery, gave me the promised introduction. The general was a rough, snuff-taking German, with an eye quick as an eaglet's. I soon found he was even more fond of sarcasm than his royal master, whom, though he greatly admired, he did not always spare in his witticisms.

He seemed to consider the profession of arms

the very first, most enlightened, and noble upon earth; and if, upon so very brief an acquaintance with him, I might venture to give an opinion, he seemed also to have devoted himself to a close and unremitting study of all the masters who have written on the art of cutting throats,—from Cæsar downwards.

He had an opinion ready upon every system of tactics, every species of manœuvre, with a great sufficiency of authorities and precedents for all that he advanced. His stories were very droll, though he was not at all times particular in their selection or expression. Altogether, he was one in whose society you never found yourself ennuyée. He called Frederick "his gentle tiger, differing from all his race in this particular, that his skin would have been much more beautiful, but for the excessive number of its spots."

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THE PRIVATE OF FRACTIC.

CHAPTER XIV.

Which shows how I and Jeremy got covered with glory and

In idleness of one description and another the time passed away, until at length, full of expectation, the Prussian army took the field.

I was, I must confess, most glad that the tedium of suspense was over; but, alas, what had I to hope? One by one the bright visions of my youth and manhood had vanished, and the opportunity of dying creditably was all I could expect—was indeed all I sought.

My feelings were notwithstanding very much changed since my arrival in Dresden. Then I

sought death as a relief from grief—remorse and self-humiliation. The poignancy of these emotions had passed away, but the utter worthlessness and vapidity of existence had forced itself upon me with a double pressure. The usually dreaded anticipation of the grave now came like a relief to one for whom earth contained nothing fresh to please, nothing new to charm, like an infant that cries for sleep when the excitement of the day is over.

Having followed the advice of General Warnery, I took the field as a sort of aide-de-camp-general, at liberty, by permission of the gentle tiger, to attach myself to the staff of any general I pleased, but still paying the compliment to royalty of always choosing its immediate circle. Somehow I had chanced to prove a favourite, though I scarce knew why; unless from the fact of my being free to say more than any of his own officers, yet, taking care not to outrage my privilege.

The dress I had chosen was modelled on that of a regiment of guards, conspicuous for being

at once serviceable, plain, and elegant. It consisted of a steel cuirass and buff dress, with a belinet. Jeramy wore the same, and acted as my orderly.

In the month of April the army left Dresder, having been divided into four corps, commanded separately by the King, the Prince of Anhalt, the Duke of Bevern, and Marshal Schwerin.

These forces altogether amounted to a hundred and ten thousand men; even with the troops of the English and Hanoverian allies, Frederick could only rely on possessing two hundred and sixty thousand troops, while those of his confederated enemies were supposed to exceed six hundred and eighty.

Owing to the fact of the Queen of Poland being in communication with the foe, it had for some time been the object of Frederick to mislead the allies through her.

For this means great pains had been taken to fortify the city of Dresden, and to survey the adjacent military positions, as if intending that the ensuing campaign should be of a defensive nature. Thus lulled as it were, their surprise was complete, when the king's army entering Bohemia by different corps, marched directly on the city of Prague.

On the other hand, the forces of the allies not yet having had time for co-operation, were obliged to adopt the temporising policy which we had rejected—not but that the Austrians could have outnumbered us, but they generously withheld from a conquest in which their allies would have had no share, and so permitted us to advance.

To the Duke of Bevern, however, they were not so complimentary, and the troops under his command found their progress opposed by a superior force, under Count Kænigsegk, amounting to twenty thousand men. It was said that the disposition of the enemy's troops was made by him in a manner deserving the highest praise.

Be that as it may, the Duke of Bevern found the Austrian strongly posted on a rising ground, with the town of Reichenbach on their right, and Geskenburg on their left. The duke lost no time in the attack, and on the twenty-first of April, had the glory of gaining the first victory of the cinpaign, — named, from the neighbourhood, the bittle of Reichenback.

Kænigsegk now retreated upon Prague, Marchal Schwerin joined the Duke of Bevern, while the Prince of Anhalt having already effected a junction with our detachment under Frederick, on the fifth of May, nothing but the Moldan divided the two portions of the army.

On the morrow then, was to ensue a decisive battle. By all accounts, the enemy were still superior to us in force, and possessed of all the advantages of a position deliberately chosen. On our side came Frederick,—Frederick the Great!—
The very name alone, intimated the desperate efforts that would be made for victory, and the likelihood that it would be dearly purchased.

"Strange, indeed, will it be," thought I, "to wander from every luxury and enjoyment of fortune boside the Thames, to fling away my heart's blood upon a foreign soil and in a stranger's quarrel on the banks of the Moldau."

Even still more singular did it appear, when I

reflected, that in the hostile camp, the chief commander was a distant relation of my own, through another branch of the Montague family,—Field-Marshal Count Brown, who, while the Prince Charles of Lorraine was the ostensible head of the Austrians, performed in reality all the duties of the station.

Vividly before me crowded the images of those whom I had so vainly but so fondly adored. Frances and her child seemed to stand beside me in the visions of the night, pale and woe-stricken,—sad and reproachful auguries of the fate that awaited me.

Starting from my sleep, I wiped the cold drops from my brow. Yet why should death appal me? Had I not sought it? Had not my tortured soul longed for the repose of its last resting-place?—Repose! Ah, was it indeed to prove repose?—Was there to be no day of future reckoning?—no retributive doom for hours mis-spent and energies lent but to folly?—And had life, indeed, been but this?—A torture!—and to one who had started with a determination to enjoy it to the utmost?

Who then had rendered it such? Would not a moment arrive, when I might perceive how ill-applied was such a word to the mere vexations of existence?—A moment when even these would, if possible, be welcomed back with joy? "Wretched being," thought I, in conclusion, "I have sought this field of death; but of the many thousands who shall so shortly press it, few indeed can there he more unfitted than myself to die."

At this moment the drum was heard, and unable to reflect with self-applause upon the past, I banished further thought, and went forth to take my chance; though scarcely believing in the difference of a death which we have approached deliberately, and one which is suddenly thrust upon us.

A bridge of pontoons having been constructed without any serious opposition, our detachment of the army crossed the river and effected a junction with that under Schwerin already on the other side. The city lay on our right hand. The Austrians were drawn up on the hills immediately in

front of us; having their right flank protected by some ponds, which, being partly dry and over-grown by grass, were by us taken for meadows.

The battle began immediately in front of us, and a small body of troops having been ordered forward against the enemy, I, like an inexperienced soldier, instead of waiting to see as much of the fight as might be permitted to me, at once clapped spurs to my horse, and followed by Jeremy, was soon in the thickest of the fight.

The Austrians at first gave way, and excited by success and the scene around, I pushed on, never doubting that the Prussians were close behind me, and in the meantime was cutting and slashing at a most royal rate on the shaven skulls of the red-cloaked Pandours, by whom I suddenly found myself surrounded.

A termination was however soon put to my conquests. Being rather quickly made sensible of something unpleasant affecting my left arm, I turned and found it nicely spitted near the shoulder, by the long slim lance of one of these irregulars, from the top of whose black cap there dangled

a bunch of some half a dozen human ears, just in the way we should place as many tassels. Not being altogether pleased at his mode of making my acquaintance, I raised my arm to out him down.

At this instant one of his brethren did me the very same favour. Something like a hundred weight of red-hot iron seemed to rescend upon my head, and I was laid under the feet of my horse, who, feeling the lighter for the loss of his master, and not quite so super-valorous, scampered off to the river side at full gallop.

The Prussians, in my quarter, were already is retreat; and when I could once more look about me, I beheld Jeremy pretty well stripped to the skin, in the hands of the Philistines.

To create no jealousy, they had placed me in the same situation, and were about to dispatch the pair of us, but an Austrian officer coming up, took us out of their clutches, and placing us under escort, with a number of other prisoners, we were all very shortly and safely sent off, and lodged in the city of Prague. "This is glory, your worship!" said poor Jeremy, looking at his nearly naked carcass, as we lay huddled together.—"An excellent man was that same Sir John Falstaff; he had a knowledge of most things, and well did he say of this vain shadow, 'I'll have none of it!'—so I say too. Ask me to share with you what you please, Sir, but this; for, on my word, it does make me very sick, and gives me the mullygrubs, your worship!—even to think of it."

"Why, certainly, my good fellow," replied I,

"we have got into somewhat of a scrape, and as
to glory, I have heard of men being 'covered'
with it. Perhaps that may be our case, for I'll be
whipped if we're covered with any thing else.—
Be that as it may, if I escape this bout of head
and arm, I'll cry with you Jeremy, enough."

"That's right, Sir!—in such a case enough is infinitely better than a feast, depend on it; and now let me look to your wounds, Sir, otherwise I fear they will be but little tented."

In this, however, Jeremy was wrong.—The officer—a Welshman—who rescued us from the

Pandours, had, it seems, heard Jeremy's Englid tongue, and on the morning after the battle and to enquire for us. I at once returned him the particulars of my name and family, as well as of on condition; and like a good Samaritan, he can and visited us in prison.

CHAPTER XV.

Which treats of old Souffre-Douleur.

The name of the kind soul mentioned in the preceding chapter, was Lloyd, a very distinguished officer, who had long commanded in the Austrian service a corps of picked men—few in number, but the ablest and finest fellows he could possibly select. With these it was his custom to lie on the very outskirts of the two armies, and obtain the earliest intelligence of the enemy's movements. Frederick had often laid various traps for him, and would have been delighted at their success, "but," as he remarked to me, "though my admiration of that

extraordinary man is very great. I prefer to see the sun from the earth, rather than apparent if apprearer."

I found Lloyd irascible and sarcastic, but of a most able mind. Danger and hardship were to him mere words of sing song. Indeed, from his utter contempt of privation and fatigue, he box the familiar appellation of "Souffre-Douleur.".

No one could have been more kind to me, and many an otherwise weary hour was whiled away with his eccentric conversation and singular adventures. Having procured the entire liberation of myself and servant, on condition of our not serving again, he put me in the way of raising sundry monies, through my never-sufficiently-to-be-respected friend, "Moshes."

Oh, Moshes!—Friend, guide, and counsellor of my youth!—How often when duns have afflicted and dice have betrayed me—when creditors have surrounded, and fortune has fled from me,—how often hast thou flown to me—consoled, relieved, aided, and abetted me, benevolent old Jew!—Even

in my deepest and bitterest adversity, when didst thou ask more than "chent-per-chent?"

But to return to Souffre-Douleur. Nothing could have been more valuable than his services at this time. Fortune having favoured Frederick—although she deserted me,—about one half of the Austrian army had taken shelter within the walls of Prague, and were most remorselessly shut up.

To prevent these brave fellows from feeling that ennui so natural to such a situation, Frederick very kindly, as well as very hotly bombarded the good city.—On the whole, though, for a conqueror, he behaved very humanely, and was content with burning not much more than half of it.

As for princes, dukes, counts, field marshals, generals, &c., &c., these were so plenty with us that when we heard, in the course of the day, that such and such an officer had been killed by the explosion of a shell, the usual reply was, Ah, indeed!

—Count—who did you say it was?

To add to all the other comforts of the place, we were blessed with great scarcity for the time vol. III.

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being, and the happy contingent expectation of famine in due time to come.

Of all these horrors, however, I had but slight experience, confined as I was by my wounds, and being by the kindness of Lloyd put into very good quarters, I experienced nothing more than the exorbitant prices to which all articles of food were raised. Happily for me no shell descended on my humble dwelling.

The wound on my shoulder proved the cause of little or no trouble, but the effects brought on by the sabre-cut on my head, restricted me to my bedroom for a considerable period. In the meanwhile, the battle of Kollin had been fought; Frederick defeated; and the city of Prague relieved.

On getting out once more, I found nearly onehalf of the city in ruins, and the rest of so interesting an appearance as to render such a consummation doubly deplorable.

CHAPTER XVI.

Which contains reflections on my past career.

FEW men, unless they are of a most unthinking and superficial character, can be laid upon a bed of sickness, particularly one of a threatening and urgent nature, without reflecting on their past lives, and considering the time which is to come.

I have, in my day, met with many free-thinkers, but hitherto with none who have been utterly sceptical of a futurity of some description or another. For myself, however widely I might have wandered from the standard of what is right, according to the general notions of society, still

my belief, in religion had never of late years been shaken.

On the contrary, conscience had ever retained her power over me with the most despotic sway, though unhappily this was manifested, not as it should have been in the bridling of my passions, but only in the remorse occasioned by their indulgence.

The thoughts which had so vividly arisen on the eve of the battle of Prague, now once more returned. Once more I asked myself if it could be possible that I, who had enthusiastically broken away from the trammels of affection and custom, in search of unalloyed pleasure, had been only able to reap such a harvest of deep sorrows as those I had come through?

To men of warm imaginations and keen feelings, like myself, memory necessarily becomes, in ordinary cases, one of the greatest blessings and most refined enjoyments of life. Alas! how had I polluted its sweet fountain, until its waters had become those of bitterness unmixed!

Much and sincerely as I strove to direct my

thoughts into different and less fatal channels, the society and affections of women seemed the whole aim and dream of my existence. Yet, amid the numerous attachments I had formed, and all of which had terminated in certain pain to myself, on one alone could I look back without self-reproach and humiliation.

Poor Mary!—her mild and unpretending virtues lived for ever in my heart, while her faultless beauty and melodious voice haunted my imagination as freshly, as if but a few mornings since, I had first felt the influence of their charms, in a situation than which nothing could be more affecting.

Alas! if Heaven had only granted me that treasure, what a different being might I not have been! From this my thoughts would wander to my fatal marriage—how like a dream did it appear—how often did I not pause to ask myself if it could truly be a fact, that I was bound for ever and indissolubly to such an ice-berg.

How much wild folly could I not trace back to this sad act. From the moment I discovered how fully I had completed my own ruin in that instance, the iron entered into my soul. Too proud to breathe a nurmur of complaint—too strongly meddened at my own rashness to allow this topic ever to be mentioned in my presence, the panes thus forcibly repressed worked double destruction in the bosom compelled to be their home.

Many, too many a regardless plunge into excess, could I not trace to the repugnant feeling that I was for ever bound—that I was beyond aid, and that even repentance—the last atonement man can make on earth—was useless here. At the time of my marriage, full of confidence and hope, and expectant of much happiness, I had entered on matrimony with a determination of strictly performing all the duties of life.

Utter disappointment in the party I had chosen—and next, utter hopelessness of retrieving the step I had taken, from the correct nature of her conduct—flung me at once into the ranks of those maddened by despair—the more completely so, that I dared not acknowledge it.

The sacred vows I had so lately and so cheer-

fully taken upon me became a mere nullity, until at length the breach of them was all that reminded me of their existence. Up to this period I had always paid attention to the observances of religion. But I soon felt unequal to the wretched mockery of entering the temples of my Creator and hearing thundered from their altars a command, of the violation of which I not only knew myself to be deeply guilty for the past, but without the strength of character to resolve on abandoning for the future.

That mind must be strangely constituted indeed that will not be deteriorated, under such circumstances. Often did this truth press itself upon me as I advanced in life. The thoughtless idle, whom I well knew to be in the habit of amusing themselves with strictures on my life and conduct, little imagined perhaps that emotions of this deep and serious character were occupying my mind.

Often and often when going through the forms of attending in the House of Commons, and at the same time in reality taken up with all the dissipation and intrigue of London, have I turned aside



from al living w suddenij How with the often mot to which never give How los lips—how With a shi meditate—n permit it to table, or per of dissipation tion and ener Reflecting (red to mo at.

of my creed, and see whether it was strictly collsonant to nature and the history of man, as given to us by sacred writers. If not, I confess I saw no reason why I should not dissent from it.

I knew and felt how dangerous a ground this was, on which to tread, but the heathen might have the same excuse for continuing his idolatry; and after some further consideration, I determined on seeing the Prior of a monastery long formed in Prague, by name the Scottish, although it contained many within its walls wholly unconnected with that nation. The Roman Mother, at least, thought I, provides for the depravity of man, by the institution of absolution, and if, on further inspection of her creed, and a conversation with this reverend Prior, my opinion remains unaltered, I shall embrace her tenets.

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THE PRIORS OF PRACUE.

CHAPTER XVII.

Which shows how the worthy Prior of Prague proceeded we reheve my accupies.

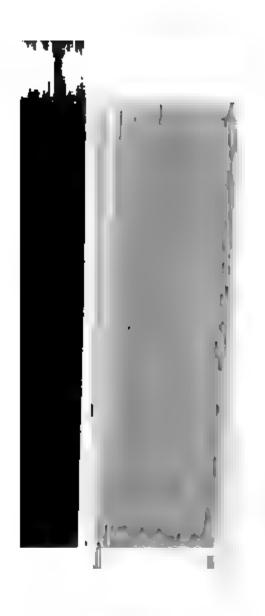
HAVING despatched Jeremy to procure me the assistance of the before-mentioned reverend Prior, I soon had the satisfaction of hearing the worthy pair arrive. I had been hipped and melancholy throughout the day, and had been imagining to myself the figure of the good father.—Picturing him a tall, lean, shrewd Scotchman, with high cheek bones, and small, quick eyes,—one by whose lights of knowledge the mistiness of my doubts and misgivings would be at once dispelled.

After considerable noise on the stairs, I beheld

the door flung wide open, and a portly figure, in the canonical dress, with great difficulty edge itself into my presence.

"Benedicite, my son!" at once exclaimed the Prior, for it was he, advancing up to me, and laying his fat, heavy hand on my head.—" How fares it with thee?—Let me take a chair—Deus vobiscum.—Soon will he administer greatly to thy comfort.—Thy servant is a sharp, shrewd knave. Give us thy pulse.—Scruples of conscience! quoth he—Clearly do we see at a glance what aileth thee. — Doubts of faith! — Doubtless thy digestive organs have been deranged.—Salve nos!—but it is a serious matter! -What has been thy diet, my son?-A plague on these bloody conquerors, they reverse the order of nature, and seem the only animals born without stomachs!—And so thou hast suffered in the wars?—Ah me!

"Again on the knight, look'd the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily,
For himself had been a soldier bold,
And served in Spain and Italy.



--- 40 tipt 80 DE and as thou he listines, perady firm or deny ti all, the create good meal from "Hare savous at, his suppers a the lion reposet Potedam. Ah! tion to the arts dreds of cooks, (these gun and would be not imp nomy in his empir least, for which posterity! Tente

The Prior being now, very fortunately for me, not a little out of breath, took time to recruit his lungs. This he appeared to do greatly at the expense of his sides, which heaved, and shook, and moved even the very room in which we sat. I confess I was fairly taken by surprise, and hardly knew what reply to make to such a very different outbreak of conversation from that I had expected.

- "With respect to the many questions you have just put to me, respected Sir," I replied, "you are, as is generally the case with mankind, partly right and partly wrong. To pass, however, from these trivial matters. It is greatly my desire to consult you on subjects——"
- "Not so fast, my son!—Truly, thou sayest well! Much need hast thou of sage counsel, good advice, and so forth—since thou canst so lightly denominate as trivial, affairs of vital moment."
 - " But, worthy Prior-"
- "Worthy me no worthies!—Salve nos!"—crossing himself—" a most unworthy servant of

Mother Church is he who now sits beside thee! Still, nihilominus, as we learned in the dead tongues remark—I clearly do perceive that thou art in no state to enter on such a discussion as that to which thou alludest! To nothing can the mind rightly attend unless the body be fitly sustained. When didst thou take thy morning meal!

" About four hours since, good father."

thou art brought to that pitch of lowness which thy servant describes!—I thought by thy looks that thou wert fasting, and I knew by my own feelings," placing both hands most piteously on his rotund and sonorous capacity, "that there could be little doubt I was in the same error.—Not a step further can I conscientiously proceed in this matter, till I see thee duly dieted.—Let me consider!—What can we eat!"

"Say any thing, your reverence," interrupted Jeremy—"I'll warrant me, you find little difficulty in making good your words."

" A true saucy knave, this of thine, Mr. Wort-

ley. So ho, sirrah!—Can you let your master have forthwith a cold capon may be, and a bottle of good old Rhenish—some of the true Johannisberger?"

- "To be sure, your reverence."
- "Why, that's right, and see thou dost not keep thy master waiting; for know, thou scape-thegibbet, that patience is the only virtue the stomach ever sedulously escheweth."
- "Ay, ay, Sir! trust to me.—I'll take care that no harm happen to the goodly gastronometer which your reverence seems to nurse so tenderly."
- "Go to, thou saucy chatterbox! Dost thou think that thou art already free of my corporation, that thou waggest thy tongue so audaciously upon it?"

But Jeremy had closed the door, and ere the Prior ceased speaking, was already beyond his good-natured reproof.

Which treats of the deep learning displayed by the Prior is matters of conscience, and the still deeper capacity on matters of a different kind.

"Well, my son," resumed the Prior, as soon as the door had closed, "talking of capons reminds me that thou must greatly miss those fine fat birds, that in my day were wont to delight the fainting traveller in the pleasant counties of Surrey and also of Sussex—to say nothing of those of Kent. Surely at times a regret must come across thee at having passed away from the especial regions of these ameliorated animals?"

"Why, no, good father, I cannot confess to entertaining any particular sorrow on that score.

But suppose, while we are thus alone, we should enter on the subject of thy coming?"

"Son, be not over-hasty! Already do I perceive how much harm this tendency of thine has brought thee—too hasty, I'll be bound for thee, was thy entrance into the army, and doubtless also too hastily for thy comfort was thy exit out of it. Beware of haste! This is a weighty and a serious matter, into which no good Catholic can enter suddenly, or without due preparation. Become I can at all advise thee, let me just see thee in secularis. If thou canst eat well, drink well, and sleep well, I see no reason why thou mayest not become a good Papist—or, at least, an excellent monk. Thy conscience may as yet be somewhat tender, but we will soon set thee to rights there."

"Very well, good Prior! If thou will have it so, I must submit and remain quiet."

"Right, my son! A quiet life is the best sign of a well-disposed mind—always supposing that thou takest enough of exercise to protect thy health and keep thy appetites in order. But here comes the capon!—truly thy knave is a better

knave than I had at first pronounced him. The Jeronimo—Is that thy name?—I forgive the quickness of answer in consideration of quickness of action. Set the capon before the assuredly thy master is too weak to undertake trouble of carving, whereas also he hath the longer than myself to-day."

Extending his hands over the doomed birds

Prior said a brief grace, and ere I could a round a fine fat wing was before me.

"Help yourself, good Prior!" I was about say, when glancing towards his plate, I saw other pinion there already, and lest it should su from its loneliness, a leg and a moiety of breast most comfortably kept it company.

"Worthy Prior," said I, "are the duties of monastery heavy?"

Never a word did the Prior speak, but a some minutes giving his knife a temporary spite—"Talk not at thy meals, my son! It is a ful tempting of the evil destinies! Little dost t know the agony of choking!—Not so myself Thrice has beloved mother church nearly lost

of the most devoted of her children by this sad end. Warned by the past, I have, as in duty bound, taken measures to shield her from this calamity in future, and never from the time of early matins to the hour of vespers, or vespers to early matins, am I without this inestimable weapon as a part of my dress and accoutrements."

As the Prior said this, he thrust his hand beneath the folds of his ample robes, and produced a slim piece of whale-bone, with a small sponge securely lashed at one end; the other being furnished with a long string by which it depended from an inner girdle.

- "Why, good father, that is a probang is it not?" said I.
- "Even so, my son," replied he, "and if in our future intercourse, it should ever be thy unhappy lot, to see me in articulo mortis as it were, lose no time—spring to my side—thou knowest where to find this second staff of life—as I may truly call it,—and so immediately thrust it down to remove the impediment afflicting me, in a manner which, presently, as soon as thou hast finished thy

enpoy, I will display to thee on the person of the

Thank your reverence, most humbly!" of James, starting back, " for your kind offer, if you could only wait till I am choking but you come to my assistance, with your 'inesting trapen,' truly you know not, how grateful I ship feel."

"Grateful?" somewhat indignantly replied the Print Gratitude is a tenant but of noble breasts, and we ask of thine is obedience—for what else a thou fitted? Tell me that!"

"Why, your reverence," replied Jeremy, wi mock humility, "nature gives strength to the bon and cunning to the fox, and either may leastful to the other, if they would only have the tense to agree. For me, your reverence, fasting my forte, and as I humbly imagine, that is quite or of your line, so spare me but the infliction of your staff of life,' I engage to take upon me all your reverence's fasts as well as my own. That is, & for a little extra gratuity." "Sayest thou so, sirrah?" returned the Prior, greatly pacified, "then once more let me remark there is more good in thee than I had imagined. Fill me up then a goblet of Rhenish, that I may drink to thy amendment, and a speedy subsidence of those scruples of conscience that have so long, and so deeply troubled the soul of thy worthy master. My son "—turning to me, and pointing to the dish, "there still remains part of the back bone of this tender bird. What sayest thou?"

"No more, reverend father, the wing has sufficed for me," replied I, "look to yourself."

"Thou sayest truly, my son! We must put no affront upon thy meat, else wilt thou think but poorly of us."

As the Prior said this, he transferred from the dish the last remnant, and calling for more Rhenish, went on to finish the fowl; all of which he had of course despatched, with the exception of the wing I had taken. Having now duly used his napkin, and returned thanks, the repast was cleared away.

"Now, my son," said he, "touching this

probang.—Since thy servant so rebelliously objects to have its use displayed on his person, we must have recourse to a lower order of the creation.— Hast thou ne'er a dog?—thy cat, methinks, usey have too small a gullet," advancing to an unhappy creature that chanced by accident to be in the room.

"Stay, worthy father!" said I, arresting the progress of this Nemesis of feline destinies.

"I do assure you I am perfectly skilled in the use of this 'inimitable weapon,' having sometime studied surgery and physic, as every traveller is bound to do, and if any doubts remain on your mind, sit down—I will pass the probang incontinently through your own resophagus, which will doubtless prove a far more satisfactory evidence of my skill than any other."

"Ay, truly, my son, is it even so?" quickly sliding the probang away to its place of rest.—
"Right glad am I to know that thou hast seen to the estimable arts of healing, and so for the present we will not trouble thee.—Wherefore should we doubt thy word?—Not to say that we

are at this moment especially hurried away to shrive the lady abbess of a convent, not far distant from our own monastery.

"And now, my son, touching thyself, we will take thy case into deep and serious consideration. The which we are the more readily enabled to do, inasmuch as we have this evening a private meeting at our convent of certain learned and abstruse men, deeply grounded in all trying points of doctrine.

"But this, my son, remember I communicate to thee sub sigillum—under seal of confession, as it were.—To these will I state thy wishes, and take sweet counsel with them how to advise thee. In the course of the evening it will be our duty to discuss—among other matters—one of the fine old German dishes—A boar's head, roasted and flavoured with some of those delicate truffles, which, thou well knowest, my son, it is a happy provision of nature, that these very animals should discover with their tusks. If it should happen, as it doubtless will, that thou seest the superiority of our persuasion and adoptest it,—we will consider

whether thou caust not be admitted of our socie as an honorary or extra member, or lay brother. To one like thyself wavering, it may doubt profit thee much; and now then, my son, for t present Vale.

"Let thy servant precede me down these stain for truly they are steep, and we must not have the welfare of the church by endangering to lives of her zealous servants.—Vale, my of Vale!"

And with cautious steps the Prior edged his self once more out of the doorway, and follow Jeremy down stairs.—Having safely cleared the dangers, he sent my servant back to tell me will he had forgotten, that I was to be sure and won him at his convent, an hour after vespers we concluded.

CHAPTER XIX.

Which shews how I was first introduced to the Priors of Prague, and how these learned and sedate brothers proceeded to "minister to a mind diseased".

"Well, Jeremy," said I, "what think you of that dignitary?"

"Why, Sir, to say no worse, that Priors are like most other people—saving they're considerably fatter.—Save us, I wonder into how many ordinary people, yonder respectable gentleman would roll out? and to think of his probang too! Oh, myself, Jeremy, and oh! Tom, thou cat! what a lucky escape have we not had. Ay, truly, Hannibal, the passer of the Alps, was nothing to this passer vol. III.

of whale-bone and sponges. —But to see, Sir, how soon the good man was quieted, when the built came upon his bull!"

"Ay, ay, Jeremy, we are alike in that puticular, so now get the horses and let us take a ride."

Exact to the very hour, I hastened to the convent, and was admitted to the sanctum of the Prior.

"Good, my son, good!" said he, as he saw me enter. Rising from his seat, he advanced, and patting me on the back with his hand, of no light weight, added—"There is not a better sign in boyhood, youth, manhood, or old age, than punctuality.—How much of all that's excellent, has been lost by a want of this virtue—a stew is irremediably spoilt by delay.—A roast?—oh, it moves my utmost indignation even to think of it—in short nothing can stand it, excepting always a boiled plum pudding,—would that I oftener beheld that good old friend! But come, while we are talking here, the boar's head is done to a turn—perhapeven waiting for us!"

This last thought seemed almost to bring tears into his eyes.

"To be brief then," he resumed, "we have considered thy case—taken measures for thy convenience;—thou art to become a lay brother of our monastery, and all initiatory steps shall be gone through with thee to-morrow."

"For all thou now seest, we have thy honourable promise, have we not?"

"Most certainly, good father," said I, not a little taken aback, "but"—

"My son, but me no buts—save and except they be butts of Rhenish to the stores of our refectory.—Follow me."

The worthy Prior advanced to an outer door, the panels of which were highly polished, and surrounded with rich sculpture in wood.—Pushing aside a small pilaster that communicated with the lock, the latter turned, and the door readily opening to the sturdy sinews of my friend, we passed into a small room hung round with various robes, well stored with books and manuscripts, lighted with



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windows of stained glass, and most lexuricarpeted.

Taking down a dress of crimson silk that I in loose folds, the Prior inducted him into same, with wonderful celerity; then seizing a the shoulders, I quickly found myself some similarly attired.

This done, the Prior opened a casket, and tal out two ruby signet rings, placed one of a value on the forefinger of his own right hand a smaller one on mine.

From this room a door stood open, lead down a flight of narrow winding steps, in state It was of no great descent; and from the glar torch-light at the bottom, evidently communicate with some chamber below, whence ascended low voices of men conversing, and one of most savoury steams that ever yet delighted me nostril.

- "Down! down!" cried the Prior, poin with his finger.—I began to descend.
 - " Stay, my son, let me place my hand on

shoulder, the stairs are steep, thou mayest else hurt thyself."

Quickly walking me down before him, with very great consideration—for himself—in a few seconds we found ourselves in company with two stout worthies, wearing the same distinctive badges as those we had already assumed.

"Most learned and sedate brothers," said the Prior, advancing, and waving his hand towards me with a patronizing air of condescension, as he addressed himself to the others, "you now see before you, Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, a traveller of some parts and divers adventures. After no inconsiderable experience of the world, this gentleman, as is already known to you, my learned brothers, has become anxious to adopt our doctrines. He has this day been admitted a lay brother of our monastery, and in consideration of his parts, of his being a gentleman of distinguished English family, and also of the noble largess with which it is doubtless his intention to augment the funds of our brotherhood, we have this day admitted him to the rare and unusual privilege of Edward Wortley Montague," in my turn adding me, and pointing to his sedate self and thers—"behold the Priors of Prague, who renowned wherever—But stay! thou shalt ke the rest after supper, for here comes our parallel and with the meat—and know in time, to keep a meal waiting, is moral death; in o words, expulsion from the society."

Quick as light the three Priors were seated only wondered how such great bodies could volve so quickly even in their own orbit; and se ingly, never before were bodies and their orbit exactly suited to each other.

My seat was between my friend—distinguisl I soon found out, as the Grand Prior — the second Prior, brother Pierre, who presi The third Prior, by name Ambrose, sat of site.

The most marked silence now reigned arousave and except such interruptions as were casioned by—"Learned Brother, what part do take?"

- "Prior Ambrose, do you esteem the superior or inferior fat?—the upper or the lower side?"
- "Sedate Father, shall I give you part of the ear, or the palate?"—and so on.

Having meanwhile an opportunity of looking around me, I did so. We seemed to be seated in a kind of crypt or vault, which, though not large, was extremely beautiful in its architecture.

The roof was arched, supported by Gothic pillars, divided into six compartments, and exquisitely groined and ornamented in the gothic style. Six most superb pictures, from the pencil of the soft and beautiful Corregio, adorned the two sides of the vault, and were so disposed that they received, at the nicest angle, a most gorgeous blaze of light from the upper end of the vault.

On turning my head to observe the source of this effulgence, I beheld a tomb of exquisite sculpture, so high as to mingle with the groined arches, and half shaded by a screen of the finest gothic tracery.

Within this was laid out the stern and colossal effigies of some deceased warrior. The visor was

down, and displayed sharp angular features of uncommon symmetry and commanding air. The helmeted head was cushioned on an open bible, and around the lower part of the form was loosely thrown the cowled robe of a monk.

From this, and the fact of the feet resting against a mitre, I concluded that some deceased and warlike abbot, of olden days, lay buried beneath. Be that as it may, the vivid light of numerous concealed lamps poured down over this solemn image, marking out distinctly the most minute lines, and giving in broad, rich contrast the whole splendour of its beams to every other part of the vault.

The effect on the whole was both dazzling and seductive, and the crimson robes showed gaily beside the grave countenances of the Priors, and the dark oak panelling that ran round and supported the bases of the pictures. The chairs in which we sat were old and high, and very magnificently cut; to say nothing of being cushioned so luxuriously, that there seemed no end to the sinking down of the well-stuffed satin.

To our feet equal attention had been paid; along the whole length of the table ran a hollowed mound, containing heated charcoal, the fumes being conducted away by a flue, and the whole covered with the same rich carpeting as the rest of the flooring.

As I finished my survey, I laughed in my sleeve—and it was as large as though it had been made on purpose—and thought, what would the great Frederick say, could he just look in on these worthy Priors. After the many bitter and often prejudiced sarcasms I had heard drop from his lips respecting monks, how would he have been tickled!

Still more would he have been delighted to have pitched a few of his bomb-shells down upon them; but at him and his bombs too, such rogues might well afford to laugh—looking up at the same time to the vaulted roof.

As if he had divined my very thoughts, Prior Pierre looked off from his plate and remarked, "Not to be despised, my child, were quarters such as these, while your bullets were pour down on our devoted city."

"Silence, most learned and sedate Brothe interposed the Grand Prior, and the feast 1 noiselessly resumed.

The only attendant who waited on us was a seemingly of a low grade of the order. His had were of dark chocolate-coloured cloth. On head, he were a snow-white linen cap, with he sleeves of the same material; and instead of a noble ruby signet that graced the right for finger of each of the sedate dignitaries, his work of smaller size, and but of almadine.

With looks of the utmost wisdom, and m silent step, he bore around to us a salver, th like all the rest of the service, was of massi gold, and supported goblets of the same precious metal and flasks of some of the richest wines.

These duly quaffed, the various and numerodishes were removed and replaced in the sa quiet manner. A door opposite the tomb being reserved for the exit and entrance of this minutes.

servitor, and shaded over with crimson curtains, partly removed to prevent their coming in contact with the passing viands.

What further lay beyond, I could not, however, make out, as some obstacle was interposed. Dish after dish succeeded each other on the table, and away they glided down the æsophagi of the sedate Priors. Never, on my conscience, did I see a probang less needed, or passages more ample or more free!

Like the sea they appeared to receive everything. It mattered not what the dish might be, salt or fresh, sweet, sour, or oleaginous, their "deep revenge had stomach for them all."

At last, the feast was over—the last dish removed—the long grace pronounced—the short one came before the meal—and the rich wines and still richer sweetmeats placed upon the board. Even the soundless brother Anselmo no longer glided around us.

CHAPTER XX.

Which contains some of the reminiscences of the Grand Pr

- "My son, I fear thou hast supped but imferently well," said the Grand Prior, address himself to me.
- "Nay, good father, say not so, I beg of the replied I.
- "Ay, but I do—Marry! and I grieve—as muc mind thee, as mortal man can grieve after such at past—to think that none of our dainties can ato to thee for the lost city of Londinum—the roas and plenty of Old England."
 - " Nay, but my good Father, I rarely eat much

"Not eat!—not eat!—Saint Ursula and all the bony virgins of Cologne defend us—not eat—Accursed Man, why didst thou venture here?—Thou shalt eschew thy vile doctrines or be condemned as a dangerous character. For what saith thy great and cruelly misprinted bard; 'The man that hath not eating' misprinted 'music,'—' in his soul, is formed for hellish plots,' and so on.

"Nay, my good son, thou shalt not so belie thyself—and thou canst not deceive us. It must
have been our fare of which thou didst not approve, for we know thou hast a very sufficient skill
in playing on art's first and most sweet instruments—the knife and fork.

"We knew this of thee, by the way in which thou didst despatch that capon at this morning's sitting, at the which we also did look on, and thereof pick a bone. But we pardon thee, my son, in respect that thy native shores do indeed hold forth many dishes by which to command the lasting love and affection of her children.

"In the dead watches of the night, my son,

when my eyelids refuse slumber, often do I mot over the memory of their departed geodness was a grief to which nothing can afford consolation save the recollection of the attention it was en my wont to pay them."

"No wonder then, good father, that you readily can imagine me to be lamenting the absence. Pray may I ask in what county England you were born?"

"In none, my son. For even English swor have failed to make Scotland a county, thou they have reduced her to a province."

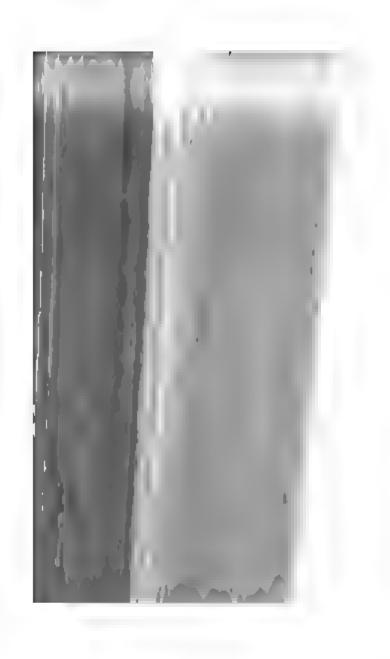
"Scotland! Worthy Father. By thy tong I should never have guessed thee to have confrom Scotland; nor was I aware that the Scot generally were such able practisers of the gasti nomic art."

"Tout, Sir! Let me have no more of theresies; no scandal of my countrymen; I do a will uphold of them—poor fellows!—that ho ever they may designate their more power neighbours belly-gods—there is no nation whom, Sir, the estimable art of eating is me

thoroughly practised than by the Scotch—that is, when they can get it—and if Providence has tried them with the poverty as well as the hunger of the fox, she has more than compensated the matter to them by all that animal's sagacity.

"My son—my son!—To say that my fellow patriots of the North have no affection for cating is a groundless reproach. To what quarter of the globe has not the fame of a Scotch breakfast spread? And wilt thou not in justice to them admit, that a day so nobly begun, will be consistently maintained to its close?

"Let thy memory for an instant wander back over the list of savoury dishes that will for ever redeem the glories of her hospitality from speck or tarnish. Think only of the haggis—that confluence of all that's rich!—This alone secures her a place in the history of nations—as a humble bard of her plains now singeth of it. The chieftain of the pudding race, of how many an immortal descendant can it not boast!—While as for drinking, name if thou canst a people, who in a word can drink—so long—so wisely, or—so much?



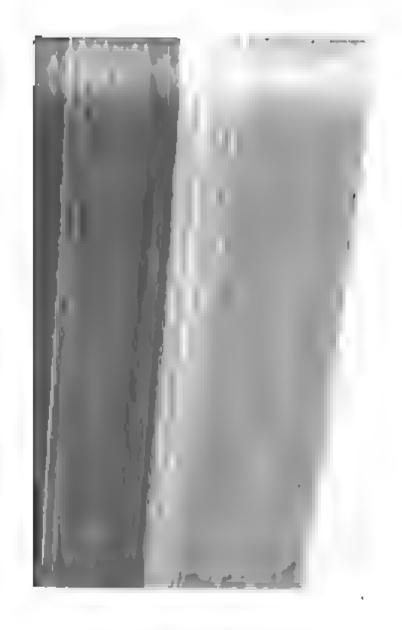
" Мо hast con brought self." "Tie v done just knowledge which to ancient Gla enough to ! " No, woı "The gre such case for The Gorbals palaces, of su wilt rarely see a tender age, t it is unnecessar solemn calling in which I am but a poor, weak, and unworthy servant."

"Nay, worthy Father!—nay!" gently murmured the brother Priors, at this piece of well-timed self-abasement."

"Alas, it is but too true!—still, whatever my demerits, I have in my day met with some confidence from those great in power and renown. Not rarely was I sent on missions of trust and consequence into the British territory, where as in duty bound it was ever my endeavour to mingle a due degree of harmless relaxation with the serious duties of my office.

"For this purpose, my son, I always chose my route with care. My point of landing from the continent I always made at Dover.—Truly does Dorobernium well deserve the place it holds in history!—from the time of the great and commentating Cæsar, even until now.

"I know of no spot, my son, where thou mayest obtain that delicate fish, the smelt, in greater perfection. Here it was always my wont to remain a few days, until the most sensitive of the human



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"Ah! that is indeed a gem of rivers! though scarcely larger, sedate Brothers, than the merest rivulet. What ample supplies does it not afford to Andover and other towns and villages which it enriches by its passage! And indeed I found, on my journeys, that Hampshire was in this respect a favoured county.

"Once arrived in London, arduous truly was the task to quit it! How many delicacies there demanded my duties and attention—from the native oyster to the national beefsteak!

"As Ireland was generally the limit of my mission, sometimes I would, if it were the summer season, take the western direction, circulating the coast. At Weymouth, the mullet compelled my love; at Brighthelmstone and thereabouts the dories, though both these delicacies are to be found in still greater excellence further west, beyond the river Exe, at Plymouth, for example. While on my road I always found it to repay my trouble



my day I lamprey at 1 folk still sho with its num be forgotten the delicious and Cambride eye—a questi help to crown t "Of Irish as wretched creat And of Scotia's thee! Truly"_ crossed his had good living. make one wish t A general gro

the Grand Prior gave additional force by requesting the assembly to replenish their goblets, and drink a health to merry England, in honour of him who now, for the first time, sat at the privileged supper table of THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which I subscribe to the rules of the Priors of taste of their cup of solemn adjuration, and hear of a mos rending case of the effects of gambling.

"My son," said the Grand Prior, turning to as soon as I had duly expressed my granger for the honour mentioned in the preceding ter, "my son, it is fitting that I now renew description of our learned and sedate ord which I was before interrupted by the entrar the repast.

"Know then, that into our reverenced I none can be admitted as members until they attained the respectable weight and consider of fifteen stone—or upwards, or of such a size and importance as will well fill up the door-way by which thou enteredst this our sanctum.

"Our brother Ambrose on my left, hath attained to eighteen stone; I, as the Grand Prior, am blessed by kind Dame Nature with twenty-one; brother Pierre, being not of quite so beneficent and amenable a disposition, is somewhat faulty on the weights; but he maketh up in an elevation of stature that will not permit of his entrance into these precincts without stooping. In addition to these precautions, none are admitted of our society, until they have served a long and trying noviciate.

"To be in any way a good Prior, thou must first prove thyself to be an excellent cook,—in order that our society may prove as immortal as aught that belongs to man and earth can be. Know, that it is ever our custom to see that the senior Brother or Grand Prior of our happy society, names an associate,—one who ultimately, at the —ahem!—retirement—natural retirement, you understand me,—of his nominator, succeeds to the



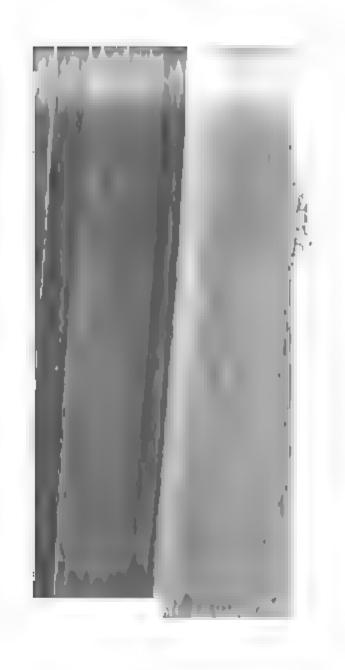
though this it is dot How clse couldst t knowledge paid to: we not previously b ties of preparing it?

"Now, my son, perceived, the chief cultivate the pursuit well thou shouldst kn still graver discussion knowledge live; at a in turn upon one of the edification of the otherwise some amus my son, that some trecouched in the same.

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or if remaining silent, during their stay with us, they are in honour and conscience bound, as soon after their departure from our society as convenient, to enrich our archives with such history of their lives and adventures as they may see fit to relate.

- "For truly, my son, is our order of opinion, that few things are either more amusing or instructive than the misfortunes and follies of our brethren in travail—what sayest thou? Dost thou agree to become amenable?"
 - "Worthy Prior, I do."
- "And wilt thou fairly bear thy burden with the rest? or shall our records be enlivened with a history of thy wanderings?"
- "Truly, good father, of my abilities in the imaginative line I would be understood to speak very humbly. Much do I doubt that I could tax my powers in the fictitious department to any extent. Sad, serious, sober truth, believe me, is my forte. From this I must not wander. As soon, therefore, as may be after I am fain to quit vol. III.



will I , life; bu that per more dul thee." "Agree our obser the fashion " Most 1 " Brothe of adjuratio Brother 1 superior, u which from it, had escap From this forth a mos antions c

edge set round with chrysolites of an unusual size.

This having been carefully placed upon the table, he next drew forth two long-necked bottles, on which the dust and cobwebs of a century seemed to have settled.

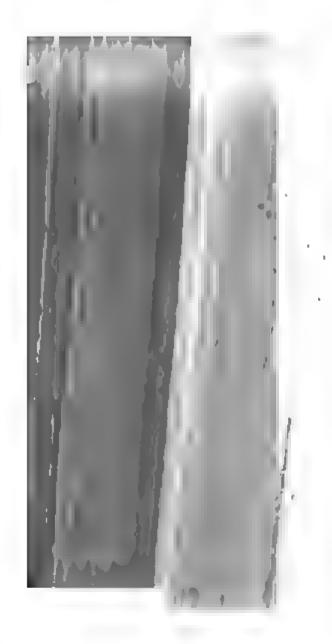
With wonderful skill and expedition their contents were decanted into the aureant receptacle: a clear and sparkling liquid of a light amber colour being shewn to the thirsty senses, as the stream was poured.

Having reiterated my pledge, while the three Priors arose and stood around me, I was told to lift the cup and imbibe to the utmost. Having done as I was bid, and taken what I considered an enormous draught, I was about to resign my share in the proceeding, when the Grand Prior perceiving my intention, arrested my arm, crying,

"Drink, that thou may'st be faithful!"

Thus adjured, another mighty portion of the exquisite fluid overflowed its costly brim, and again I essayed to leave off.

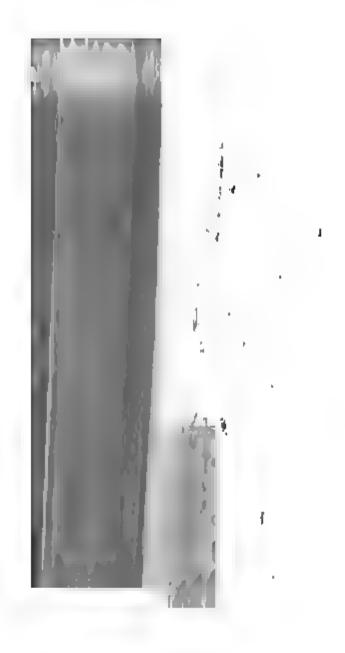
"Drink, that thou may'st be wise," interposed



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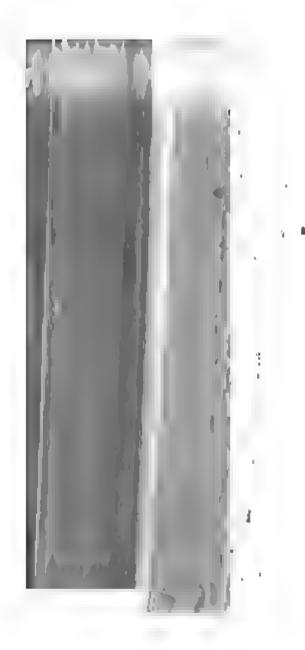
Well I remember, when this bacchanalian ditty was finished, feeling most exceedingly—I hardly know what to say,—anything in short but sober. Addressing myself to the chief of the party, I biccupped out,

- "Learned Priors!"—Here I entirely forgot what was to follow, and after a long pause on my part, and the gravest attention on theirs, I began again,
- "Learned Priors!" This appeal was, however, equally unsuccessful. In the next I rather changed my note, and began:
- "Most aedate Priors! When—when do you begin your literary—ch?"
- "Patience, my son, patience," replied the Grand Prior, "albeit thy mode of speech is none of the clearest, nevertheless, we comprehend thy meaning, and can readily imagine thy deep thirst for knowledge. Know then, our studies never commence till after the seventh cup." "Seventh cup!" I remember saying, "Seventh cup, merciful Priors! what, more cups! Would that the devil had your cups, I almost suspect they've given me the



seeing the pri " Ol that m Seven c . "Mo ie-very therefore moreove: and disca take a q the dice; know, ca The gn proposal w not easily 1 and story w

over the way, "that is a vere, vere bad proposicion of your own. De gambling is de horrid vice! When I was de gamble, I myself was a child, we play at de game you call in England, de pit and toss, with the leetle round button metallique. First, I was lose one button, den anoder, till at last all my stock was gone. What, think you, I did? Ah, de child of mischief! I cut off de button of my trousare. First I cut off de button of de pocket, den of de knee, den of de jambe; --- Ah, me! den I come on to the vaist, first one button, den the second, den the thaerd, de fourth, and so on till de temps en temps I cut off de vere last, and when I went, chez moi, to my mamma, —Ah! how do you think? She take away my hands from around my vaist, and down fell my leetle breeches all to my heel!"



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OF

VOLUME III.



CHAPTER XXII.

Shows how my curiosity, getting the better of my prudence, induced me to supplant the Grand Prior.

AFTER the severe and appalling lesson on the evils of gambling, contained in the last chapter, it will be readily imagined that I never again ventured to aim at the purses of the sedate and learned Priors.

Our meetings, however, continued with equal spirit and instruction, to take place once a week, and with regard to their influence on my mind, beyond the fact of their invariably producing a severe headache on the ensuing day, I really

cannot remember them to have bequeathed to any greater benefit.

As under this tutelage, it would, indeed, deen strange, if I had not been able to learn at thing, so I must not forget to add, that I learnt to carry three or four bottles very discrete lindeed, I may say, that the Grand Print actuated by the sincerest wish to render a most perfect pupil in this respect, since he only paid the greatest attention to enjoining strong example at our sedate and learned meeting but moreover honoured me with his comfortant precepts and society daily at the given hour, where he was my dinner to be ready.

With respect to those scruples of conscient touching which I had first desired the benefit his sage advice, I never could find him dispose "to enter lightly,"—his invariable phrase, "in matters of such deep cast."

If driven beyond this point, he would occasic ally add, "Besides, my son, I marvel that a mi so acute as thine, should require further co viction than thou hast already received—touchi the great superiority of the comfortable creed we profess."

Unwilling to distress the sedate Father, I seen ceased to reiterate these demands, and trusted to my own feelings to decide on the matter in question. Notwithstanding, then, that the Priora had not adduced such abstruse reasons as I conceived they might possess, I determined, like honest Donald of Spanish remembrance, to "become a convict to the Romans."

Having communicated my resolution to the Grand Prior, he tried very hard to induce me to become a permanent brother of his monastery. To this there were many obstacles, though I told him that I would see what and how far these could be removed, provided that he would allow me once or twice to fulfil his duties as confessor to the nums of the neighbouring convent.

So great was the horror of the worthy Prior at this proposal, and so infinite his surprise at my audacity in making it, that the inclination to attain my point increased tenfold.

Surely, thought I, there must be something very

agreeable in the said office, that my sedate. is so unwilling to yield it for the briefest op Numerous thoughts and suspicions came across and from the many refusals on his part, my cuit rose to such a pitch, and so completely git better of my prudence, that I determined to by stratagem that which was denied to entruit . For this purpose Jeremy and myself laid heads together, and the result was the trick I about to relate. Having prepared the neces dress by the time that the worthy father came the ensuing day to take his usual morsel-o be modestly phrased it, "to look after my heal -he found me at the table, surrounded with a 1 fusion of lights, but that of day carefully cluded.

On demanding with surprise my motive, I formed him that this was the anniversary of a con which I had committed a very great piece folly—though this, by the by, would have be true enough on any day in the year,—and that had resolved thenceforth through life to keep it a day of fast and sorrow.

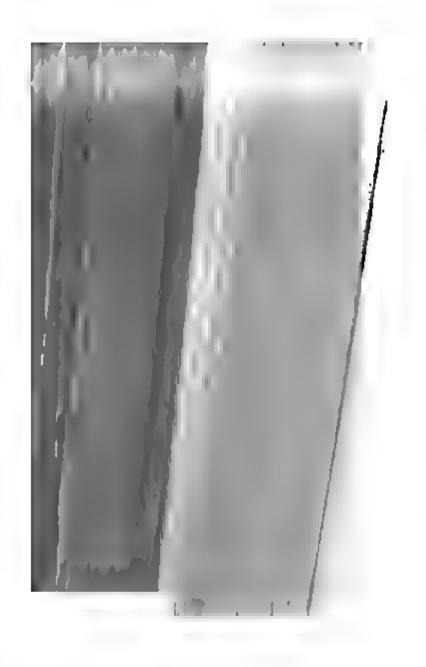
The Prior stroked his goodly sides on this, and sighed most heavily.

"My son, my son, much do I grieve for thy deep humiliation! though doubtless thou art right; and albeit, I do not myself prescribe such severe remedies, nevertheless, I cannot say that I do not in some sort commend thee. Thine honest knave there, methinks, might have kept this fast for thee, and yet thou have been equally the better for it."

"Nay, my good father, it is a duty the pleasure of which I cannot delegate."

"Marry, my son, but thou hast a dainty notion of pleasure, and a mighty pleasant notion of duty, and beside such as thou, I am fain to confess myself a less abstinent self-denier; and since thou wilt perforce enjoy the pleasure of fasting, thy knave and I will endeavour to support the mortification of eating thy share and our own too. For remember, thy fare may not be neglected—that were a shame and a sin both."

"Right! good Father! such was the very line of reasoning I was about to suggest to thee, but



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had,—though I ought not to say it,—the very greatest confidence.

After a little hesitation, the good woman demanded what might be the matter with her respected pastor. With all the assurance in the world, and perhaps more truth than I was aware of, I replied that there was too much reason to fear an attack of gout in the stomach.

After the sighs and salves this information necessarily called forth, the old lady betook herself to a due account of her transgressions. At every drawling word, I listened most attentively; for sure was I, that something curious was coming.

First came the sins of omission. This penance she had omitted—that only partly performed. Such a vigil had been postponed, such a fast had been broken, while at another she had overslept herself, and missed the better portion of the matin service.

"Come," thought I, "it is not from the sins of omission, but commission, that I must expect to hear anything that may throw a light upon the proceedings of the sisterhood;—how warily too,

the old dame approaches them! I wonder she'll begin!

At last they came,—how was my expectation beated, when, after all this preparation, she by by telling me how she had committed an extend that day,—now then, it's coming, -a pretty of no doubt,—"an excess!" she said, yes, and cess!—by—"eating too much for breakfast!"

"O dear!" thought I, "here's a case for Prior." Telling her to get over this as quic as might be allowed, I begged her to proc with the next item on her catalogue.

She did so, and this consisted in her loss temper, and the atrocious fact of her hav pinched Sister Agatha on the ear, for presum to break a penance of two hours' silence, by sneeze.

From this she went on with great contrition acknowledge that she had been sadly idle ove golden petticoat, which for some time she had be very busily employed in working for some of numerous family of saints.—After the petticomatter, followed a whole list of like enormities, who

put me into such a disdainful rage, that I fairly went off into a nap, and awoke by good luck, just at the conclusion of the old soul's drone, without her ever having been any the wiser.

To the abbess succeeded two of the elder sisters of the convent, whose ridiculous absurdities moved my indignation still more greatly than those of their superior.—I am rightly punished for my curiosity, thought I, and beyond the opportunity of increasing one's observation, there is nothing to repay me.

Certainly for one anxious to put the papist creed to the test, no position could be better than mine, and short as was the time passed in that confessional, it had sufficed to raise considerable doubts in my mind, as to whether the new creed I had adopted, was, on the whole, superior to that I had resigned. For my own part I most strictly condemn that arrogant bigotry, which presumes idly to censure the doctrines of another; yet simply in my own case, it did appear to me, rather questionable, that rational creatures should thus pass their lives and yet esteem it an acceptable

and at the same time require, as their median the sin of all this nonentity, a man like my to the Grand Prior.

Still I reflected with shame, that a life power thus, was infinitely better than one do to follies such as mine.

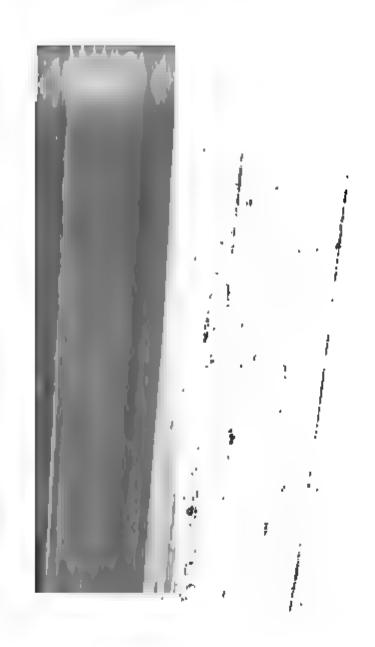
In the case of my last penitent, has there was not only semething much more t terest me, but an additional proof of the en the conventual system.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How I met with a case imperatively demanding my assistance.

COME, thought I, as these good old folks doled forth their nothingnesses into my ear, I'll not be caught in the confessional again in a hurry. But who comes here; this young dame must surely have another tale to tell.

As I said this, there seated herself in the chair a fine commanding figure of a woman. On throwing back the hood that concealed her features, I beheld with considerable emotion, the face of a young creature who could scarcely have numbered eighteen summers.

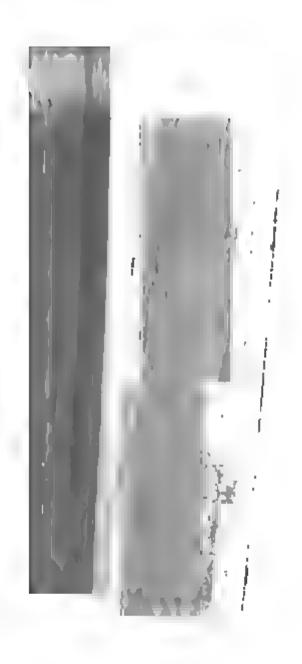


don and in ec Ā to di crue]] ribbot all cor beautic specim, w_{on} Fathera sion for I'm all a those rul the speak them. " Gentik myself thou mayest indeed disburden thy overloaded conscience, for truly what is expected of us?—What further touch or taint of earth have we, except the human form—weaned from its carnalities—cold as the marble to its follies—only the compassionating charities of life, child, warm us to existence."

Oh, I warrant me, she cried, in her own mind, A true prior! A true prior!—Strengthened however in her resolution by my stoical discourse, she began.

After two or three little peccadilloes, she came to the more considerable one of having nursed wishes to escape from what she termed her present confinement. This at once led me to enquire her motive, and the communication of her history was the result.

Her father was one of the most considerable nobles of the Holy Empire. Having projected "in her favour" a marriage unexceptionable in point of the great wealth and greater age of her intended husband, she, with a filial anxiety to render her father's views the more desirable, by



TUIS ISI to rival h that unim nothing ne OF, commeq: With a ponght ora Deony of th past of whi it his duty care that ti even better ti Our noble dutifully his 1 naturally wisi ation for their latest moment. On the inst

been closely watched till the mid-hour of night. He was arrested in the very moment of hastening to his lady's bower.

In the meantime, the blushing bride, with palpitating heart, was expecting the arrival of her lord. Her damsel—and of course her confidente—was busily engaged in the tender offices of handmaiden, as they sat over the log fire in an antiquated room of her parents' castle.

A gentle tap came at the door.—Slow to render up their dear authority, the lover was told for the last time to "wait."—The final arrangements completed, the confidence prepared to retire.

Having opened the door for the impatient bridegroom to enter, she gave a faint shriek.—Her mistress summoned courage to look out upon the scene, and then beheld advancing—her spouse? No, only her father!

After the little necessaries of fainting, hysterics, and so on, the disconsolate was informed that her better half was already under a kind escort, on his road to join the army in Silesia. The third evening from thence found herself and match-

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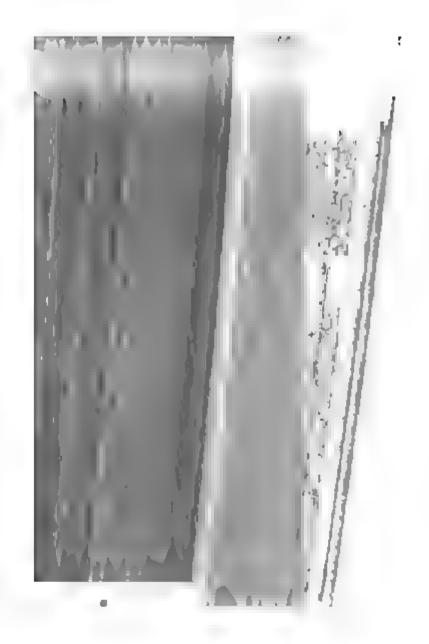
quired, cť provi Holdi and thos into Swit his darlin know in t Come, tended fo were I t Prague is, it is time I meet so Think, too, my exertion Gratitude ment I reca

forced me, despite myself, to—take a pinch of snuff.

"Well, my dear," said I—"that is, my child!" quickly and duly correcting this excess of canonical warmth; "do you consider your marriage in every respect binding?"

She quickly replied in a strong affirmative. I then demanded if dependence could be placed upon her, in case any friend could be found to assist in restoring my lady to her husband. The most unbounded professions were made in return to this; and telling her to moderate these till the time came for proving them, I said that I myself was about to leave the good city in which we then were; that I was too good a Catholic to assist an unjust father in separating those whom venerable mother church had joined, and that if she would consider herself safe under my guidance, I would see how her release could be effected.

Full of gratitude and astonishment, hope, fears, tears, and so on, my fair German departed. She was the last of my penitents, and I therefore



CHAPTER XXIV.

Shows how my assistance in the imperative case terminated in the subjunctive mood.

- "JEREMY," said I, "we leave Prague to-morrow.

 —Passports, plagues, bothers of every description, are arranged; and I am happy to tell you I'm in a very fair way of getting into as neat a scrape as ever marked the gentleman."
- "Beg, then, to congratulate your worship. Who, then, may I ask, is the lady?"
- "Lady, you rascal!—Think you that I cannot get into a scrape without a lady's assistance?"
- "Clearly not, your worship. The worst of matters is no scrape till that enchanting robe the

petticoat's slipped over them. Rows of all of descriptions men have sense enough to dishibit but these, your worship!—somehow or other has a natural affection for them.

"As for yourself, respected Sir, judging it what I've seen for some years past, whip a lithink your honour has affection for anythelese than a petticoat, unless indeed it be—two them."

"Jeremy, you wrong me; I once met a raboud in the streets, who picked my pocket, somehow or other I was fool enough to take affection to him."

"Fair hit that, Sir; but I dare say he did quas bad. As you say, he was only practising vagabond's art, and, as I hear, took you for master."

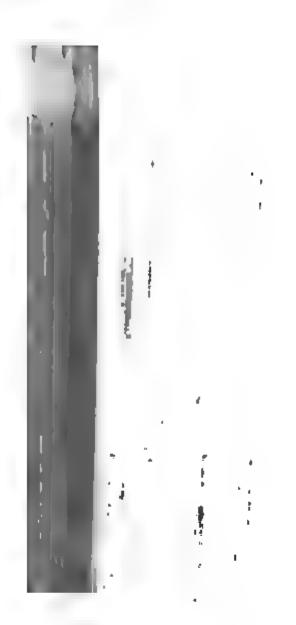
"Come, thou incorrigible knave, teach tongue manners, or I will inevitably get the GraPrior to pass his probang upon thee."

"Oh, your worship, I'm mute-mute-mute

"Thou hast some sense, then, as he of inimitable weapon' says. By some odd chan too, thou hast managed to stumble on the truth

asserting there is a lady in the present affair.—
A lady wishing to go in search of her lover, consents to take me for her guide."

- "Very bad!—very bad indeed, Sir!—A lover wanting?—She need never wander far for that in your worship's society."
- "Nay, but thou knave in buckram, 'tis her husband."
- "Worse again, Sir!—'Tis very plain that they can't have been long married, for women now-adays have nothing but lovers and husbands.—
 I really am surprised they're not more discreet."
- "Why, you don't mean to blame all of them, do you?"
 - "All, Sir!—all alike!"
- "Come, come, Master Jeremy, don't presume to throw even a shadow of blame on the sex in my hearing—if you have any affection for this life.—I feel convinced there are hundreds—nay, on my honour, thousands—ay, even millions—of women, most discreet,—if discreet means inaccessible to love—most discreet indeed!"



ria, na, na!-ship."

" Probable, you —or, at the utme sober age."

"Hey there, wi remy—you rascal than yourself!—La there, I say,—or I covering of thy pat interrupt the continsion of thy sanguine damnify thee."

As these last the Jeremy quickly us awkward wight was rolled the Grand Pri rate as might have "A precious walk!—a walk without an equal, but not an unparalleled walk—for 'twas a walk in a straight line, and my shadow walked it over the way!—Truly a forced march, as valiant troops term running away. If they don't march they're sure to be forced, and if they're not forced they never will march it—and all for thee!—All for thee, Signor Wortley!—A pretty precious lay brother, thou, of our sedate and learned order!—Never was man worse served than I by thee!

"I told thee, last morning, that thy confessing to trick was a trick too bad for any confessing to absolve thee, to say nothing of thy immoral conduct, in pretending to believe that I—albeit a humble son of mother church—was at the same time vinosus, as the Latins have it, or as the vulgar infamously translate it—groggy. Shameful was the supposition, my lay brother—for even supposing that the wine flagon had made a little free with me, dost thou not know that it adds a perfume to the lip, of exquisite delicacy? And whereas the tender dames that I confess, being unable,

from their great modesty, more freely to include the generous liquor, are far from disapproving this primitive anointment."

"Ay, truly, devout Father, but I wonder girl at thy lips having aught to do with these tell themes. I fear me, I did not rightly perform office. I only turned an attentive ear to the whereas it seems"—

"Ahem, my worthy son!—the tongue to knowest is an unruly member, and the lips I'd have suffered from bad society; or otherwise know not how rightly to account for their freque approach to ladies' noses—though truly they has great—and, I may say—from all I hear,—a we natural tendency to slip round in that direction

"But to quit such light topics for the missi that brought me hither. My son, this night me see thee far from Prague. Great and immine are the dangers that beset thy unmindful scor in this good city!"

"Wherefore, Father?"

" Canst thou ask that, when, no later than t

day before yesterday, thou didst try to seduce out of our safe keeping a German lady of illustrious birth?"

- "How knowest thou that, good Father?"
- "Know I not the matter, truly unworthy son? Let this then suffice thee,—when thou didst steal away my name and character, robes and office, as it were, thou didst but half do the business—thou couldst not steal away my knowledge."
- "No, truly reverend Prior," answered Jeremy,;
 "hard would it be to take that which we cannot find, ex nihil nihil fit, as the Latin hath it."
- "Out, thou audacious varlet!—Dost think priors are double winded, to talk two ways at once ?—and never so much as a flask of Canary, or even a bottle of Rhenish, to supply the extra eloquence withal? Hast thou ne'er another capon lying cold upon the larder's shelf?—I warrant me thou hast!—Stir thyself then briskly!—Laziness is the root of all evil, knave; and thy master must needs be hungry—not to say that this must be the last meal I shall ever have the satisfaction to bless for his eating."

"Ay truly, reverend Prior!—what a deal si concern my master's eating does give thee—'ties pity you can't consent to take a little bit yourself worthy Prior."

"Now, if I batoon thee not into some shows decency, Master Jeronimo," quoth the built priest, snatching at a cane—But ere he had rise from his seat, Jeremy had vanished down the stairs.

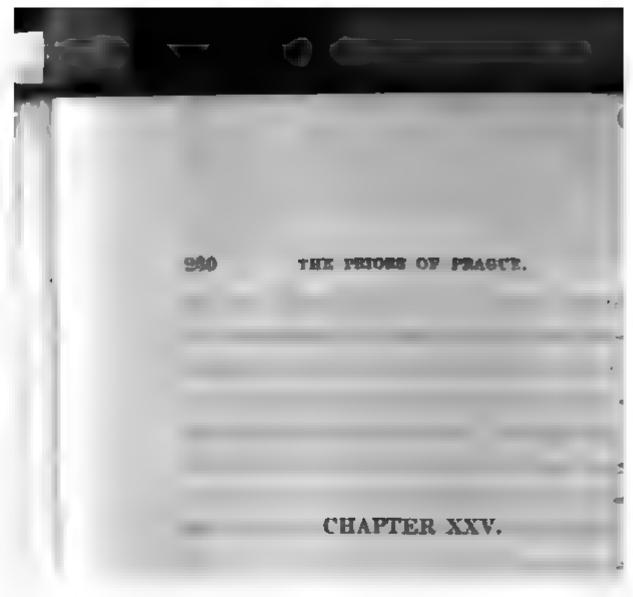
he, turning round to me; "but, as I was about to tell thee, when thou didst take the robe, that didst not carry with thee the wits of a confessor.—Know, my son, that our chair of recital is so placed, that the slightest whisper is carried by the echo of the walls to the small door on the left *. Thou will not mention this again—it concerneth Mother Church's character, of which, as

• Somewhere it has happened even to us, to know or hear of a case similar to that above recorded. Much do we grieve that we cannot exactly charge ourselves as to where or from whose the fact reached us, unless indeed from one ever most esteeme and dear to us - Henry Dundas Morrison—noble of heart, fertile of fancy, and of most racy wit!—Parons or Pranting.

a good son, I know thou wilt be careful. Thither, seeing thou wert an unknown character,—thither did repair our Lady Abbess, to whom only besides myself the secret is known. Thither after her own confession, I say, did our worthy Lady Abbess repair.—Do'st take, my son? Thy enormities are known."

"Confusion, I say, shake the old hag to tatters! What then has become of the lady?" cried I, starting to my feet.

"Sit thee down, my son, and be not disquieted; the damsel is by this time safe in the castle of her fathers—where, rebellious though she be, no harm will chance to her;—and for thee, as I said before, thou must depart incontinently, or thy life may become less secure than the sedate and learned society of the Priors of Prague could wish for a lay brother. But these be slight matters—and here comes Jeronimo with the capon."



Shows how I left Prague, and how another opportunity reformation was postponed size die?

LIGHT a matter as the learned Prior deemed the shortening of my span to be, it was still a point worthy in my eye of a difference of opinion Finding that I was unable to help the lady in distress, as kindly as I had intended, I thought better in such an extremity to help myself.

In this line, it was once my opinion that I has great natural abilities. Taking a hasty leave my friends, and promising the sedate Priors of day to enrich their records with these gra

histories, Jeremy and I once more shook the dust from our feet, and recommenced our rambles.

By no means distressing ourselves as to time, we at length arrived at Naples. Having been, I must confess it, exceedingly disappointed at the little congeniality evinced by my peculiar disposition for the tenets of the Roman church, I had mentally turned a wistful eye more than once towards England.

Though I am but too well aware that I have but little cause to flatter myself on my virtues, still I must not be so unjust as to say that I looked forward with pleasure to the death of a parent, from whom, however greatly we might differ in feeling, I had ever received the greatest kindness.

Still it is a law of nature, that we must outlive our progenitors; and the most delicate mind cannot at all times refrain from contemplating what its position may be at a future day.

With me, this had so far been the case, that I had always looked to the inheritance of my father's immense fortune, as a sure means of ex-

trienting me from many of my present dilemmating the debt line; and, with the fatal exception gray marriage, enable me to commence the work afresh.

These having long been my feelings, I was hardly prepared for the news which reached me in Italy. There learnt I the death of my father and the fact of his will, of many years' standing having left me simply a thousand pounds a part during my life and Lady Mary's, and at her death to be doubled.

To attempt any description of my feelings a this would be vain,—the whole dreams and projects of my existence were at once struck down In the worst and most unfortunate eras of my life had always depended on this one rallying point as that which no evil chance could assail,—attoughold that never could be taken, even by the connivance of any folly of my own.

And this—this last and seemingly impregnable hold—had fallen. The foundation of all my future plans had given way,—their superstructure lay in ruins around me. With what intense hatred discontinuous around me.

I not view those near relatives whom I now conceived to have come between me and my inheritance,—and yet they were safe beyond my reach.

No act of mine could touch them. Yes, there was yet one possibility which would put them once more in my power, and I resolved firmly—steadfastly resolved—that I would put it to the issue, should a favourable opportunity ever arise.

By a clause in my father's will, he had secured a fund, by which I was enabled to settle eight hundred a year for life on any woman I might hereafter marry, should an opportunity of a second marriage be afforded me; while to any child of such marriage there was left a splendid estate in Yorkshire, that was otherwise to go to the second son of my sister, the Countess of Bute.

It was not likely that my second marriage could ever arise. For years I had heard nothing of my wife, beyond the fact, that she continued to live in Devonshire, and never forgot, by any lucky accident, to draw her maintenance. But, oh! thought I,—if it should please the Fates to take

her!—if by any chance an opportunity shot afforded me of showing what my feelings a those who have my birthright, will I not advantage of it to the utmost?

intentions upset by this reverse, that few time I knew not what to do. As a last real I took to science,—wrote two letters, while afterwards read before the Royal Society, having gone to see the tomb of the below unfortunate Frances, and loitered away as year in Italy, I was surprised one mornin packet, containing the news of my mother mise, and the handsome sum of one guin queathed to me by her will,—though doubt the same time she considered this too much that she couldn't decently leave me less, a as well to study the decencies of life on

Angrily as worthy Mr. Montague speaks of the Bute it was the general impression of the day that his sister had very handsomely to him, and we mention it in common for however pardonable and natural the ebullitions of disment, they are of so unsavoury a nature as only to be easils—com grane solis, as the learned say.—Parons or Pr.

out of the world, though one has never done so before.

- "Jeremy," said I, tossing the gold over to him; "there's all my mother's will is worth to me,—take it; spend it merrily, and think it is not every master who would thus have bestowed on thee all the property his mother left him."
- "Right, your worship!" said he, looking at the gold with curious eye,—" when she left you such a property, I should think she meant it to be personal, and not real property."
- "Be that as it may, Jeremy, make you the most of it; though, on second thoughts, I am sorry the old lady's gone away bad friends with me, but in this world a man might almost sooner tell who is his father than his friend."
- "Right again, your honour! right!"—pocketing the cash with a most lachrymose air—" 'tis a sorrowful world at the best, so let us take it as we find it!—We did not make it, that's clear—just about as clear is it, that we can't mend it!—pray therefore, your worship, do grin and bear it! Depend upon it you will soon have done

with it; and consider that, at any rational this consolation left us,—that we leave much the same as we found it—for comers."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Shows how I recommence my travels.

That Jeremy, surnamed the Honest, was a true philosopher, no one, I think, can doubt who has read the last chapter, with that degree of edification, which it was evidently written to produce. The pith of the doctrine therein so beautifully insinuated, amounts to this—take all things coolly, even though it may be the taking of a purse;—one thing excepted by the by—warm brandy and water,—and the hotter you take that the better.

As I had no other point on which to reflect with pleasure in the present dilemmatous—I hope

you'll like that word, or make a better—state affairs, I determined not to give another to the splendid fortune I had lost, but sime repeat to myself, six times a day, "My interpolated—think of that!"

Two thousand a year was nothing very for a man who, during many years, had in the habit of expecting something much sixty. Still it was but to alter the style off to be content to feed a few less sycophesis slanderers, and all the luxuries and enjoymentife remained the same.

For me, I inherited my father's capab who for some time, by way of experiment on a guinea a week, and a very fair allowan when a man can get no more. However, middle of my resignation, there was one s that gave me the greatest grief—caused me of anguish—and of far too poignant a ch to be in the least relieved by the very t deepest philosophy.

My creditors! my unhappy creditors!—N of the twelve tribes of Israel but mourned-

part of them at least—the sad reverse my fortunes had sustained!—Oh, I'll be bound when they thought of me, and took their lonely way to Doctors' Commons, they salted their beards to the tune of Jeremiah!

Poor old Moshes!—in the silence and the solitude of the night, his reproachful countenance would arise beside me, covered with roguery and grey hairs, and aid the pleading of his long withered bony hands to ask—

- " Vhere vash his money?"
- "Oh, Moshes! my dear fellow, I really cannot say; you must ask my father the first time you meet him. It was very wrong in him to overlook such claims as yours,—but, on my honour, the fault is not mine. I positively would have helped it—if I could."

Thus powerfully adjured, the shade of Moshes incontinently plucked his beard and went upon his way, whereat, with a merry laugh, I would awake—heartily convinced that the disappointment of losing my fortune was more than compensated by the joy of "doing" the Jews.

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Being at this time seized with a dervold the result of mental excitement, I was, and period spent in various remedies, industry in the third ander a course of treatment intended by a Neapolitan physician—that of doses of opium whenever the fit came of the than everything else, change of ica the open would do. With all the grid the world, he said he thought not quite I might try.

Declining, under such circumstances, to the experiment, I embarked with Jeremy, a ples, for Messina,—resolving to put in pracwish I had long entertained, of paying a v the Knights of Malta.

Having arrived in those renowned straits so formidable to sea-farers, we looked in value the awful whirlpools. Floating on a semooth as glass, the very lightest zephy could disturb a calm, took us into the be harbour of Messina.

We spent a few weeks most delightfu

this port; for here is every enjoyment on earth, without a single drawback—except the earth-quakes, which lay the town in ruins once or twice a month;—so that travellers, wishing to enjoy themselves, should make a point of coming in the intervals.

We were very fortunate. During the four weeks that we were there, only three slight shocks occurred; in one of these, the front of our hotel fell out into the street, it is true; but that only concerned the passengers below, for the back and sides standing firm, we were not much disturbed.

However, the city of Messina is certainly very fine, if only from the beautiful ruins which meet you on every side, and I make no doubt that here the unfortunate might resort to live with equal economy and delight,—if they shouldn't happen by any accident to get killed beforehand.

The Sicilian women appeared to me to be remarkably pretty, and most fascinating in their manners. I think I might have taken up a more permanent residence at this city, but for the change

that by doing so not only might the a changed, but the green curtain dropped this were all that had to be accomplished never surely have troubled myself to leave of my physician.

Sailing from Messina, we touched at § and again at Syracuse, and then stretche from Cape Passaro to Malta.

It was about ten o'clock, when we took a parture from the last point of Sicilian la beautiful breeze attended us on our passag as near as might be to the hour of six, or dropped anchor before Fort St. Elmo.

In the course of my varied ramblings, been my lot to see a number of spots we culated from appearance and history to n deep impression on the mind, but I do not that any association has more completely prothis effect on me than the celebrated for by which I was now surrounded.

Nature and art seemed to have gone h hand, with happy rivalry, in throwing to

these mest impregnable citadels, while the calm azure sea that reflected their frowning heights in its scarcely ruffled bosom, afforded at once the most admirable contrast, and the most perfect mirror.

The sun was as yet some way from setting, while the full rich moon attempted to contend with its light, throwing the least perceptible radiance upon the water, and growing less and less "pale with envy," as every succeeding minute contributed to sink her rival in the deep.

At length his glorious brow had fairly sunk beneath the wave. Oh, how beautiful, how matchlessly beautiful did the scene then appear. The bold frowning heights around, seemed already to have soared higher into the deep blue ether, while all the blackness of night had descended upon the waters, that slept unruffled at their base—save here and there where a gondola-shaped boat cut its way along, leaving a train of fire behind it to amuse the eye, and a deep swell of song from its boatmen to engage the ear.

How quickly and how sadly came rushing on

the bosom the memories of the past!
nor held its victims nor the deep its d
friends and the familiars of past years,
me, while the heart overflowed with,
could no longer fill the arms. How str
deep, how exquisite, and yet how melas
such feelings,—language can no mon
them when past, than our senses can
them when present.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Shows how to cure the nervous.

FORTUNATELY for Jeremy and myself, at the time of our arrival at Malta, no quarantine was necessary for vessels coming from Sicily. On the ensuing day, therefore, we repaired on shore, and took up a very comfortable billet in the north-eastern quarter of the city of Valetta, which overlooked one of the harbours commanded by the old and beautiful Fort Manuel.

For the first few days we needed nothing more than our sense of seeing to delight us. Every thing around wore the air of novelty, and thing appeared strange. Our feelings we as would result from the first meetings friends who had long been correspondent familiar with each other from description.

We were at once connected with only most brilliant eras of past history, by a link, and every step we took was on an asi which the very spirit and soul of chivalry he fillized and consecrated as its own.

After a few days, when our own feelings to grow monotonous, I sought out the Aube Provence, and there made myself known French knight, with whose elder brother formerly been intimate at Paris. Having reme with all the warmth and politeness country, he gave me a very cordial invitation spend some time at a little retreat belonging him, not very far distant from the city.

Accepting the invitation in the same spi which it was given, we drove out, together Jeremy, on the ensuing day, and I found reason to applaud the good taste of my new acquaintance, except in one particular, of which more anon.

Among other appointments of the worthy bachelor's household, was that of the lady who presided over it. As my host introduced us, he mentioned the fact of her being a near relation, though he forgot to state in what exact degree of propinquity they stood towards each other—or it might have been my deafness, and I did not understand.

However, there she was. I concluded, at once, that her office was to keep away the thieves. In truth, she was ugly enough to have frightened the most daring of mankind.

In Malta, premature old age comes on alike on all classes of the natives, but especially the females—womanhood at twelve years of age, and old age at five and twenty.

As ugliness is no crime, and in truth, after all, is a mere diversity of opinion, I never allow this to set me against any one if I can help it, so at

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first was as civil to my host's cousin as the di cumstances of the case seemed to demand.

I had not, however, been at this villa a we when my nervous complaint increased to a degr that became most irksome; as it constantly fill me with alarm when no other earthly bet could see any cause for apprehension.

Reflecting since on the site of the building grounds. I am convinced that it was particular result of malaria. Never having at that time 5 served the influence of this poisonous air on sor constitutions, I attributed the increase of my col plaint to other causes, and should, most like have only exchanged my then location for one a more permanent nature, but for a remedy of most extraordinary kind which was forced upon. with a view to any end but the one it effected.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

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Which stands as curate to the last, and performs in reality that which the other only professed to do.

As few men when ill have any particular aversion to becoming an object of attention to the softer sex, so I, during the prevalence of my nervous fit, had insensibly glided into all the imperiousness of the invalid, and saw without emotion—nay even without thought—this ugly phantom of a woman hovering about me and put to numberless troubles on my account.

How such a mistake came to arise I know not, but it is a sober serious fact, that the good soul formed the very strongest notion that she, and she alone, was utterly indispensable to my happiness and that if I did not know this for myself of knew it for me.

Now this good damsel had a tiring maid—a deep in all her mistress's councils, and almost though this would have been difficult—as ill leading as herself.

This sweet soul—a very proper medium for me eages of love from such a principal—took Jerm aside one morning, and told him that she had very delicate affair to entrust to his guidance.

Jeremy at once assured her that she had in the instance come to the right person, for that guidir delicate affairs was his peculiar forte.

Thus encouraged, she informed him that si was commissioned by her mistress to commission him to inform me - that the first party was exceedingly rich and still more affectionate—the she had perceived how necessary she was to no happiness, and that after a long struggle she had determined to honour me with her fortune and hand,—and that I had only to woo in order at on to win her for my wife.

When Jeremy communicated to me this proposal in my favour, I laughed aloud—as who would not,—while to mirth succeeded no slight degree of anger, that such an object should presume to select an unfortunate, disinherited, nervous, and elderly gentleman on whom to play her pranks.

As however I most clearly agreed with Jeremy, that it was a delicate business, I determined not to wound the sensitive mind of the lady who thus honoured me, and so sent back word, through Jeremy, that nothing would have given me greater pleasure, but very unfortunately there happened to be some little obstacle in the way, for that I was married already.

At the same time thinking it was a pity that all this wealth should go out of the family, as it were, I advised Jeremy to make up to her on his own score.

Whether my last hint was either unpalatable or impracticable I know not, but the worthy gobetween returned on the ensuing day to tell me that the dame had greatly resented my having a

the occasion. In order to try, therefore, whether this had been a fact or only an excuse, she is back word, that since I was already tied, followed dispense with any repetition of the current of my being married, added, she conceins utili greater room as it were for the granting if present request, that in our future wandering we would accept of her Platonic regards up society.

I at once replied, that for her Platonic regard we would accept them and be thankful, but the with regard to her society we could not avail on selves of that to the extent we wished, since m wife was an odd woman and might take offenc to say nothing of what might be thought by the lady's relative—our host.

The only reply made to these cogent reason was a very significant motion from the servar alluding to the stiletto, and a strong hint that it sooner we cleared the coast the better.

Regarding this as mere malice of the momen

I laughed at the revenge indicated, and seemingly was right in doing so.

Though thus important had been the communications passing between the subordinates, not the most distant hint at any thing of the sort could have been gathered from the demeanour of the principals; and when on the ensuing day I met the dark and aged patroniser of Plato's tenets, it was impossible to gather from her carriage or deportment in any one respect the least token of anger or of scorn.

With this the affair passed from my mind, and I was beginning to give the old soul credit for more sense than I had imagined her to possess; and already, from this feeling, had made a considerable step nearer to liking her than I had done yet.

With these impressions, as the sun went down, we proceeded, as we had often done before, to walk in the gardens of the villa, and when nearly dusk, my companion turned into a secluded alley of orange trees, in which I had before been, though not with sufficient frequency to remember its localities.

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Engaged in the subject of our conversal paid little or no attention to the path, while denly missing my step, I distinctly felt my therous companion give me a push, and defell through an opening in the ground, but will know not.

The sense of horror thus produced was ciently a ful, but when my fall was terming a plange in some deep body of waters resounded with a stunning noise throughest sullen echoes of a seemingly vast cavern effect produced on the mind was truly dread!

On rising to the surface, after the first in sion, it instantly occurred to me that I had I into one of the immense tanks or reservoir which in Malta such numbers are hewn o the solid rock in all directions, to guard ag the scarcity of water, in an island that ha is supposed to have, no springs.

As this conviction took possession of my r it was with a degree of the utmost loathing repugnance; and though I scarcely could why, I expected every instant to feel the touch of the vilest reptiles twining about me, in a body of water that had remained stagnant, as it were, for years.

Looking up at the aperture through which I had fallen, there was just visible, in the dim light, the diabolical features of the wretched creature to whom I owed this refined piece of cruelty.

- "In future," said she, with an expression of unsurpassable malignity, "you will know what it is to reject a woman."
- "You surely cannot mean to keep me here?"
 I cried.
- "No!—In truth, when you can get out, you may, but to my thinking, the sooner your mind is made up to dispense with your confessor, the better."

So truly awful did such an end appear, that, raising my voice to the utmost, I shouted the name of Jeremy, in hopes that he might, by some lucky accident, be loitering in the gardens.

—Nothing replied to me but the horrible reverberations of the dismal place, beyond which my

of hellish exultation, the detestable hag the stone over the mouth of the tank, and me to the agony of despair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Which shows how I found some traces of humanity even in this desolate place.

NOTHING of anguish that I ever knew, either from experience or recital, came up to the suffering I endured in this execrable place.

I could not make my mind up to sink without a struggle, and yet I saw no single possibility of effecting an escape. More from that instinct which naturally leads us to preserve life, than from any other motive, I continued swimming round the steep sides of the cavern, vainly endeavouring to ascertain its extent, or to find any ledge on which to crawl and repose myself.

Occasionally a transitory hope would steal 1 me, that the revengeful wretch would not talk life, and after what she might consider a suffic space of torment would return.

This feeling for some time kept me up, but the minutes stole away, the suspense both heart-rending. Again I swam round, and a I listened; again I tried distinctly to go over reasons for or against her thus leaving the perish, and again all was uncertain and indistant before.

At length, in what appeared to be one of distant corners of the tank, and so high above surface, that I could scarcely reach it, my findid indeed discover a ledge, such as I sought of what extent I knew not. Drawing mysel with all my remaining strength, I got just enough to know that it was sufficient to allow to lie down, and then, at the very instant I formed this conjecture, my hold slipped, and once more into the water.

Eleven times successively did I make thi tempt to succeed, and at the last accomplishe

but so faint, so weary, so utterly worn out had I become, that I could only stretch myself along the cold rock, and know that sense was leaving me.

How long I remained thus, of course I knew not. On the return of animation, my limbs were so cold and stiff that it was with the utmost difficulty I could move. My wet clothes and the dismal darkness and air of the vault at once brought back to my remembrances the frightful situation in which I was placed.

Musing to consider what resources were left to one so utterly betrayed, I remembered that I had about me a small box in which I carried opium. By extreme good fortune, this happened to be nearly full, and thankful that I had this sheet-anchor on which to depend, I took a full dose, and being soon sensible of its invigorating effects, began to feel about me.

I now discovered that I was sitting on the last of a flight of steps. The tumult of hope that this excited in my bosom was, indeed, beyond everything, but it was soon at an end, for on of a low vaulted passage. On the third stair of foot struck against some curiously sounding of ject—fancy my loathing and dismay when, excepting down, my fingers distinctly traced a huma skeleton. The body was laid along the passage and the head was declining down the steps wards the water.

fully leaning back against the wall, and rain quishing my hold on the wretched remains. A I did so, the skull, loosened from its ligament by age and decay, slowly rolled down the stair step by step, and fell with a sullen splash into the large volume of water, over whose dear surface the sound undulated dismally for som minutes, then once more subsided in calm.

Strange, almost incredible as it may appear, ye when the sounds ceased, I felt as if in the sunke skull I had already lost a newly found friend.

After the first horror of such a discovery was over, it seemed a link, however frightful, wit that former world of which I was still a part, although a dissevered one, and I lingered by the side of the bones some minutes before I had courage to proceed.

Arising once again from my miserable seat, I carefully examined as far as practicable, every inch of ground, before I ventured on a single step, for amidst all my distresses there was nothing which I so greatly dreaded as a plunge into a second tank, my meeting with which, to my excited imagination, seemed probable enough.

After proceeding some short distance, I came to recesses in the walls on either side of me, which on exploring I found to be filled with human bones. This at once told me that I was wandering in the catacombs, and that the skeleton with which I had first met was most probably that of one of the many unfortunates who had lost their way in these caverns, and that in all likelihood, perishing of hunger and of thirst, he had been searching out the reservoir of water, and died while yet on the steps that led to it.

From this also I concluded, that when the tank

THE PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

into which I had fallen, contained its p tity of water, the surface would not I below the stairs as I had found it, bu with them.

CHAPTER XXX.

Which shows how I obtained a guide.

GAINING in some degree fresh courage from knowing even the loathsome spot where I then was, and feeling moreover greatly influenced by the quantity of opium I had taken, as well as the fact that it was now the hour at which I ordinarily retired to rest, I lay down, and more thankful and confident of heart than it is easy to imagine a human being under such circumstances, I fell fast asleep.

On awaking, after many hours spent in slumber, I expected to find myself convulsed with aches, cramps, and rheumatisms of every description in this I was pleasurably disappointed, for soo the effect of necessity on the human frame, I could not have felt less from such complaints had I on the most luxurious of couches, instead of wet through, and lying on the humid earth out the slightest covering, and with the mould fragments of my species, lying on every its me.

Thinking it would be as well to provide us with some weapon, in case the rats, from a mistake, should be in a neighbourhood where the surely could have nothing to prey on except another, I took the liberty of borrowing for present, the longest thigh-bone that I could among the plentiful heaps around me; and the appropriately armed, I once more proceeded.

Winding after winding I passed, and still a unwearied determination pursued my path. A rambling thus for some time, without seemit attaining any results, or being in the least dependence meaner my deliverance, I began to recollect I many cases I had heard of people who, having

prodently advanced too far into the catacombs, had there become lost in their interminable wind-ings, and perished horribly.

If such is to be my lot, thought I, would it not have been better to have sunk quietly into the horrid tank that first received me? Yet in this there was something so abhorrent, I thought I could almost prefer to bear the pangs of starvation.

That in this respect I did not speak altogether unadvisedly, may be readily imagined. Indeed the pangs of hunger soon became most severe. In this emergency I had still no resource but the opium, which not only allayed the gnawing of want, but produced those exhibarating effects which for a time defied even starvation itself to crush their joyous feelings.

This over, I would get up and walk; but I began at length to fear that I might have got into a certain circle of windings, and thus might wander on for ever. Thirst also oppressed me dreadfully, and my stock diminished to not more, than a few hours further would consume.

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Thus brought again within the alarming of a feightful death, I laid down to ponder and over every possible scheme by which I any chance to free myself. Suddenly my and were interrupted by a sound.

Soon I distinctly saw two glowing eyes tried to move, but my limbs were no longe my own bidding. The animal approache walked round my body—I felt its cold a touch me, still I lay as though part of the in sate rock.

In another instant I felt the sharp tusk of intrader pierce my thigh. This effectually solved the spell. Springing up and seizing thigh-bone that I had by me, I struck the creat a most severe blow on the head which felled it the ground. Looking upon it as a most mere

supply for my extreme want, I began by feeling, to find out if possible, what animal I had killed.

I soon came to the conclusion that I had killed no animal, since the one now in my power was only stunned, and to the best of my belief was a jackal. This at once set me thinking.

This fellow, said I, must have some communication with the world above. If I could only persuade him to shew it to me in return for sparing his life, it certainly would be a pity to destroy a creature possessed of a secret so valuable to my existence.

Resolving at any rate to try the experiment of getting the truth out of my friend, I drew forth my pocket-handkerchief, fastened it securely round his loins and tail, and tying the other end to my finger, awaited till my gentleman should get up and bestir himself. Mr. Jackal did not keep me long in suspense, but finding himself under equivocal circumstances, he no sooner regained perfect animation, than he started to his feet and made off.

Though I could not indulge him by going quite

so fast as he wished, I nevertheless followed a very nimbly. At first he was somewhat it tory, notwithstanding the band about his to but my good thigh-bone soon beat a very religious able portion of sense into these, and on we had ceeded. Occasionally, too, my good fellow into a hole, from which I had great difficulty dislodging him, and then not without some self-bites.

At length I began to be sensible of fresher in Delightfully did it play on my fevered temple after the charnel atmosphere I had just quitte my lungs seemed scarcely able to inhale enough of it. With every passing moment this feelight increased, till at length we came to some a cending ground, that might once have been flight of steps, and threading intricacies that should scarcely ever have been able to get throughout,—we emerged among some ruins.

The morning was about to break into li as the sky first met my eye, clear, cloudless, a transparent, where the eastern horizon met t sea. With exquisite joy did I gaze once mo around, and think from what a death I had been rescued.

Much did I long to take with me, and preserve to the last moment of life, the animal whose sagacity had effected my deliverance; but when I beheld the poor creature shrinking with abhormence from the light, and struggling to get free, I thought it would be a much more grateful reward to give him his glorious liberty; unloosening the ties of my handkerchief, and bestowing on him a farewell caress, the creature bounded forward, and in another moment was hid from my sight among the ruins.

THE TRIORS OF TRACES.

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CHAPTER XXXL

Shows how to said a textur at no.

What sort of effect my imprisonment had produced on my features I knew not—on my persthe disorder was not less extreme than ridiculor

Troubling myself little on this acore, I hasten to our town quarters, which I had been unfor nate enough to leave, for the villa of the Fren knight.

Here, with a face so long, that it might w have reached from one end of the catacombs to other, I found Jeremy. At first he did not kn me, so cadaverous had my countenance become

Hastening to take a bath and some refreshme

I soon communicated my story to the man of honesty, and then sent him off to find some vessel about to sail that afternoon.

Taught by my experience, I thought it not impossible, that sooner than allow me to be at liberty to speak of her little kindnesses, the damsel who had failed to drown me, might go to the expense of five shillings to get me the favour of a stiletto.

The only vessel whose destination was at all to my mind, was an English man-of-war with a convoy for the port of Alexandria. Having procured a free passage through the kindness of the captain, I quickly transferred to her timbers the charge of myself and servant. I did not even care to take leave of my friend the French knight; but on the contrary, thought it one of the best things I had managed for some time, when on the ensuing—I found myself fairly outside Valetta Harbour.

The ship on board of which I now found myself very kindly accommodated, was His Majesty's ' Ship, the Eagle. Though a vessel of no great size, her appointments were all in that new effective order which distinguishes the Res navy from that of every other nation.

Our convoy amounted to seven and twents sels of various tonnage and rates of sailing seattered round us with all their canvass spend gently gliding before a favourable breeze sembled a flock of well grown goslings, explotted dangers of their parent pool, under the tection of a grey old gender in the middle.

For the first two days, while this weather a tinued, we kept our charge in very good or regularly counting as many in the morning as had bid good evening to, the night before.

The wind heading us, however, the differ speeds of the ships became apparent. To so signals were addressed, to others—either refract or dult—a cannon-ball was sent hissing a liwide of its mark, while not unfrequently we woobliged to shorten sail, that the more dult sai might come up with us.

As night came on, the ships were made to k more closely together, while we sailed round and them. This was done to ward off the attacks of the enemy's privateers, who were occasionally seen hovering upon the outskirts of our charge.

To one of these subtle foes our attention was called in particular. Commanded by an enemy of equal courage and penetration, all our efforts at catching him proved unsuccessful.

Constantly on the flank of our convoy, he was never taken, though always ready, should the opportunity occur, to pounce down on a straggling or weakly manned ship.

The largest and most valuable vessel under our charge happened also to be the slowest. No sooner therefore at night, was this good craft astern of the convoy, crowding all canvass to keep up, than, just far enough from her, to keep safe from our clutches, came the privateer, watching only for some moments' pause in our vigilance, to bear down like a hawk on the object of his desires.

Often did we give this daring fellow chase, but in vain. At length the following trap was laid for him. Considerable pains having been 274

ferent paintings of the two ships, the trade soon as evening came on, was by agreement school to lead the convoy; having her top stands lowered down and squared upon their

The man-of-war, on the other hand, with painted canvass hanging over her side to conthe port-holes, her top-gallant masts partly at and her yards and rigging disordered and diego as much as possible, shewed an enormous quant of sail below and aloft, as if for the purpo keeping up with her companions.

Previously, however, we had sunk astern, a square studding sail, to act as the most combackwater, thus making a considerable noise rendering it utterly impossible that any sprecanvass could take her much a head. No so did the privateer behold, as he imagined, the ject of his longings thus temporarily cut off the protection of the convoy, than he siledged down towards us.

Concluding, from the little notice taken of that he had cleverly contrived to elude the lance of the man-of-war a-head, and that on board us, as is not unfrequently the case with traders, every soul was asleep save the man at the helm, he made no more ado, but running close along-side, thought to pour his boarders on our deck, and settle the matter very briefly.

Scarcely, however, were his yard-arms interlocked with ours, than the painted side-cloths were removed, and such a broadside rattled into him, as must fairly have satisfied him of the mistaken nature of his addresses.

He would now very quietly and willingly have sheered off, but that was not permitted. The ships' yards were already lashed together, a resistless force of man-of-war's men poured upon the bulwarks of the privateer, and after a faint and ineffectual struggle, she became our prize.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Which is clearly the shortest chapter in 189 life.

REJOICING not a little at the success of scheme, the majority of the prisoners were at o received on board the man-of-war, and a c having in their place been sent into the prize, received orders to accompany us on our voys and help to convoy those very vessels which the day before it had been her object to plund Such are the fortunes of war.

Considering that at the time I was compel to take such an unceremonious cold bath, I a a nervous invalid, I naturally imagined that on consequent excitement subsiding, my illness would have returned with redoubled violence. Strange to say, from time forward I never had the least return of it.

Three or four nights' undisturbed repose restored me to an infinitely better state of health than I had enjoyed for some months, while the narrow escape of my life that I had so recently experienced, enabled me to view my humble two thousand a-year with a vast deal of satisfaction—that is comparatively speaking, since we sages of the earth always speak by this good figure.

Without any further interruption of our voyage than that resulting from a long calm, we safely arrived in Alexandria, which city I determined to make my head quarters, while I prosecuted my rambles in various directions from, and around it.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

 $q\Omega$

Which includes an important epoch in my life.

Having from the time mentioned in the chapter, chiefly occupied my time in travel among the eastern nations, my adventures bec naturally, of too desultory a description, to req insertion here. Not to say that these histowould thereby be extended to nearly twice to present extent. I have two very sufficient rea for passing slightly over this period of my record and coming to that which more properly for their termination.

These, after the ample notice given to the learned and sedate Priors, for whom these passages in my life were first compiled, cannot in the least degree be censured.

The reasons which have decided me on this course are these: -- First, having with greater accuracy than is herein attempted, written at full length my travels in these countries, and my opinions thereon, I am unwilling to break up their originality, by transmitting any mutilated copy of the same to the records of a society, the members of which may be all changed since the pleasant times of our meeting; and secondly, having in my intercourse with the various disciples of the Mohammedan religion, seen what to me appeared very sufficient reason for adopting this creed, together with turban and rites of its children, I feel that when addressing my memoirs to the learned and sedate Priors of Prague, it would be but a questionable compliment to dwell on scenes and motives which led me to the abandonment of a faith I received at the hands of a Grand Prior of their Order. Moreover, as

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after this latter conversion to Moslemism, is adventures are naturally inseparable from that parts of this faith, it would be but bad tasted narrate that, which might offend others of a Cattery opinion, or to lay open those whose model belief I have adopted, to the success of those what teners I have abjured.

Once for all, it will suffice to say, that notification of the Gunt Prior, some scruples still remained upon my mine and that after painful and deep deliberation, adopted those doctrines which appeared to meet consonant to nature, and the positio therein held by man.

In conclusion, I would admit how perfectly am aware of my liability to error, and would wis that no man should follow my example, who ca by any possibility avoid it—for at the conclusio of a varied life, I must confess, that I have gon greatly out of my road to subject myself to so rows, which few men are ordinarily called upon tencounter.

After some years spent in wandering in th

East, I returned to Italy—and here I shall take leave to correct a report somewhat reflecting on my character. It has been asserted, that previous to my leaving Egypt, I despatched the Danish consul on a fool's errand to Constantinople, and that this gentleman, on arriving at the Sublime Porte, discovered no one was less wanted there than himself. On this, it was said, in no pleasant mood of mind he set off to return to his consulation, but that once more reaching Alexandria, he discovered that I in the interval had sailed for Europe, whither I had also escorted his wife.

Now I do positively say, that these reports are the result of the tongues of the evil-minded. It is true there were some little passages between the consul and myself, but these—out of delicacy to my friend—it is not worth while to reveal.

I now took up my abode at Venice, where my time was devoted chiefly to reading, and philosophy, and the education of an only son of colour, Fortunatus, by name; so called from the happy benignity, that blessed me on my travels with this stay of my old age. with considerable satisfaction, and of country due regret, that Mrs. Wortley Montague was length defunct. As I considered it my duty to forgive the steps that had deprived of fortune, myself, and creditors,—Moses, and rest, I at once took steps for putting in presented plan I first formed on reading the will of father.

For this purpose, I despatched Jeremy for with to England, directing him to advertise a gentleman of some attainments and fortowould be happy to wed any widow or single I who, possessed of good manners, would be his to bring him an heir within three or four mont

Tidings have since then reached me, a lady answering these demands has present herself, and that my faithful valet is even escorting her on the road over-land. As I can but have the most grateful feelings for service constant as his, I hereby make the following to reward him and others of my friends. Or arrival of my future wife, we shall forth



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England, and on the birth of my child rettirn to England, where, after so many delays, it is my serious and earnest intention to effect those reformations which I begin to feel I have talked of too long, and practised too little.





MY LAST WILL.



MY LAST WILL.

I, EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, being of the same sane mind that I have displayed all my life, do now on the third day of January, 1776, make my last will and testament.

In the first place, I give to my beloved son—of colour—Fortunatus, four hundred pounds a year for life, as secured by papers hereunto annexed.

Item, to my most faithful servant, Jeremy, surnamed the Honest, whom I have ever loved as a brother—and much better than my sister—I bequeath a similar annuity of two hundred pounds, secured in like manner.

Item, to my noble and worthy relation.

Earl of —— I give the following legacies:—

First, I give to his lordship my bay mass, sessed of no fault on earth, except being a what gone in the wind, slightly sprained, trop with springhalt, broken of two knees and a eyed. This matchless creature I bestow go lordship, that, when deserted by his Major favour, he may notwithstanding be Master of Horse.

Item, I do not give to his lordship anyt further of my property, because the best par that, he has contrived to take already.

Item, to Sir Francis —— I here give one vof mine, because I know that as yet he has a had the good fortune to keep his own.

Item, to Lord — I also give nothingwhich legacy I give him, because I know he'll bestow it on the poor.

Item, to the Duke of * I give all my yo hawks, which I have been lately rearing; beg his grace to take especial care of them, since is the duty of the great to protect the little.

Item, to ***, who has put me in his travels, I leave five shillings for his wit; undeterred by the charge of extravagance, since those who have read his book, consider that five shillings is too much.

Item, to Sir Robert * *, I leave my political opinions, never doubting he will have little difficulty in turning them into cash; he having always hitherto found such an excellent market in which to change his own.

Item, to the gentlemen who formed the last administration, I give my pointer bitches, Brandy and Snap, so that being affectionate mothers, they may never again want puppies.

Item, my cast off habit of swearing oaths, I give and bequeath to Sir Leopold D ——, in consideration, that no oaths have ever been able to bind him yet.

Item, I give my character to Junius, being fond of science in general, and dissection in particular.

Item, I give my body to that great saint, Sir Anthony Allgrace, hearing as I do, that he deals largely in soup for the poor.

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Lastly, I give to the world my solemn assure that the above generosities form the last of extravagances, and that henceforth being o more respectably married, it is my unalterable termination to become a reformed man, and ornament to society.

As witness my hand, the day and year ab written.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU

POSTSCRIPT.





TO THE READER.

Most worthy reader, thou hast indeed seen the last of Wortley Montague! Well indeed had that respected, but peculiar, gentleman planned the reformation of life, put off from year to year. But the blight that has fallen upon nobler spirits, for ever came between him and the realization of an object, the only blameable part of which, was the delay that postponed it.

While yet his intended wife was on her route, as some say, while yet the very ship that contained her was in sight, from Venice, there, in that city, expired—from choking at his own table—Wortley Montague; an instance, as striking as lamentable, of the truth of the Roman's lines;

Rustione empertus, dum definit auming: Labitur et labetur, in came volubile em

Well may we here say in the equal; words of one, whose writings will for ment our language—

"This relation will not be wholly use, if those, who languish under any pasufferings, shall be enabled to fortify tience, by reflecting that they feel only flictions from which the abilities of Sar not exempt him; or if those, who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, of the common maxims of life, should be rethat nothing will supply the want of pand that negligence and irregularity, lo tinued, will make knowledge useless, calous, and genius contemptible."

To those who may be in any way design of this eccentric individual, we will sime that we hope they inherit his undoubted while, for his errors, as from these none are neither at this distance of time can they be as any sort of reproach, or indeed aught 1

of that history, which forms the public floating capital of biography.

To this what could we add more? Truly the bane and antidote are both before thee. The ill-directed life, and the pointed moral it conveys. As thy own will shall guide thy steps, so will the result be proved by thee—the bitter or sweet; no eloquence can seduce thee if inclined to the one, or allure thee if bent to the other; but in witnessing the follies of others, effects are communicated to the mind, which it is past the powers of language to convey.

PRIORS OF PRAGUE.

THE END.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, Loudon.





